BRIGHT DAYS IN SUNNY LANDS

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Bright Days In Sunny Lands

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

BY

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PLAINFIELD, NEW JERSEY

HONEYMAN AND COMPANY

1904

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THIS VOLUME IS DEDICATED TO ALL WITH
WHOM THE AUTHOR HAS HAD SWEET FELLOWSHIP
IN FOREIGN LANDS

"And others came. Desires and Adorations;
Winged Persuasions and veiled Destinies;
Splendors and Glooms, and glimmering incarnations
Of Hopes and Fears, and twilight Fantasies;
And Sorrow, with her family of Sighs;
And Pleasure, blind with tears, led by the gleam
Of her own dying smile instead of eyes,
Came in slow pomp: the moving pomp might seem
Like pageantry of mist on an autumnal stream."

—Shelley's "Adonais."

PREFACE.

HALIBURTON says, quaintly, that "the bee, though it finds every rose has a thorn, comes back loaded with honey from his rambles." With him, the Author believes in extracting all the honey possible out of the thorny roses of foreign bloom. Why not? Why use only the eyes and not the imagination? Old and sober-minded Doctor Johnson laid down the principle that "the use of traveling is to regulate imagination by reality, and, instead of thinking how things may be, to see them as they are." All true, but if one does not find things as he supposes them to be, what then? The right spirit will take things as they are, and will love them for their own sake.

There are always thorns, if one looks for them, to be met with in one's experiences in foreign lands, but also a vast amount of sweetness. Inconveniences one must expect; some unhandsome things also; but in place of discontent he should substitute enthusiasm and wholesome imagination. Then, what might otherwise prove a task becomes the most delightful of recreations. A calm mind, even temper, and plentiful *bonhomie,* will always serve to enrich and

ennoble the pursuit of knowledge in any direction or locality where it is sought.

It is needless to say to those who have read the Author's "Bright Days in Merrie England" that this work is intended to be a companion volume to that. It aims at nothing higher than to interest the reader in places which, with some exceptions, are a trifle out of the ordinary lines of tourist-travel. It is neither critic nor "guide," but describes in a plain way a few of those outdoor pictures made by Nature and by Man, which so delight with their glowing colors and charm by their historical associations.

A. V. D. H.

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BRIGHT DAYS IN SUNNY LANDS

Bright Days in Sunny Lands.

I.—BY THE PILLARS OF HERCULES.

HAVING PASSED into or out of the Mediterranean on several occasions without having had the good fortune to see Tangier, except by glass from a steamer deck at long range, I was glad when "the hour struck twelve" to put foot on the Morocco shore. Tangier is always visible in clear weather as one passes by the Pillars of Hercules. At nearly the same moment Gibraltar appears at the foot of its great rock. One cannot conceive, without a visit to each, what vast differences exist between the two cities, in sights, people, language and everything else.

To reach the Pillars of Hercules from New York one must, of course, cross the great Atlantic. If an Englishman, he must—at least he probably will—take ship at London, and spend several days on the briny deep. From America the journey will consume about nine days. Those nine days are to some tedious, to others a boon thoroughly appreciated. For myself, it is the sea which really tempts me annually to visit foreign shores, and I am especially fond of the almost direct easterly passage from New York, which takes one within sight of the clean, stately and picturesque Azores, and then makes port a thousand miles further than Sao Miguel. I know of nothing so exhilarating

and inspiring as the blue waves and the gently rolling motion of a huge ship, the daily varying skies and the delightful, ozone-full air, with all the other concomitants of a first-class passage on a secure and steady "leviathan of the deep." Even if the vessel be unsteady, the motion is like a cradle-song, full of delightfulness to mind and soul.

The glorious, old, wrinkled sea! I have never once grown tired of it, and always pity the one "who cannot woo the sparkling blue" with the zest and pleasure of a little child playing with its first doll. I love every mood in which the ocean finds itself and finds me, day after day. If to-day it be smooth as glass, glistening with sunbeams, peaceful and calm, I meditate on "the sea of glass" that is about the Throne, and find zest and rest in a picture of eternal calm. If to-morrow its carpet of blue, purple, or green, rises and falls, wind-blown, its varying tints of infinitely greater glories than those of an Oriental rug, I love it all the more, for then I look upon it as a living creature of God, which, in due season, after its sportive play, will fall to sleep again, "a babe at rest on mother's breast." To-day I drink in the embracing winds that sweep over it, when the atmosphere is crammed with tonic, for I know that to-night the surges will rock me to rest in perpetual rhythm. If, to-day, the sea is a monster, disporting, to-morrow it may be so calm that it will have the silence of the Desert of Sahara, the silence of tenderest prayer. To-day let it moan as over the unnumbered dead, which the centuries have put to sleep within its deep, dark bosom; to-morrow one may not hear its voice, but shall feel its heart. To-day the restless tides run to and fro, finding, like the doves of the Ark, no resting place for their tired feet; to-morrow the waters shall be at peace, the doves on the

fig trees, and the songs sung at the dawn as gentle as a mother's kiss. Let it be ever so much of a lion to-day, whose power no man can tame; to-morrow its exceeding gentleness will be that of a strong man after sorrow, or of a brave woman after tears. Whether the sea be restful and silent, or restless and strong, it has its multifarious lessons and its never-ending glories. Nothing else visible in the whole wide world save those blue waters can be seen daily clasping hands in every zone and eternally touching lips beneath every sky. Girdling the whole globe, the Creator has made the ocean everywhere beautiful and good.

How often I have watched the morning sun come up in the east, when the whole vesture of the deep was a robe of silver. Then, at the noonhour, it had the color of lapis lazuli. In the evening the same sun, setting, kissed it with a "good-night," and the return smile was a cloth of gold. Still later, a thousand phosphorescent sparks encrusted its inky dress with flashing diamonds. At all times of the day or night, looking down into that abyss below, how the inspirations gather; how one may dream of the seas' past æons and its future eternities! Deep below those waves lie life and death together: the coral builders at work and men and women in their lasting sleep; living fishes and wrecks of ships; lofty mountains, deep valleys and deserts; sea mosses, shells and caverns; petrified forests and closed mouths of volcanoes. Yet the surface discloses not one of these things. As the great ship glides over the waters the human eye takes in neither sign of sorrow nor token of tomb. All geological formations, vain human philosophies, old and new religions, past ages, futurities, are wrapped up in the salt seas' palm. That guards each secret as does

the eternal Sphynx. Every ideal, every real; every hope, every faith; lessons of reverence, courage, patience, humility, bravery: these and a thousand virtues and glories spring to the mind out from the everlasting fountains every time one crosses the Atlantic or Pacific, and faces anew what is one of the most solemn and most majestic of all the mysteries of the earth.

All of which is by the way, but then it is the usual way by which to reach Gibraltar and Tangier.

I couple these two cities only because of their commercial relation and geographical contiguity. The one guards the northern, while the other is not far distant from the southern, of the Pillars of Hercules. Only thirty-five miles of water between, yet what a mighty divide! Gibraltar is English, with just a dash of Moorish color to make it interesting. Tangier is wholly African and Oriental, with not one tinge of the European.

Everybody likes to put foot in Gibraltar for a little while, if only to see the rock fortification, whose name is everywhere a symbol for strength, but which is no longer, I believe, considered impregnable. It is a lordly limestone mass, rising up abruptly one thousand three hundred and ninety-six feet above the sea. At its base lies a quiet, peaceful, interesting, busy town of about twenty-five thousand inhabitants, one-fourth of whom are English soldiers. "The very image of an enormous lion," said Thackeray, in describing that rock, "crouched between the Atlantic and the Mediterranean, and set there to guard the passage for its British mistress." Since 1704 it has been in British hands, although but a mile away, connected by a half-mile-wide isthmus, is Spanish territory, which is occupied by a small garrison of troops, looking help-

less and hopeless before the sturdier, better fed, better paid and better officered "red jackets," who man the Gibraltar citadel.

The sights of Gibraltar are mixed, somewhat Spanish, somewhat Moorish, but, as to the tradespeople, whose shops are away from the open markets near the wharves, predominantly English. In scenery there is something of the tropical, for cacti, fig trees, myrtle and almond trees are on the rocky slopes, palm trees in the parks and Barbary apes on the hillsides. Real northern rabbits and partridges harbor in the outlying thickets, and wild flowers bloom on the crags in great profusion. The streets are unusually clean, the hotels admirable, beggars are not to be seen, and the general air is one of sensible business activity. Down in the bay are always anchored merchant ships and vessels carrying passengers from England, Germany, France and America to the Mediterranean. Opposite, in a direction nearly due west, is Algeciras, a Spanish town, half the size of Gibraltar, whose chief trade is in cork from the forests of Andalusia. Directly south is the extreme northerly end of Africa, eight miles distant only, the one "unknown continent" of the world. A few hours will exhaust the "lions" of Gibraltar, which are: The galleries in the rock; the signal tower; the stalactite cave of St. Michael, and Europa Point. All these have been so often described that I pass them by. After these, in interest, comes the Alameda (the public gardens), laid out tastefully with numberless tropical plants and shrubs, but occupying little ground, for ground is not plentiful in this restricted territory.

Tangier, however, is a spot too curious for any traveler who may be in Gibraltar to pass by. Never were two populated places in near juxtaposition so

utterly different from each other. You know you are in Europe when in Gibraltar; you are still more positive you are in Africa when in Tangier. Two hours travel by sea, and you are almost in another world. The general appearance of Tangier from the ocean, as you enter its port, is like that of Jaffa. All the buildings are whitewashed, or bluewashed, and their flat sides, with equally flat though occasionally domed roofs, at once remind you that you are approaching a land where the heat of the day is only to be alleviated by thick walls, few windows, narrow streets and by keeping wholly in the shade.

I saw a sight in the harbor, from the steamer, which made me shudder and yet which must have been less cruel than it seemed. Small boats with five or six cattle on each were being rowed, or towed, over the shallow water to a freight steamer, on which they were to be loaded. When they arrived beside the steamer, a derrick and crane were set at work, and the cattle were raised high up and swung into the ship by their horns. Their whole weight when suspended in mid-air was sustained by the horns. They did not struggle, for they could not. I was told—it may have been a fable, but I could believe it possible—that now and then the animals were dehorned by the practice and fell into the sea before they could be embarked! The ugly, dark-skinned old Moors who superintended the operation may have had some spark of feeling in them for the comfort of these animals, but the exhibition did not prove it.

We landed by boats, as in most African harbors, and these were rowed by semi-naked men to a larger pier, up which we scrambled by a staircase, and then walked a quarter of a mile to the shore, where a custom-house is established, the collectors of which, who

Fagot-carrier in Tangier.

sat before it crosslegged, looked like members of a Jewish Sanhedrin. The beggars begin to meet the traveler at this spot and it takes grit and gestures to shake them off; they cease not their importunities until you are safely in the hotel.

Tangier is on a hill, but is built down to the water's edge. It has no wide streets, no carts, no wagons, but an abundance of filth and smells similar to Jerusalem. First impressions are wholly against one's remaining there over an hour or two. But when you have once wound around and up the first and steep alley from the seashore, suddenly you find yourself at what seems to be the back door, but for all practical purposes is the entrance door, to as fine a hotel as there is in this quarter of the world. The " Hotel Continental " was a wonder to me from the hour I entered it to the hour I left it. How such a large, comfortable, clean, up-to-date, delightful European hostelry could be located amid the squalor, dirt, beggars, and all the other concomitants of Mohammedan outdoor and indoor life, I could not understand. But there it was, sweet and fair, proving that it is possible even in a modern Jericho to have the comforts, if not luxuries, of a genuine inn, such as compose the mind and rest the soul. From the ocean-front windows of this hotel the scene over the bay is always one of tranquillity and pleasureableness. From the city side, however, the view is of one anomalous medley of donkeys, donkey boys, street venders, beggars and general depravity.

As soon as possible I strolled out of the back hotel entrance and pushed my way among strangely costumed people, carrying queer burdens on their heads, sometimes goatskins filled with water, but usually marketable articles, and followed the narrow, winding way toward the centre of the city. It was a unique

experience, even to one who has been in Damascus and Cairo. I thus walked entirely through the city to the market place, or general rendezvous of the worst specimens of the city; the mendicants, Arabs, Dahomeyans and pure negroes, who intermingled as freely as if they were brothers. It seemed at first sight to be merely a place for vagabonds of every description. But on returning to the centres of business, I found there were merchants sitting crosslegged in their small, square shops, many of them rated wealthy and "influential," and all well-dressed, polite and educated. There were no street lamps visible, and no drains. The streets were really but roughly paved alleys, and the smells were not as odorous as lily gardens. Every street view was interesting and curious, but here, as in other semi-oriental towns, nothing so impresses one as the market place, to which I have just referred. That forms an immense square at the far south end of the city, where everybody congregates when they desire to buy of the meat and fruit products of Morocco, or to see real gypsy life among—well among almost every other kind of peoples *except* gypsies!

I noticed at once that few are shod, except by Nature's covering. The legs and arms of the men are also usually bare, being brown or black according to their race. White people are rarely to be seen. Ugly dervishes in rags intermingle freely with fairer, veil-covered, white-robed women, who plod their way about, half afraid to be seen and half anxious to be noticed. Snake-charmers, jugglers, tambourine and guitar players, story-tellers and market-venders are intermixed everywhere with donkeys, that are carrying tremendous loads of hay, potatoes, fagots, or rubbish of one kind or another, and jostle you on every hand. In walking about, it is a game of "take care"

and " look out " all the time lest you are trodden under foot. " Balak! balak!" is the constant cry, which means " Get out of the way!" Few pay attention to it, however, except the donkeys themselves, who push their noses around corners and among the people with deftness and dispatch.

Tangier is a great place for swallows, for flies and for dogs, and I suppose these are what keep the place reasonably healthy!

It is curious to see the contrast between the rubbish of the streets and the mendicants on the one hand, and the yellow-slippered, turbaned, solemn-faced, influential Moors, or the sour-visaged, wealthy Jews with black caftan and fez, on the other hand. The one spectacle is that of absolute depravity; the other is of pride and an attempt at luxurious dressing. I wondered why the apparently clean and thrifty were willing to mingle with the dirty and abandoned classes in the same street day after day and year after year, but was told that Tangier has such a fascination for all native classes alike that no one who has ever resided there will voluntarily leave it. Even my guide, John, an Englishman by blood but a Tangierite by birth, who spent his time mostly in Gibraltar and Spain because it was more profitable for him to do so, told me that he would prefer to live in Tangier! I said to him: " There is no accounting for tastes," and he simply shrugged his shoulders. I asked him about the health of the people, for I expected a plague of some kind must break out in the city every few years at least. But he assured me that it was a peculiarly healthy place, and this the books declare. If so, it must be because of the fine general climate, and especially because of the salt sea breezes, which invariably blow shoreward, and push all vile odors up toward the

mountains, where Nature's laboratory takes care of them.

The Great Mosque is a prominent building, but is not accessible, I believe, to any but Moslems. The city is walled, and has gates and towers, and this adds greatly to its picturesqueness. These gates are worthy of more than a passing notice. But the best thing to do, after a general perambulation of the chief streets, is to get upon a donkey's back and go along the sandy beach and then make a circuit over the edges of the desert back to the city. There is a real taste of the desert in it, and the views are extremely pleasing.

I have not yet given as fully as I feel the curious impression made upon me by the cloaked figures in the streets: the aspect of the Jews and Mohammedans, whom one meets at every turn, especially at the little shops which line the main street, and also in unexpected byways. Byways all the streets are, narrow, crooked and illy-paved. Although queer specimens of humanity are everywhere—some horrible like mummies, many in rags; some painfully deformed, more full of weariness and sadness inexpressible—yet the Jews and Arabs predominate, and the better classes of them freely mingle with the general Moorish and semi-negro throng. Some of these Moors wear a dress as handsome as an Oriental potentate, and all the high-class Jews are in purple or other bright array. The caic of the Moor is the most becoming garment, and it is marvelous how it fits the wearer like a royal robe. It is snow-white, of silk or wool, with delicate stripes. It is first twisted round the turban, then falls down over the shoulders, goes around the waist, and descends toward the feet—simple, delicate, clean, attractive. The rich dress beneath only serves to set out its pure white spotlessness. Roman senators, you

would say, out for an airing! The Jews wear a black cap, wide trousers, a dressing gown of gaudy colors, with red girdle and dainty yellow slippers. The Jewish women show more color still; yellow, carmine, blue, green, anything save black. The Moorish women, as true Eastern Mohammedans, veil their faces and will not allow a European to see more than their eyes, and usually only one eye.

Those little shops, a yard or so square in the opening, and only as deep and wide, where the seller sits all day long, crosslegged, and can hand out a piece of cloth, or lace, without moving from his fixed position, are always odd; it is difficult to get used to them. Such tiny places, and yet here they grow rich. Some sit there for hours without a customer, as motionless as the Sphynx. All are alike happy or unhappy, for to each "Allah is good," and they all expect to reach the same paradise where Mahomet dwells when their wearisome stay on earth is over.

The white houses are practically all alike. In the nighttime they and the streets are exactly similar, for there are no lamps to lighten shops or streets. It may not be dangerous, so far as life is concerned, to be out in Tangier after nightfall, but, unless it be a bright moonlight evening, one is as sure to become hopelessly lost within two squares of the hotel as if he were in the midst of the Great Desert. You then stumble over sleeping men and boys, who throw their mantles or rags under and about them, and get their rest under the stars of heaven, and it does not awaken them, though it may alarm the pedestrian. By night or by day there is no wagon, no carriage, no traveling street vender, only the quiet shuffling of barefooted, sandalled or slippered people. Plenty of idlers and beggars, but no noise; though occasionally must be ex-

cepted the cries of drivers of donkeys, who prod these animals and shout " Balak! " and so pursue their way.

Out by the waterside is a long, winding road, which leads to the edge of the desert. Up this road come camels, strings of them, from Fez, the Morocco capital. To watch them come in gives you a slight foretaste of what the tedious journey over the desert to Fez is like. That Fez is " out of the world " could not be better illustrated than by the following from an American (St. Louis) newspaper of January, 1904, giving a conversation of the Sultan to a Commissioner of the Exposition at St. Louis, in which the Sultan is thus quoted: " Here is $50,000. Take it and do what you please with it. I don't care whether you use it for the World's Fair or put it in your own pocket. I don't know where St. Louis is, except that it is somewhere in the United States, and I don't care. And please tell President Francis, whoever he is, to stop writing me letters about his Fair, as I am tired of getting them." Such a king ought to be worth crossing that desert of over a hundred miles to see.

II.—GRANADA AND THE ALHAMBRA.

THE RAILWAY ride to Granada from Gibraltar, although an all-day one, is not wearisome, because of the ever-changing scenes of plain, hill and mountain; of here a little desert wildness, and there both valley and upland fecundity of grass and wheat; of here curious cacti and there large eucalyptus trees; while everywhere are fields of grain and an abundance of scarlet poppies. I am not sure that I ever saw such glorious poppies elsewhere as in southern Spain. Their rich, red hues, amid the green and gold of the grainfields, awakened, over and over, exclamations of delight. Somewhere I have read a little poem, which I always connect with the railway ride to Granada, although "the silver sea" is not visible on that route:

"In the East lies the garden of poppies—
In the East by the silver sea;
And, when summer is ripe and rosy,
And hungrily hums the bee,
As the sun comes hotly riding
In his glittering, golden car,
Faint, drowsy poppy odors
Seem borne from the East afar.

"They come from the garden of poppies;
I may never see them more;
But their beauty haunts the summer
On even this sordid shore.
Those rich and radiant poppies!
An acre of sunset sown!
An acre of rounded rainbows—
Of opals' hearts, wide-blown!"

As I entered Granada there was a bull-fight in progress, and the large, stone bull-circus, or torro, was one of the first striking pictures I saw. Everywhere around the torro were donkeys and horses hitched to wagons, carts and dilapidated omnibuses of all descriptions, the same in which the country people had come to town to see the performance. The way from the railway station was at first over some wretched streets, torn up for repairs, or "improvements," so-called, and then over the Calle de Elvira, the chief shopping district, which was gorgeous from end to end with the decorations of the day before, when had been celebrated, not only in Granada but throughout all Catholic countries, the feast of Corpus Christi. These decorations consisted of fancy-colored poles set up along the curblines, on which awnings of different hues were stretched across the roadway. Poles and cross-ropes were twined about with greens and adorned with small flags, while electric light bulbs were innumerable. I doubt not that, gay as these trappings looked in the sunlight, they were much more beautiful in the evening, with myriad-colored lights. The main streets I found to run approximately at right angles and to be less narrow than in most Spanish cities. There were good-sized squares, some high houses, both new-fashioned and old-fashioned, and enough odd buildings here and there to remind one of the former occupation of this capital by the Moors. Subsequent inspection proved that the city had also numerous curious mediæval attractions, but my first impressions were not over-favorable as to the interest of Granada as an old Moorish settlement.

After driving to the eastern, or Granada, gate, and passing through, one finds himself immediately in the famous Alameda Park, connected with the Alhambra

grounds, and said to enjoy the reputation of being "the most beautiful promenade in the world." I am not sure that this reputation is illy founded, for the foliage of the trees and the perfect driveway make it an almost incomparable forest-park. What it was in Moorish times we can scarcely guess, but since the days of the Duke of Wellington it has become more and more charming. It was that "Iron Duke" who planted here, in 1812, limes and elms brought from England, and they are now in the perfection of their glory. They are as giants, lining the roadway many deep. Their tops reach over to each other and interlace, so that the noon sunbeams can scarcely straggle through. Running streams are on each side of the roadbed, being fed by the waters of the Darro, that are diverted near the palace site for this purpose. There are also minor cross-avenues here and there, all shaded by these imported trees. The great thoroughfare surely forms a drive that is now fit for any prince or king. One large intersecting avenue has two fountains at each end, and in the centre a garden of roses, jessamine and myrtle; indeed elsewhere the myrtle, moss and laurel are as dense as the shade itself. When one looks up and down the avenue, sees only the intense shades of green below, with here and there a patch of blue sky above, and hears the peculiarly sweet songs of the nightingales, which have made their home in Granada for centuries, he cannot be sure whether he is in some terrestrial paradise or is dreaming. On the whole, the Alameda is a magnificent portal to the finest ruined palace on earth, and while it reminds one of the entrance to Warwick Castle, or to the drive through the Thiergarten in Berlin, it is much more picturesque.

Near the far end of this Alameda, close under the

rocky steeps of the Alhambra, where, however, the latter is wholly invisible, stands the "Washington Irving Hotel," the best hostelry in Granada, but not the best in Spain. It is named after the American writer, although he never inhabited it. While there I found the rooms excellent and the hotel grounds pretty, but the meals and table service unsatisfactory. Probably, however, this faulty feature arose from the time of year; it was not "during the season." Opposite to this house is another large hotel, which belongs to the same proprietor, Senor Ortiz.

I arrived toward dusk, when rain began to fall, so that there was nothing to do but await the morning before investigating surroundings. It rained most of the next day, also; the first rain I had seen in Spain. Then it cleared up, and I think I saw no more for over a month, afterward. I speak of this because the month was June, and, as the air was not hot but delightful during every day—just like our brightest and best American May days—it seems safe to suggest that Col. John Hay was not far wrong in declaring in his "Castilian Days" that June is "the pleasantest time of the year." At any rate it is a good period in which to visit that land, although it may be contrary to the accepted opinions of the guide-books.

And now we have really reached the goal of all travelers in southern Spain—the world-renowned Alhambra. But no profane hand should attempt to describe the former or the present glories of that citadel and palace. By profane hand, I mean, of course, that of one who is not familiar with the history, uses and plans of architecture of the whole mass of buildings that, collectively, make up the Palace of the Alhambra, and who is also not conversant, after careful study, with every exquisite detail of this Moorish gem.

Only one like our Washington Irving, who lived within it and studied it month after month, is competent to translate such a poem. It is a poem, in stone and plaster, in carving and arabesque; and, while first impressions are that it is marvelous, one must see it again and again, by all lights of day and all shades of moonlight; at the sunrising, in the twilight, and even at the midnight hour, when the plashing fountains are " bubbling low their threnody of prayer," and the voices and music of long ago from the lips of sultanas seem to fill its courts with soft, sweet cadences, as if happiness were everywhere, before he can fully enter into its spirit of etherealness. Now uninhabited, one must wait long and wait in vain, in the evening as in the morning, for anything like the real ancient human songs or human sighs.

"Lonely and still are now thy marble halls,
Thou fair Alhambra! There the feast is o'er,
And with the murmur of thy fountain falls
Blend the wild tones of minstrelsy no more.

"Hushed are the voices that in years gone by
Have mourned, exulted, menaced, through thy towers;
Within thy pillared courts the grain waves high
And all uncultured bloom thy fairy bowers."

Yet the soul of beauty still hovers over and dwells within it; every crumbling bit of masonry is transfigured into glorious tints and is a-blush with the tender colorings of Oriental master-workers; and after several visits I doubt not one may repeople its courts with Moorish kings and queens and beautiful sultanas.

Irving, genial soul, lived long in the Alhambra like a ghost, alone, and he managed to catch all the colors from off the wings of this bird of paradise and hand them down to generations of readers since. He first learned to know each foot of the ground, and then,

when deeply in love with every romance of its courts and fountains, wrote his immortal work. How often I thought of his pure, unselfish, happy spirit, as I saw the Alhambra, with the same species of jessamine, roses and myrtle within, the same blue and purple Sierras without, and the same gurgling rills and fountains everywhere, that he admired so much and pictured with such tender affection!

Granada without the Alhambra would be the shell without the pearl. Yet Granada itself is in a situation far more charming than that of Athens, and is incomparably more beautiful than are the hills of Rome. It lies on the sides and at the base of a series of picturesque elevations, and it has before it two prospects of which the eye can never tire—a fertile plain spreading out for thirty miles in length, covered with harvests, with orchards of olive, lemon, orange, fig, apple, pear, peach, quince and vines, with winding rivers, towers, convents, and with patches everywhere of verdure of intensest hue. And then, beyond them all, is a background of forest-covered slopes, while in the opposite direction lies the snow-covered Sierra Nevada, a range of mountains much like the Lebanon range in Syria and quite as glorious to the eye.

The Alhambra: let me in a few brief words attempt to call up, although far away from it as I write, the happy memories of a visit to it, which was all too short but which, while it lasted, scintillated with colors as brilliant as a sunset on the Norwegian fjords.

Unfortunately, the exterior of the palace is too much of a ruin to show what it was in the days of its perfection. One must enter within to catch a glimpse of its spiritual qualities. Yet I doubt if it ever was remarkable on the exterior. The Moors knew it must always be a castle of defence, and so it would have

been folly to have decorated its outer walls. Those who imagine the Alhambra to have been a single palace, constructed as a whole at one time, have an incorrect conception of it. It was a series of buildings and courts, which from a distance looked then and appear still like one huge fortress. It was constructed in sections during a period of at least one hundred and fifty years. Its location is on a plateau, about eight hundred yards long by two hundred broad, the whole of which the Moors surrounded by a massive wall, flanked by various towers. This plateau is upon the shoulder of a mountain, not upon the highest part. The ascent to it is gradual, over a hard road. The entrance way is through the Gate of Justice, built in 1348, much resembling the usual Continental "Arches of Triumph." It is, in fact, a tower, sixty-seven feet in height, with four openings. The outer gate is carved with a hand outstretched, "to avert the evil eye." Above the inner gate is carved a key, the symbol of power. The gate has massive wooden doors. This interesting inscription in Arabic is over the doorway: "May the Almighty make this portal a protecting bulwark, and write down its erection."

To the right, after entering, is a huge building in the Renaissance style, never completed, and, because of its Sixteenth Century Italian architecture, wholly out of place in the Alhambra grounds. In some other place it would be termed elaborate and interesting, but when Charles V. built it for a palace he did not observe the principle by which he criticized a similar imposition by priestly architects in the mosque at Cordova. Those architects put a church within the finest mosque in the world and thus ruined its harmonious whole. This palace ruined the harmony of the Alhambra grounds, and, as it was left incomplete, it will continue

for all time to be a monument to the pride and arrogance of the father of Philip II.

Passing this palace of Charles, it is usual to turn to the left and inspect the Torre de la Vela, the chief watch-tower, which rises eighty-five feet above the ground; the place where the flag of the Catholic kings was displayed for the first time on that memorable second day of January, 1492—the very year of the discovery of America—when Ferdinand and Isabella took possession of the citadel and expelled the last Moor from Spanish soil. Those sovereigns were upon this tower in person that day; and how their hearts must have swelled with patriotic pride as they saw the Moors crossing the mountain beyond, and, as the story runs, weeping as they went:

"There was crying in Granada when the sun was going down;
Some calling on the Trinity, some calling on Mahoun;
Here passed away the Koran; there in the Cross was borne;
And here was heard the Christian bell, and there the Moorish horn."

Washington Irving describes a horseback ride over the way Boabdil went that beautiful winter day. He (Irving) rode from the Castle, crossed a ravine, and then he says: "Emerging from this rough ravine, so full of melancholy associations, and passing by the Gate of the Mills, I issued forth upon the public promenade called the Prado; and pursuing the course of the Xenil, arrived at a small chapel, once a mosque, now the Hermitage of San Sebastian. Here, according to tradition, Boabdil surrendered the keys of Granada to King Ferdinand. I rode slowly thence across the Vega to a village where the family and household of the unhappy king awaited him, for he had sent them forward on the preceding night from the Alhambra, that his mother and wife might not

participate in his personal humiliation, or be exposed to the gaze of the conquerors. Following on in the route of the melancholy band of royal exiles, I arrived at the foot of a chain of barren and dreary heights forming the skirt of the Alpuxarra mountains. From the summit of one of these the unfortunate Boabdil took his last look at Granada; it bears a name expressive of his sorrows, 'La Cuesta de las Lagrimas' (the Hill of Tears). Beyond it, a sandy road winds across a rugged, cheerless waste, doubly dismal to the unhappy monarch, as it led to exile. I spurred my horse to the summit of a rock, where Boabdil uttered his last sorrowful exclamation, as he turned his eyes from taking their farewell gaze: it is still denominated 'The Last Sigh of the Moor.' Who can wonder at his anguish at being expelled from such a kingdom and such an abode? With the Alhambra he seemed to be yielding up all the honors of his line, and all the glories and delights of life. It was here, too, that his affliction was embittered by the reproach of his mother, Ayxa, who had so often assisted him in times of peril, and had vainly sought to instill into him her own resolute spirit. 'You do well,' said she, 'to weep as a woman over what you could not defend as a man,' a speech savoring more of the pride of the princess than the tenderness of the mother." ("Alhambra," Ch. 16).

That little touch of secret motherly grief makes one desire to hear more of that "farewell scene," and we find it in Irving's other work—his "Conquest of Granada:" "At two leagues' distance, the cavalcade, winding into the skirts of the Alpuxarras, ascended an eminence commanding the last view of Granada. As they arrived at this spot, the Moors paused involuntarily, to take a farewell gaze at their beloved city which a few steps more would shut from their sight

forever. Never had it appeared so lovely in their eyes. The sunshine, so bright in that transparent climate, lit up each tower and minaret, and rested gloriously upon the crowning battlements of the Alhambra; while the Vega spread its enamelled bosom of verdure below, glistening with the silver windings of the Xenil. The Moorish cavaliers gazed with a silent agony of tenderness and grief upon that delicious abode, the scene of their loves and pleasures. While they yet looked, a light cloud of smoke burst forth from the citadel, and presently a peal of artillery, faintly heard, told that the city was taken possession of, and the throne of the Moslem kings was lost forever. The heart of Boabdil, softened by misfortunes and overcharged with grief, could no longer contain itself: 'Allah Achbar!' ('God is great!') said he; but the words of resignation died upon his lips, and he burst into tears." In the meantime a very different scene was being enacted within the Alhambra walls. "Queen Isabella having joined the king, the royal pair, followed by a triumphant host, passed up the road by the Hill of Martyrs, and thence to the main entrance to the Alhambra. The grand cardinal awaited them under the lofty arch of the great Gate of Justice, accompanied by Don Gutierrez de Cardenas and Aben Comixa. Here King Ferdinand gave the keys which had been delivered up to him into the hands of the queen; they were passed successively into the hands of prince Juan, the grand cardinal, and finally into those of the Count de Tendilla, in whose custody they remained, that brave cavalier having been named alcalde of the Alhambra, and captain-general of Granada." And now, as the royal army was advancing, "in all the pomp of courtly and chivalrous array, a procession of a different kind came forth to meet it. This

was composed of more than five hundred Christian captives, many of whom had languished for years in Moorish dungeons. Pale and emaciated, they came clanking their chains in triumph, and shedding tears of joy. They were received with tenderness by the sovereigns. The king hailed them as good Spaniards, as men loyal and brave, as martyrs to the holy cause; the queen distributed liberal relief among them with her own hands, and they passed on before the squadrons of the army, singing hymns of jubilee." The banner flung out that January day from the main watch-tower is still preserved in the Cathedral at Granada, with other relics of those most famed of Spanish sovereigns."

I spent some time upon this tower, and from it viewed the town of Granada—the old and the new town—the valley and the surrounding Sierras. A wonderful view! I could readily conceive why the Moors wept to leave such a paradise, the like of which does not exist in the whole of Spain. Even that magnificent vista I saw a month later, of the Umbrian valley of Italy from the heights of Perugia, is scarcely as fair as this.

I am not sure of the order in which I visited the several Palaces of the Alhambra. Their intricate aisles, doorways, courts, fountains, baths, retiring rooms, bedrooms, balconies, towers, are now a medley in my mind; they could not be otherwise, for each new spot was like one more leaf torn from the tales of the "Arabian Nights." I am sure, however, I entered first the Court of Myrtles, the largest of all the courts, composed of a garden, a court and corridors. In that court was an immense basin of water, extending almost from one side to the other, surrounded by a hedge of myrtle. Look in whatever direction I would,

the water, in which goldfish were swimming, reflected the columns and arabesques as in a mirror. There were above and around me mosaics, arches, interlaced traceries, Arabic inscriptions; a dream of delight to the eye and a marvel to the mind. No paganism there surely, for the inscriptions ran like this: "I seek my refuge in the Lord of the morning;" "O God, to Thee we owe everlasting thanks and undying praises," and similar sentences from the Koran. In some of the adjacent rooms were whole verses from the Koran, and not a few praises to the Caliphs, who were the governors of the Alhambra. The Hall of the Ambassadors is another work of uncopyable art; abounding in embroideries and traceries, roses, garlands, leaves in stone, thin veils of marble, tilings, and elaborate stucco work as deft as if made by the lacemakers of Brussels or Venice. From floor to ceiling were colors in little bits; a kaleidoscope; a mosaic pandemonium of riches. This was the reception room of the Moorish sovereigns. Everywhere was frostwork, or Mechlin lace. Everywhere were symmetry of design and harmony of tints, such as the world probably never saw before in Art and will never see again. I could hardly tear myself from this room, so gorgeous it must have been in its zenith of perfection, and so bewilderingly lovely it yet remains! Roofs of cedar inlaid with mother-of-pearl may have been in Solomon's temple, but we do not read of it, and I doubt if Solomon's Temple in all its glory was ever arrayed like one of these Alhambran halls or courts. The baths of the sultanas are among the best preserved of the ruins, and are almost as in the time of their occupancy. One of only moderate imagination can bring back with fidelity to truth the gorgeousness of those rooms, where, at any hour of the day or even-

ing, attended by their fair maids in waiting, the fairest of the wives and daughters of the Caliphs enjoyed the luxuries of hot and cold, of steam, vapor and plunge baths, to their hearts' content. When the pretty creatures were dressed in their silks afterward, they had but a step to take to those delicately-cut, Moorish, latticed windows, from which they could view the fountains and orange trees of the courts, or the far-away vistas of meadow and hill, that reached for miles over the enchanting valley. Often they must have had music to beguile their day and evening hours in those exquisite rooms and courts. But, after all, was not the architecture itself the perpetual music that refreshed their souls? An Arab poet said of these Moorish sultanas that, when they smiled, they "displayed teeth of dazzling whiteness, while their breath was like the perfume of flowers." Be that poetry or be that fact, they were gifted men and women who inhabited this little paradise, and not a race of beauty-idiots. Their language was the choicest Arabic taught in the universities; they—women as well as men—were educated in poetry, architecture, music, painting; they loved beauty for its own sake, whether in the heavens above by night or in the earth below by day; and their religion, if not the best that came from the skies, was at least sincere, devout, persistent, and it remains with their descendants to this hour as one of the strangest and strongest forces of their daily lives. Mohammedanism will, nay must, become effete; but it has taken hold of men for centuries with a grip that surpasses the love of man for man, or of man for woman, and in Spain during the mediæval centuries it mastered everything worth conquering except the Moors' own natural and incorrigible cruelty. Nothing has ever tamed that in the Orient

or the Occident, save the matchless love of the Gospel of the Prince of Peace.

That which pleased me quite as much as any portion of the palace, because of its romantic view over a deep ravine and to the hills opposite, was the Queen's Toilette Room, in that portion of the Alhambra where Washington Irving spent the one fearful night which he describes so eloquently in the chapter on "The Mysterious Chambers" in his "Alhambra," but where his after-days were so much richer in experience and happiness than in the dark, low rooms which he at first occupied. This Toilette Room is suspended over an abyss, and the outlook from it is just a little more entrancing than the views from that one spacious window in the Hall of the Ambassadors from which Irving watched so often, and for hours together, the Granada promenade, and fair women, and the broad expanse of the lovely Vega (in English, the Plain). Some of this very Vega, so beautiful and so fertile, can be seen, if I recall aright, from the Toilette Room (though much better from the Hall of the Ambassadors) and the "Spanish Alps" are also, apparently, but a mile or two away, and as white as a vision of the Heavenly City.

I have not yet spoken of the two most famous portions of the palace, the one known as the Room of the Two Sisters, and the other as the Court of the Lions. The Room of the Two Sisters was one of a suite of rooms which formed the winter residence of the Sultana. To make this clear it is only necessary to add that in the summer the rooms facing the courts and fountains were in constant use, but during Spain's short winter, when there were dismal days or rain, the quarters which were covered and could be made warm with braziers were to be preferred. The Room of the

Court of Lions, Alhambra, Granada.

Two Sisters is peculiarly distinguished for its honeycomb dome-vaulting overhead. This ceiling more resembles a room in Aladdin's cave than that of any real room I have ever entered. Its details can best be likened to the cells of the honeycomb, and there are said to be not less than five thousand of these cells visible in this one roof. At each corner of this roof there are enormous and beautifully elaborate stalactite pendants hanging, and above these soars that dome roof of multiform cells, each cell breaking into the other, as it were, and climbing over its head. And those cells are not regular, but fantastic, frolicsome, picturesque. The side walls have dados adorned with convolutions of red, green and blue colors; above them there are embroideries, as brilliant as if made yesterday, on a ground of plaster lace-work. The famous two-handled Alhambra vase, enamelled in white, blue and gold, more than four feet high, dating from 1320, and said to have been found in the palace filled with gold, is now in a corner of this room.

The Court of the Lions is an open court, in the centre of which is a large fountain-basin, supported by twelve red marble lions. Surrounding this court is an arcade supporting a wooden roof. In this arcade there are one hundred and twenty-four columns, some standing singly, some in pairs, and some in groups of three and four. The walls are plastered, but the fretwork looks as if it were carved in ivory. The arcades are paved with blue and white tiles. There is not near the pompous effect here that there is in the Court of the Myrtles, but somehow the whole is of far more elegance than the last named court, though I judge its fame comes chiefly from its central fountain and also from its beautiful capitals. An inscription in the arcade of this court well exhibits the poetical fer-

vor of the Moors. It is an inscription to Mohammed V.: "Thou givest safety from the breeze to the blades of grass, and inspirest terror in the very stars of heaven. When the shining stars quiver, it is through dread of Thee, and when the grass of the field bends down, it is to give Thee thanks." This is a good example of hyperbole, and should have been addressed to God rather than to Mohammed, but it illustrates the perfervid imagination and the singular ascription of nearly Divine power to earthly potentates, which distinguished this peculiar race.

The lovely spectre of the Alhambra, the same which has stalked down the aisles of Art these half a thousand years, so took hold of me ere I left it that I now call it up as a wonder in the same category with a sight of the old Sphynx and the Pyramids, or of the Kremlin in Moscow from Sparrow Hill, or of the Parthenon on the Athenian Acropolis. It covers little ground compared with the moss-green forests around it; it is tiny beside the snowpeaks of the dazzling Sierras in the far background; yet how it speaks of the amazing glory of an age and a people which left Spain all too soon for the culture and the energy of that nation!

Next to the Alhambra, the sight that wins the heart most in Granada is the Cathedral, wherein Ferdinand and Isabella lie entombed, and where the crowns, sceptres, jewels and battle-flags, that are so closely connected with their history, and that must have swelled the soul of Columbus with so much pride as he sought this court for the privilege of discovering a new world, are shown as among Spain's most precious relics. Contrary to the usual rule in Spain, this Cathedral is not so ugly on the exterior as to resemble a fortress. It has not much charm, but still it

will bear study in its outward architecture. It was built, of course, not by the Moors but by the Catholic sovereigns afterward. Begun in 1523, it was not finished until 1703, and, as a Renaissance building throughout—which style, somehow, has never quite captured my imagination as an ideal kind for a place of worship—it is probably (Mr. Ferguson, an authority, says it is certainly) one of the finest of European churches. Its Great Chapel is magnificent, but the Chapel Royal contains that which most interests Americans, and comes most close to the heart of the Spaniard, for there lies all that is mortal of those two great sovereigns, Ferdinand and Isabella. Two immense royal monuments, finely conceived and executed, adorn its centre, one that of the king and queen just named, the other that of Philip of Austria and the Infanta Johanna. These are surrounded by a tall iron grating of singular attractiveness. Beneath these monuments is a small crypt, to which there is an entrance by a trap-door and some narrow steps, and here in plain leaden coffins are pointed out the resting places of the sovereigns. Simple caskets: how much of history important to America is wrapped up inside of the royal vestments within two of those sealed boxes! Near it is that standard which first floated over Granada the day the Moors said " good-bye " forever to the adopted country of their love; some finely embroidered vestments, one made by Isabella; her mirror, her reliquary, her crown; and there are the very jewels she pawned to send Columbus on his voyage of discovery. Sometimes the sacristan will allow you to handle that box of jewels, and, somehow, I felt while in this Cathedral that I should rather hold them for a little period than to touch any thing or spot in all this fair Granada. The altar in this chapel is al-

so a bit of wonder-work to which no photograph can do justice.

Of course I visited the famous Carthusian convent, and while I did not care for the pictures of the martyrs in the cloisters, which are too repulsive to bear study, I revelled in the sacristy, where there are twisted columns of red and black marble, and a variety of other marbles so beautiful that one is aghast at their immense and marvelous richness. I am not quite sure that in any edifice in the Old World there are marbles fairer than these.

Granada has many pretty balconies, many beautiful types of women, many drives over the hills and down into the valley, which are Elysian. It has also hosts of one-eyed beggars, abominable but picturesque gypsies, living in caves in the hills, forlorn children, and, on the whole, a general air about it which combines the quaint and the ugly with the curious and the lovely.

But, after all, it is the Alhambra and the Vega which are the glory of Granada, and these are of so rare a quality that I left it with more regrets than any other Spanish city. I do not wonder that poets have sung of this spot as a "threshold of Paradise." It is a place which the old gods would have loved. It was the citadel the Moors defended with undying heroism, a heroism that added lustre to all preceding tales of Oriental valor.

> "It is a goodly sight to see
> What heaven hath done for this delicious land;
> What fruits of fragrance blush on every tree,
> What goodly prospects o'er the hills expand."

Just a brief distance from Granada—say eight miles—in the midst of the plain, lies Santa Fé, a town

almost wholly constructed in a quarter of a year. When Granada was besieged, Isabella decided to lay out what she trusted might be a city, and in eighty days church and town were built, in the form of a Roman camp. Here she held her court; here the friend of Columbus, who did so much to bring his contemplated mission to the final notice of Isabella, the Friar Juan Perez, who had been Isabella's confessor, saw her and pleaded the cause of Columbus with all the enthusiasm and energy of his nature, and the reply was, " Send Columbus again to me." She transmitted by him to Columbus the silver requisite to have him, then a poor man, greatly discouraged by repeated bafflings, made presentable in raiment to appear before her. When he arrived at Santa Fé the siege was almost over, and in the excitement of the Moorish surrender he could only look on as a spectator. Columbus saw Granada fall. He was there on the ground when the Crescent went down and the Cross was exalted in its place. He saw the Alhambra in its glory and the Moors in their humiliation take their way from it to distant Africa, and then, at this Santa Fé, he brought up anew his cause. It was a thrilling moment for him, for now he must surely win or lose. The man rose up to a new height as he asked Isabella for money and power to discover the new route to the Indies. He boldly said to the Queen: " I must be admiral and viceroy over all the countries I shall discover, and I must receive one-tenth of all the profits to ensue of trade or conquest." It was a daring demand. Her advisers said " No." Thereupon Columbus left the court, left Santa Fé, deciding to put leagues of space forever between himself and the Queen. On his mule, the same he had purchased out of the money Isabella sent him to appear at court, he crossed

from Santa Fé to Pinos on his way to Cordova, whence he was going to France. He reached the bridge at the town of Pinos, on a hill at the base of the Sierra de Elvira; it is but about six miles from Santa Fé. Pinos had once been a Roman settlement; is now a thrifty town. On that bridge a messenger overtook him. He was from Isabella, with a summons to return once more to court. It is history how Columbus retraced his course with joyful alacrity, again saw the Queen, and on the 17th of April, 1492, signed with her the contract which enabled him to find, on the following twelfth day of October, the New World.

III.—THE CITY OF SEVILLE.

TWO HOURS before one arrives at Seville, the olive orchards, which are a feature of the scenery of southern Spain, are left behind, and there come suddenly into view barrenness and railway enclosures made up wholly of cacti, which are of picturesque variety, and whose novelty attracts, although they do not differ in any substantial way from the same genus in the arid tropical parts of America, where they are equally indigenous. As there are over sixty varieties of these plants in the world, dissimilar in the same variety both in size and shape, they deserve more study than they usually receive. The flowers may be white, scarlet, or purple, but they are always brilliant and beautiful. I have seen them in Spain and in Sicily ten and fifteen feet high, and the poorer the soil the finer the specimens. There are some bits of ground when nearing Seville extremely arid as compared with the country toward Granada, and there were the cacti in greatest abundance.

Aside from these plants there were now and then grainfields, including some of Indian corn, and occasionally rich pasture lands, on which I saw large herds of the bulls used for the bull-fights of Seville, Cordova and Madrid. The Duke of Veragua has a domain in this locality and his bulls are mong the best bred in Spain. These animals were grazing peacefully and looked as harmless as if they were so many cows, not even lifting their heads to observe the railway

train. Had one of us crossed the field with or without any red about his person, would he have been molested? I asked the question but received no answer. Cedar trees, tall and stately, now appeared in the landscape, and some of the hills were crowned with grapevines. Urso of the Romans, now Osuna, a thriving town upon a summit, came into view. Here and there we crossed a river-bed, the water in which was scarcely perceptible. And now the tall bell-tower of the Seville cathedral appeared in the far distance.

It is an interesting approach to a wonderful city. Off to the right, beyond the Guadalquiver, on hillsides purplish in the evening sunset, lay the ruins of ancient Italica. Everywhere were signs of life, thrift, manual activity and semi-tropical vegetation. Palm trees became abundant. Men and women were on the roadways in peculiar costumes. "The Athens of Spain" seems to open her hands wide to receive her guests. There are no high walls, no battlemented gates, no barriers to ingress; nothing to prevent the eye from counting up the dominant features—but you must stand on some eminence to see the landscape well.

"Seville's towers are worn and old;
Seville's towers are gray and gold:
Saffron, purple and orange dyes
Meet at the edge of her sunset skies:
Bright are Seville's maidens' eyes,
Gay the cavalier's guitar:
Music, laughter, low replies,
Intermingling; and afar,
Over the hill, over the dell,
Soft and low: Adagio!
Comes the knell of the vesper bell,
Solemnly and slow."

So sang Bret Harte in his earlier years, but when he

had not seen Seville, and the "towers" now almost dwindle to one, though that one is magnificent.

Seville, or "Sevilla," as it is spelled in Spain, is a pretty name, and calls up memories of Moorish architects and Spanish poets, second to none in a land of warmth of soul and splendor of decoration. Its ancient Iberian name was Hispalis, from which we get the term Hispania, or Espana, the present local name of the empire.

The hotel I selected was the "Madrid," not located on a wide or imposing street, but introducing one to a lovely patio, quite as beautiful as any I saw afterward. A patio is an inner court, on three sides of which a house or hotel is constructed; the fourth, or front side, is made up of the vestibule leading into it from the street. In this patio are sometimes flowers and palms; frequently a fountain and always seats. The blue sky overhead, invariably unclouded in the month of June, necessarily reveals the warm sun by day and the bright stars by night, but, to keep out the extreme heat, the opening is covered by an awning from ten o'clock, or eleven, to three or four. The "Madrid's" patio was spacious, and as hospitable in its appearance as its genial proprietor was in fact. Its open-armedness made me feel immediately welcome, and at no other hostelry in Spain may one be more at home than there. Subsequently I saw other delightful patios, and soon discovered they were a specialty in this Andalusian capital. Scarcely a house was without one, and each had some beauty all its own. The question recurred over and over, why it is that no other city in Europe has adopted the same charming house plan, or why in America the utilitarian might not give way, often, especially in the South, to such an artistic and bewitching scheme of a cool summer resort in the ac-

tual privacy of one's dwelling? Oriental cities had set earlier examples, and they are yet not unknown in beautiful climates, but Seville is to-day, *par excellence,* the home of the patio as an institution of inherent loveliness.

I was prepared by other descriptions to see a "spotless whiteness" in the exteriors of all residences in Seville, but in this I had a sense of agreeable disappointment. White prevailed, but there were grays and other neutral tints, and they were pleasant to the eye; a glaring white would have been offensive. Seville was clean, trim, sprightly, gay. The street sights were often unique. Donkeys were driven tandem, as many as five in a row. Milk shops, not over twelve or fifteen feet square, contained cows and goats, which were milked by their owners whenever the lacteal fluid was purchased. Sidewalks were sometimes scarcely more than a single foot wide, and in nearly all cases narrow, proving the city is not a modern one. Everywhere scenes reminded the onlooker that here was at one time the home of a peculiar race, the influences of which have not died away. The seat of opulent commerce in the days of the great Cæsar, who fostered it in opposition to Pompey's rival city, Cordova, Hispalis, as it was called, never failed to maintain its importance until the Moors took possession of it, eight hundred years later (712), and it finally became an independent republic of four hundred thousand souls three hundred years afterward, when it attained its supreme glory. Christian Seville (from 1248) never reached the same altitude in the arts and in commerce as it maintained for so many previous centuries. Alas that fanaticism should be credited with artistic triumphs and mental endowments, which a miserable form of Christianity pushed to the outer wall! Never-

theless, when Columbus returned from his successful voyage to America, Seville opened its arms to him, and it then regained, what it had in the time of Augustus Cæsar, a monopoly of foreign trade in transatlantic stuffs, and soon gold from the mines of Mexico began to pour into its lap. Vessels came up the Guadalquiver sixty miles from its mouth, and it became anew the chief port of Spain. One can hardly realize now, when the fall of that river is so slight, that there can be a neap tide of six feet at Seville, but so it is, and I saw large vessels, of sixteen feet draught, lying moored at the quays, discharging or loading cargoes as complaisantly as if they were anchored in the harbors of Cadiz or Lisbon.

There seems to be an intricate network of narrow streets in Seville, yet on the whole its streets are much finer than any in dusty, rough-paved and less attractive Cordova. One can drive about in some comfort, which cannot be said of Cordova. Beggars are quite unknown. Everyone seems to have enough with which to clothe and feed himself, and also to buy and smoke cigarettes all day. De Amicis speaks of the city as a "terrestrial paradise, full of love, delight and peace." No doubt all three of these felicities are characteristic of Seville. I should call it an abode of the better type of Spaniards, all of whom inherit a love of gaiety, pursuing pleasure for the self-satisfaction that is in it, and yet who are as religious here as in any portion of the empire. Pretty faces of maidens peeped from behind flower-embowered windows in the vesper hours of every day, and laughter and song were as myriad-voiced as the bright, sweet stars of each tranquil night.

I sometimes arose early in the morning and looked out of my second-story window, to find many peo-

ple astir, women vying with men in going forth to market, their faces wreathed in happy smiles. Cervantes, Velasquez and Murillo had made their homes in this city—the two latter were born in Seville—and the influence of their intellectual activities permeate the generations that have succeeded them. The beautiful children of Murillo may still be seen playing in the streets, and the marvelous portraits of Velasquez are reproduced in every square. So, too, the dramas of Cervantes are reënacted in the daily walk of not a few of the inhabitants.

The most interesting drive is along the bank of the Guadalquiver, near which is the well-known promenade called the Christina, which toward evening is the scene of much human activity, people going on foot and in carriages, pressing on toward the Public Gardens. The Torre del Ore, (Tower of Gold), is one of the noted landmarks of the city, and it stands on the left bank of the river, at the corner of one of the open plazas. The lower portion is nearly seven hundred years old, and receives its name from its share in holding the first gold that poured into the coffers of Spain when the ships of Columbus and his successors braved the stormy seas between the "Indies" and Europe. There are traditions connecting the Tower with Roman times, but its history is chiefly mediæval. The chief promenade named has shade trees, of plane, oak, cypress, willow and poplar, but attracts attention mainly because of its width and openness.

The river at this point is wide and dignified. Farther up the iron bridge, the Puerto de Isabel II., crosses and joins together Seville proper and its suburb of Triano. I went over it to see the gypsies, who, with others of the lower classes, inhabit it almost exclusively, and they proved a unique but not very interesting

View of Seville, from the Giralda Tower.

lot, who were by no means averse to begging, and yet had bright eyes and gave profuse smiles to the stranger.

The Public Gardens are not so beautiful as those at Barcelona, Madrid, or Granada, but are pretty, roomy, abounding in tropical plants, and are the goal of the wealthy toward the sunset of each pleasant day, when the air is filled with the perfume of blossoms and flowers, and troops of young people walk hither and yon, finding little retreats beneath the planes and the palms.

Columbus, or what bones of him might still exist, seems to be laid finally at rest in a sarcophagus in Seville's noble Cathedral. He was buried at the first (1506) in one of the convent churches of the city on the "gypsy" side of the Guadalquiver, to which place his body had been brought from Valladolid. Later his remains were removed to San Domingo, Hayti, in accordance with his last wishes. Afterward they were transferred to the cathedral in Havana (1796). Finally (1898) they were brought back to Seville, to the city which had extended such a hospitable welcome to him on the completion of his first voyage.

Who has not heard of the famous Cathedral at Seville, enormous in size, the second largest in the world (St. Peter's ranking first), noble in interior architecture, dark, gloomy, but splendidly impressive, ever calling to mind to the visitor the declaration made by the first builders: "Let us erect such a monument that posterity will say we were madmen." No one is pleased with the fortress-like exterior, but within there is a sense of vastness and symmetry which leads one to wonder how it came about that, five hundred years ago, architects and churchmen could conceive, plan and build so splendid a specimen of Gothic art.

Grand in its proportions, rich in its decorations, it stands to-day, as when it was first erected, a massive, wonderful specimen of the handiwork of master minds. I went into it again and again only to admire it more and more. The music of its princely organ, the stateliness of its daily service, the pronounced and real devotion of its numerous worshipers, must exert some influence in calmness of soul and rectitude of life upon both priests and laymen in a gay metropolis. Each one of the five aisles is as roomy as an ordinary large church. Altogether there are sixty vaulted ceilings, reaching far toward the "heavenly heights," and almost every chapel contains beautiful works of the best of the sculptors and painters of the Spain of the Middle Ages. Herrera, Valdés, Murillo, Zurbaran, Campaña, and others like them, have sculptured marble or put life on canvas in a manner to inspire the educated and to awaken enthusiasm even in the illiterate. Nearly seventy sculptors and almost forty painters are represented in the stone and canvas which fill the various chapels. Of the paintings some are masterpieces, notably the "St. Anthony of Padua," by Murillo, one of the greatest creations of his princely genius, and "The Guardian Angel," by the same artist. Goya's "Saints Justa and Rufina," and Campana's "Descent from the Cross" are likewise fine specimens of these painters' works. In wooden sculpture, a retable of larchwood is beautiful, and it is nearly four hundred years old. "Hercules built me, Julius Cæsar enriched me with walls and lofty towers, and the holy King" (Ferdinand III.) "captured me," was an inscription on the old city gate known as the Gate of Jerez. It might have been added: "And he made possible, by the expulsion of the Moors, the construction of a Christian edifice, which is one of the wonders of the world." In

one of the chapels are the keys of Seville, presented to Ferdinand III. in 1248, when the Moors surrendered to his victorious army. I am glad that Ferdinand V. and Isabella witnessed the completion of the marvelous Cathedral, which was begun in 1401, fifty-one years before Ferdinand was born, and was practically finished ten years before his death (in 1516). Though it was not to be the mausoleum which was to enclose within its sacred walls the honored remains of these great potentates of Aragon and Castile, of Granada and Navarre, it tells of days when those farseeing monarchs did so much to make Spain glorious and expanded her wings of commerce to encircle the globe. Sparkling metal, in numerous shrines, the delicate tints of the seventy-five picturesque stained glass windows, the dense shadows of the enormous pillars even in the sunniest day, and then the mighty dome, which hangs a hundred and seventy feet above the paved floor, compel one to wonder, to admire and to adore. The Chapel Royal, which contains the remains of Saint Ferdinand III., (died 1252), is of itself sufficient to prove the richness in art of an age which could bring into a temple like this, dedicated to historic memories, such a gem of the Renaissance. It is a fit receptacle for an altar on which rests the crystal casket of the mighty king. That chapel is, indeed, a pantheon in which Peter the Cruel, Alfonso the Wise, Beatrice and Blanca found glorious sepulchre. The body of the royal Saint Ferdinand is exposed to view three times a year, when the troops composing the garrison of the city file past and lower colors, to signify the reverence still paid to the vanquisher of the Moors and the creator of the joint kingdom of Leon and Castile.

It is rare that one sees in a cathedral window a

representation of the Ascension of Christ, but here it is in the Seville temple. It, and that of the "Raising of Lazarus" and "The Weeping Magdalen," furnish examples of delicacy of craft, correctness of drawing, and softness and depth of tone, which are almost incomparable.

I have stated that the bodies of Columbus and of his son, Ferdinand, are both interred in this beautiful Cathedral. The actual structural tomb of Columbus was brought over from Havana, (where it had been only from 1892 to 1898), and was being erected when I visited the cathedral, as a permanent depositary of the discoverer's body. It consists of a marble base, with four allegorical figures in bronze, and it is in the south transept. In the nave, near the west entrance, is the tomb of the son, who died in 1549 and who enjoyed with his father, on the latter's fourth voyage, the privilege of crossing the sea to the New World. He had gathered together by laborious toil and vast expense a library of twenty thousand valuable volumes, which was bequeathed to the Cathedral. I found this library, or the large portion of it not sold off, preserved with greatest care, and with it such interesting memorials of his father's voyages as are a delight to the curious American visitor. This Columbian Library, as it is called, no one who enters Seville should fail to see. It is in rooms adjoining the Cathedral, and, while most of the volumes do not treat of the subjects so near the heart of Christopher Columbus and of his son, there are many of them which both must have fondly cherished. One book contains all the known prophecies of a New World, and was annotated by his own hand. There are also five manuscripts by Columbus himself. In them Spain and the world have a treasure which neither would sell for the value of all

the gold which fell into the lap of either the discoverer or his illustrious sovereign.

Adjoining the Cathedral is the Giralda, the oldest and finest work of art in Seville. It is a tower, which appeared to me when I first saw it (and that early impression deepened every time I looked upon it) as the most perfect work of art of any tower in all Europe. It is of the same height as was the Venetian Campanile, that tumbled into dust in 1902—three hundred and fifty feet. Those who stand in Madison Square, New York, and look toward the northeast, will see a good imitation of this tower. But the original is, or at least seems to be, larger, taller and with such different surroundings that, while the one gives only an artistic, the other gives a far more romantic, ancient and permanent impression. Giralda means weathercock. The vane on the top of the Madison Square Garden tower may be patterned after that on the real Giralda, but as the latter weighs a ton and a quarter and is of bronze, thirteen feet high, the former is a miniature in comparison. The Seville tower is certainly one of marvelous design. Seen from the top of the Cathedral it is masterly, dominating everything around it. Dating in part from 1184, it was not completed as it is now until 1568. Originally a minaret, attached to the mosque adjoining, the mosque was no sooner turned into a cathedral than the genius of the new builders executed the transformation which turned the slender minareted spire of two hundred and fifty feet in height into a Christian belfry of taller build, more enduring strength and more exquisite grace. "The Name of the Lord is a strong tower" was the appropriate text put about it, in circling letters, and while built of brick instead of stone, its soft rose color, its fine porportions, its deep-cut, entrancing arabesques,

its lovely mullioned Moorish windows, its delicate traceries, its pretty balconies, its variegated roof, are each a triumph of the builders's art, a monument of captivating uniqueness. Whether the original design was made by the inventor of algebra, as has been claimed, or not, he surpassed Giotto in his Campanile at Florence, and to say this is the highest praise.

I climbed up to the chief point of outlook and saw Seville at my feet, like a city of marble, encircled by a valley of gardens, while beyond was the Guadalquiver, on whose bosom ships were freighted with cargoes from the far East and the far West. Beyond the bull-circus, over the gardens of the squares, beyond the villages on the hillsides, was the Roman town Italica, founded by Scipio Africanus, the birthplace of three of the Roman emperors. Above that rose majestically the indented summits of the Sierra Morena. All around, in the distance, were other mountains of varying green tints, lying beneath the open, marvelous, enchanting Spanish sky. It was a place for serious thought as well as for enjoyment. The history of the region stretches from the days before the greatest of Cæsars to the present, and I confess I felt the weight of some of those centuries of activities, warfare and gaieties press down upon me more than the keen sense of delight uplifted me, as I looked out of those balcony windows, some two hundred feet above the pavement below. By an irony of fate the keeper of the tower was a blind man, who had never seen the structure itself, nor the prospect, and yet for a period of forty years had led strangers up and down the narrow incline, and, by his sense of feeling and hearing, had been sure each one of his guests had returned in safety. There were bedrooms in the tower, and I regret now not to have inquired if he slept up there every

night so near to the harmonious bells, one of which, at least, has given forth its harmonies for over five hundred years.

After the Giralda, the Alcazar. A palace of the Moorish kings; a dull fortress in appearance without, but a clean, gleaming, enchanting place within. Everything inside the portals is rare, rich, elegant, and in better preservation than the Alhambra of Granada. The court is surrounded by a portico of delicate arches, supported by small marble columns, joined two by two, and with walls, windows and doors covered with mosaics and arabesques, the latter often perforated like a veil, and overhung with garlands of flowers in stucco or stone. The surrounding rooms are filled with gold ornaments and precious stones, a series of novel, artistic designs, a unique confusion of harmonious colors. I should like to have seen—I almost expected to see—sitting by one of those little windows looking into the court, a real Moorish beauty, coquettish, dreamy; but I fear she would have been languid, dull, preferring to sleep rather than to perform any of the active duties of life. She might have fitted the delicate, spiritual architecture, but it is just as well that she has disappeared. I am not so sure that the modern Andalusian girl is not more vivacious and equally insensible to any high ideal of brave endeavor. The most wonderful room in the Alcazar is the Hall of the Ambassadors, formed of four large arches, supporting more than forty smaller ones, above which is a cupola constructed with great tact and charming grace. The king, Pedro the Cruel, as well as Ferdinand and Isabella, his successors, had his name connected with the Alcazar, and their royal heads have often laid down to rest within these walls, and paced about the grav-

elled paths of one of the sweetest of gardens, which adjoins the building. Cypresses and oranges, the murmur of fountains, the fragrance of flowers, fill the space allotted to this garden, and I found it a most restful spot for a sunny noon hour. I was there when it showered, and, immediately thereafter, the leaves of the trees and of the vines were sparkling like gems, and odorous; and the upturned lips of the "roses of Castile" were as beautiful as ever were the pouting months and sensuous eyes of the Moorish sultanas, for whom they or their predecessors had been originally planted. These roses were most delicately pink in the centre, shading off to lighter tints, until they attained to the purest white in the outer petals. "How dear thou art, Itimad," said the King Al-Motanino, as he wandered in these mazes of flowers and shrubbery: " thy kiss is as sweet as wine and thy glance, like wine, make me lose my reason!" It may be as well that the romance and the gorgeousness of the age of purest Moorish blood have passed away, and that a New Spain is actually dawning upon the horizon of some coming century. It will be less knightly to the imagination to have stronger minds and braver doers in the place of the Arabian poetasters and builders, but the change will mean a new royalty that will again have sway where there was once so much servility, and where there is to-day such lackadaisicalness and shiftlessness in the behavior of the modern Spaniards.

It has been stated that to secure an idea of the beauty of the Sevillian ladies one must go to the tobacco factory, which is one of the largest in Europe, employing over three thousand operators. I went, but saw no astonishing specimens of handsome young women. The large and splendid building, one hundred and fifty years old, situated on one of the main

Alcazar Gardens, Seville.

streets of the city, opposite to the spacious gardens of the Duke de Montpensier, was divided into three immense workrooms, each of them containing about eight hundred women. The latter were separated into groups, seated around long work-tables, each group making up cigars or cigarettes. They all had tan-colored faces. None were well-dressed; few were so much as "pretty." Probably it is only another proof that clothes have a great deal to do with the looks of even well-formed ladies. They chatted while they worked. Some were eating luncheons, and all seemed contented with their employment. The heat of these low-ceilinged rooms, which resembled the crypt of a church in appearance, was not so great, but the air was close and stifling. Each operative is paid according to the amount of her work. The skilled ones earn about four and a half pesetas a day—sixty-one cents—and the indolent, or unskilled, from two to three-and-a-half pesetas—say an average of forty cents. Their street clothing was hung up around the posts, while scanty, thin and homely garments of all colors were worn during the day hours.

The shop of the "Barber of Seville," upon a corner of a street, is one of the show-places, but a greater sight is the "House of Pilate." The Marquis Don Ribera once made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and came back filled with the idea that he could duplicate the traditional house of Pilate. His endeavor gave to Spain not a mansion of the architecture of the Jews, but an Arabian palace, whose interior is almost as marvelous as that of the Alcazar. The walls are full of mosaics, above which are those delicate arabesques which only the Moors knew how to construct. Ceilings, doors and walls are covered with sculptures of flowers and historical events. Every spot is supposed

to assume a relation to the scene of the trial of Christ, and from the inner court to the outermost rooms there is an air of eastern elegance which charms the beholder. As a pure work of Middle Age art it deserves close study, and will awaken in any mind the love of the beautiful.

I saw the house in which Murillo lived, and the studio near it where he is believed to have wrought, now filled with various pictures, few of real consequence. One Murillo is enough to make any city or any hamlet famous for all time. I entered the largest banking house of the city, where all the bookkeepers were smoking cigarettes while they lazily worked at their accounts, and where it took a half hour to draw a few hundred pesetas. I did not see the fine Picture Gallery, however, and regret it; there was not time.

The one object beside, in Seville, which I counted most worth seeing, and where many an excellent meal was served, was the spacious, exquisite dining-room of the "Hotel de Madrid;" an extraordinary place in size and splendor for a mere eating-room in a hostelry. It was long, rather narrow, with tiled walls in varying tints and figures, up to a certain height, then white arabesques. There were Moorish arches and an exquisite ceiling. Sitting in this room, to enjoy a good table d'hote was a pleasure which must have equalled that of the feasters of the hall of the Emperor Domitian in those days when to be cruel was, also, to give the stomach the choicest feasts which money could buy or imperial *chefs* invent.

By design I have left till the last a description of the most curious church festivity which has survived the palmy days of the Catholic religion of Spain. By it one is likely to remember Seville a little longer than by any other single spectacle in the city. I refer to

the dance of the "*los seises*" in the Cathedral on the occasion of the feast of Corpus Christi, and on several other solemn weeks of the year. I saw it during Corpus Christi week, to which it has been attached historically for centuries. One may not like the idea of a "sacred" dance by boys in a church edifice, but, as I saw it, it was not a meaningless ceremony, nor a profanation; it did not awaken feelings of irreverence any more than did the acting of the world's greatest drama, the Passion and Death of our Lord, in the Bavarian valley of Oberammergau.

It is said of this dance of the boys (called *los seises*, meaning "the six;" for there were originally six boys, but now ten), that a certain good Pope was once requested by an archbishop of Toledo to have it stopped. This, of course, was centuries ago; so long ago that the Pope's name has been buried under the lapse of time since the tradition. His Holiness replied that unless he saw the performance he could not judge of it. The band of boys then went to Rome and danced before the Pope. His verdict was that it was not irreverent, but, as it was known only to Seville, it should cease at such time in the future as the dresses of the boys were entirely worn out! Ever since only one article of the boys' suits has been laid aside at a time, and, as no whole garment has ever been made at one period thereafter, these suits are considered as "continuing garments," and the dance still goes on! I presume this is legend, but the dance does continue, and I doubt if any beautiful Greek maidens ever danced more spiritedly, or even more spiritually, before the altars of their gods, or if Miriam and her attendants, with timbrels, danced before Moses with more grace, than these boys before the high altar in the Cathedral of Seville. The dress is, indeed, peculiar. It is said to be that worn

by pages in the reign of Pedro III., king of Aragon in the Thirteenth Century. It consists of a red and white striped jacket, short white trousers of satin, covered with rich gold embroidery, white stockings and slippers having large bows, and broad-brimmed hats bearing red and white plumes. In the boys' hands are castanets. Before these dancers appeared, the arches of the Cathedral rang with the rich music of the organ and the vesper hymns of the monks. Finally they, and musicians having violins, and also the dancers, advanced from the choir stalls in the nave to before the high altar, where, to the soft, sweet strains of those violins the dance began, and continued for perhaps a third of an hour. Before the iron railing, upon the floor of the nave, hundred of men and women had been standing or sitting for a long time, waiting for this religious rite to begin. It was between five and six in the afternoon when the dance was on, and then the dark interior made it seem like the twilight hour. At first, in measured steps, the dancers advanced to the altar. They were probably from ten to twelve years of age, mere lads, but with graceful carriage, bright-blue eyes, and " Murillo heads." As they made their genuflections, their hats were removed, as if in reverence, and they took positions like those for a square dance and sang a sacred song. Solemn and sweet, it penetrated the whole edifice. With eyes closed one could suppose it was a song from the heavenly city. The artless singing of young children, like the warbling of songsters in a tropical forest, always impresses the heart as if heaven had come down a little nearer so that its melodies might reach human ears. The dancing was measured and slow at times, at times more rapid, but always rhythmical, always graceful, always stately. With easy step the dancers approached

Dancers in "Los Seises," Seville Cathedral.

each other, joined hands, moved off to their proper places, parted and joined again, and every movement was to the strains of delicious, tender music, which did not cease for an instant while the dance continued. Even the castanets, which were almost incessant in their gentle clatter, disturbed no one and marred not the harmony of the occasion. It seemed religious and sacred. It was an event of gladness, a solemn proclamation of joy, a pæan of thanksgiving, a strophe of praise.

When the music ceased, and the dancing stopped, I left this sacred place of dignified song and holy chords, and said to myself, almost aloud: "Are we quite so sure the Great Master Himself has not been here at this vesper hour, bending His ears in forgiving love to catch the symphonies of His little children?"

IV.—THE MOSQUE AT CORDOVA.

FROM SEVILLE to Madrid is a short distance upon the map, yet it measures three hundred and fifty-five miles. Cordova is at about seventy miles of that distance, and, while it is rather inconvenient for railway reasons to break the journey at Cordova, it is "expedient." Few travelers, however, will feel that the dividend is great enough to encourage spending the night at Cordova, because the city has innumerable mosquitoes and its chief hotel is not altogether attractive. One can view the Mosque in a few hours, and there is nothing more to study, except the river bridge, the old hags along the abominably paved streets, and some poor driveways in the suburbs, which can be seen in a couple of hours. So it is better to push on the same evening toward Madrid instead of losing twenty-four hours there. Through express trains run once a day in this portion of the empire.

The ride from Seville to Cordova is not unlike that from Granada to Seville, except that more hardy-wood forest trees abound, especially on nearing Cordova. Many hills are olive-crowned. An almost unexampled situation, at Almodovar del Rio, is covered with a castle, which, with its detached tower one hundred and thirty feet high, suggests a great deal of the heroic period of Spain. It has a special interest in connection with Pedro the Cruel, who used this castle as a treasure-house in the Fourteenth Century. Grainfields, fully ripe but apparently with no harvesters, olive trees

and orange groves rapidly succeed each other, but the towns are few and far between.

Cordova impressed me only as an old, forlorn, dilapidated city. Here and there is a bit of freshness in a building and in a street, but, mainly, it is a place not even up to Granada in its business aspect, though there are a number of fair shops. When I recalled the splendor of the days during which it was the capital and often the seat of the Spanish court in the time of Columbus, and those princely days of the earlier Moorish occupancy, when it had nearly a million of inhabitants instead of fifty-seven thousand, some nine hundred good public baths, six hundred inns and untold wealth, I was amazed at the extent of its decline and fall. In its palmy period it must have been simply glorious: no common word could be used to describe it. Even two thousand years ago it was a great city. Was not Seneca born there, and Lucon, the Stoic? A thousand years later it was the metropolis of Moorish Spain. There are marvels told of magnificent buildings at Cordova, which the Arabic writers declared outranked nearly all others of the world. "Cordova," exclaims De Amicis, the most eloquent Italian writer of his day, whom I have quoted before in these pages, "the ancient pearl of the West, as the Arabian poets call it, the city of cities, Cordova of the thirty suburbs and three thousand mosques, which enclosed within her walls the greatest temple of Islam. Her fame extended throughout the East and obscured the glory of ancient Damascus. The faithful came from the most remote regions of Asia to the banks of the Guadalquiver, to prostrate themselves in the marvelous Mihrab of her Mosque, in the light of the thousand bronze lamps cast from the bells of the cathedrals of Spain. Hither flocked artists, savants and poets,

from every part of the Mohammedan world, to her flourishing schools, immense libraries and the magnificent courts of her Caliphs. Riches and beauty flowed in, attracted by the fame of her splendor. From here they scattered, eager for knowledge, along the coasts of Africa, through the schools of Tunis, Cairo, Bagdad, Cufa, and even to India and China, in order to gather inspiration and records; and the poetry sung on the slopes of the Sierra Morena flew from lyre to lyre, as far as the valleys of the Caucasus, to excite the ardor for pilgrimages. The beautiful, powerful, wise Cordova, crowned with three thousand villages, proudly raised her white minarets in the midst of orange groves, and spread around the valley a voluptuous atmosphere of joy and glory!" Where are all the evidences of such splendors now? In one lone and solitary, though magnificent, Mosque, and in one stout and ponderous Moorish bridge. But the former is worth a long journey to gaze upon, for it is fascinatingly beautiful.

Like all other Spanish cities, I found Cordova as a municipality to be interesting chiefly in the early evening, when everybody, old and young, large and small, were on the sidewalks, either sipping beverages or walking out to see and to be seen. Girls, dressed gaily, some in brilliant green with green hats, talked their little nonsenses and the young men generally carried canes. Between the hours of nine and one in the evening, everybody who could went into some outdoor theatre, where the plays were short and upon the vaudeville order. In the hotel at which I stopped, the "Hotel Suisse," doubtless the best in the place, there was much old mahogany furniture, delightful to the eye of furniture lovers. Every room contained a porous water jar, as used in Oriental countries, peculiarly

Interior of the Mosque at Cordova.

adapted to keeping water cool for drinking purposes. I paced the street before the hotel and found it only seventeen feet wide. A mule in the garden pumped up water from a deep well into the receptacle which supplied the hotel, and he went round and round all day long, making a noise not wholly agreeable. The poorest families had flowers in their houses and windows, showing that they had never forgotten the traditions of the Moors.

The best view of Cordova itself is from the Moorish bridge, seven hundred and thirty feet long, with sixteen arches, which crosses the Guadalquiver. Its foundations are of Roman days. The two very ancient mills near the lower side of the bridge are quaint, but the walls of Cordova are still more indicative of age. The exterior of the Mosque is most majestic when seen from the bridge, uplifting lofty choir and belfry toward the heavens, and standing out as a silhouette against the background of the Sierra de Cordoba.

Let us hasten to this Mosque, for in it lies Cordova's present wealth. It is so large and so magnificent that one does not like to stand without, even in the lovely court, the Patio of Oranges, with its five fountains put there by Ben Oyah (in 737), its palms, its fragrance of blossoms and flowers, and its sweet air of perfect repose. Perhaps no outside view of the structure is quite so pretty as that from the left-hand cloister (as one approaches the Mosque) looking over this elegant court. How great the contrast between the miserable street without the wall and this glorious enclosure within! Formerly, as now, it must have seemed a transition in a moment of time from earth to heaven! There stands, by the gate of entrance, that charming bell-tower, three hundred feet above the ground, and we can judge from what it is how incom-

parably more beautiful it must have been when it was in the form of a minaret, with gilded balls, open lilies of silver and golden pomegranates on its crown. Once there were nineteen gateways to the Mosque, corresponding with its nineteen aisles. Now there are three. It was the part of "Christian" art to chop up the Mosque into some forty-two smaller chapels, and to close up many gates, perhaps lest the devil should ride through them too freely! In doing this it almost spoiled the grandest Arabic place of worship in Europe of Asia. I should rather have hung those despoiling architects of Saint Ferdinand than any of the Moors that were exiled from the city of their love.

Once entering the Mosque, its fascination takes hold of the heart and soul. Columns—eight hundred and fifty of them—of marble, jasper, porphyry, breccia, stand up from floor to ceiling like the trees of a tropical forest. Some are smooth, some twisted; and they support double arches, the higher superimposed on the lower; the lower being constructed in that graceful horseshoe shape which is so characteristically Moorish. Red and black are the prevailing colors of the arches; the columns are of every description of red and yellow, blue and green, black and brown. The larchwood roof was painted in red and gold; these colors have mostly disappeared, but sometimes one sees a ceiling in all the exquisiteness of its original beauty of eleven hundred years ago. St. Peter's at Rome is not larger than this palatial Mosque; six hundred and more feet, one-seventh of a mile, must be traversed simply to cross it from end to end. It looks at first quite dark within—and surely such a "dim, religious light" best befits a temple of God, where prayers and not sermons are the conduits between worshipers and Jehovah—but gradually it seems lighter, and out

of the gloom is evolved a semi-hallowed, semi-curious atmosphere which impresses one with unspeakable admiration. I do not think it possible for any man, even a barbarian, to enter the great Cordova Mosque and experience a feeling of disappointment, or one jot or tittle less than that of exalted reverence. Something about it grapples the heart and holds it by hooks of steel. Mentally you may wonder how such a structure came to be; who could have designed it, who executed it; and you may look for the worshipers that are not, and sigh that they have fled. But deep in the soul there arises the profoundest sentiment of hope, nay of certainty, that those who groped here after God could not have felt after Him altogether in vain. It cannot be possible that this was all a toy or a sham. It was a real building in which, as in Solomon's Temple, Jehovah was supposed to dwell in spirit and in truth, and who shall say that no Moor who worshiped humbly within its portals could gain the Kingdom of Heaven?

The more I studied this grand Mosque, the more I was amazed at its architecture and the fitness of its several parts. Especially did I wonder over the chief chapel, the "Mihrab," with its axis toward Mecca, where the Koran was deposited, and where, as the most sacred place, "the Spirit of God rested." Its dome is of the shape of a pineapple, and its walls are covered with brilliant mosaics and Arabic inscriptions. Its ceiling is of white marble hollowed out like a shell. On the marble pavement below millions of pilgrims had bowed their knees. Mysterious as are the legends and the history of those strange wanderers of the African deserts, who settled so early in Cordova, still more mysterious to me was that burning desire to excel in the outward show of religion which impelled them to

erect such gorgeous mosques in Spain; for Spain was far away from Mecca, the home of their greatest prophet, and time enough had not elapsed to prove that the Moors were to be a permanent nation in the Iberian peninsula. However, one must now take it out in wondering, and he will wonder long and oft before he reaches a comprehension of the high aims or the wonderful attainments in architectural skill of those old builders of the Eighth Century, who were so determined to make at Cordova a "gate of Heaven." When all the lights were in those marble halls and under the larchwood roofs—" two hundred and eighty chandeliers, with seven thousand four hundred and twenty-five lamps "—so that the Arab poet could sing, " The gold shines from the ceiling like fire; it blazes like the lightning when it darts across the clouds;" when the crystals and arabesques gleamed, the jasper and porphyry glowed, and the network of interlacing arches quivered with the brightness of the rays from these chandeliers; when a thousand, or five thousand, Moors were kneeling on the Oriental rugs of all manner of patterns that covered the marble floor, what a spectacle it must have been! I know of nothing in Orient or Occident, in Egypt, Greece, Rome, or Mexico, which could have compared with this extraordinary place of worship when in its perfection of architectural beauty. Over it a thousand years have now passed, and it remains to-day, even when partially spoiled, the best existing monument to a wonderful set of poets, dreamers and religious enthusiasts, who delighted to believe their earth could be made, by mosques like these, a fitting forerunner to the greater Temple above.

V.—MADRID AND A BULL-FIGHT.

THE SPANIARD who does not enjoy with keenest relish a Sunday bull-fight in the *torro* might some day make a good Englishman or American, but he cannot be rated as a real Spaniard. I know that it has been stated that many persons of rank in Spain do not fancy their chief national sport, but such must be hopelessly in the minority. As to the middle classes, it will be a weary search to find a man or woman whose strings of happiness are not pulled a little tighter every time it is announced that Mazantini, or Bombita, or some other toreador of high repute, will hold forth on the ensuing Sunday in the bull-ring, to prove again his vaunted courage in overcoming the fiercest bulls of the Duke of Veragua.

While visiting Granada, a bull-fight was in progress, but I had arrived too late to attend it. At Seville one had been scheduled for the following Sunday and then the notice had been withdrawn. The reason assigned was that the "Governor's consent" could not be obtained. But at Madrid, which has one of the largest of the two hundred or more bull-rings of Spain, there seems to be perpetual consent during the "season," which lasts from about the first of April to the first of October. Every Sunday the slaughter of bulls and horses goes on, and the city becomes gay with trappings and alive with people going to and from the so-called "circus." It is held in the afternoon, of course. Everyone is supposed to attend mass

in the morning; the afternoon, from three to six-thirty, is given over to the one national sport, which even the king cannot frown down. It is said of King Alfonso that he would like to substitute horse-racing for the bull-ring, especially since he saw the latter for the first time during the week of his coronation. Yet even the life of Alfonso, should it be protracted to eighty years, is unlikely to outlast the love for the cruel sport which has become ingrained in the national character. The particulars of a bull-fight, however, must come later in this chapter.

Madrid is a beautiful, even splendid, city. It is a great city. It has no suburbs, because of the extreme aridness of the country around, but its parks, roadways and residences will rank with those of any other capital in Europe, and the equipages of those who ride out in the afternoon outvie those of London, Paris or Berlin. I was surprised beyond measure to find Madrid so Europeanized and so up-to-date. The country is behind the age in everything, but Madrid is not, a few things like bull-fights excepted. It is in itself a New Spain, and as totally unlike the Spain of Cordova, or of Granada, as the vessels now crossing the Atlantic are unlike the old caravels of Christopher Columbus.

Madrid is located high up on a plateau, 2,130 feet above the sea level, and, when first planted there by Philip II., was in the midst of an arid region. He desired to have a new capital in the centre of Spain and he chose a desolate spot. Trees were planted by him and thrived. But in time it was thought they gave shelter to birds which destroyed the meagre grain-fields; so they were cut down and gave place to the desert again. Now attention is given anew to forestry, and in the city there are acres of trees, most of them stunted, however, and not vigorous. Outside of the

city there are a few spots only where trees are growing. All around is barrenness, like a boy's playground. It is a pretty, but extremely modern, custom on Arbor Day (in Spain it is on March 30) for hundreds of boys to go out of the city to the bare plain and plant each a tree, and with it chant a song. Perhaps in a century more the Madrid desert will bloom and "blossom as the rose," but I am told it is a bleak spot in winter, while in summer the earth is parched and yields herbage and harvests only by irrigation. I am not sure that the vicinity of Madrid can ever look to the eye like the farms in and about Seville, much less like the gardens in the valleys of the Xenil and the Darro at Granada; nevertheless, irrigation will do wonders, and irrigation is now a problem which is being pressed anew before the public attention in that desolate region.

Madrid has clean streets, fine public and business buildings, plentiful cafés, good hotels, an active, pushing people, and one of the noblest picture galleries in the world. It has some dilapidated omnibuses, drawn by mules, to keep one reminded that he is in Spain, but has few other things in common with the Andalusian or Valencian provinces. Its business buildings are much like those of Paris, usually five stories in height. Rich grandees must abound, to judge from the style and number of their handsome turnouts. For meals there is a plentiful supply of fish, chickens, eggs, grapes, oranges, dates and figs, and these, with wines, predominate in many of the markets, although the meats are not bad, and, unlike in Paris, I never left a hotel dinner in Spain hungry. Artichokes, for which Americans do not care, seem to be a favorite dish, and the Malaga grapes are large and luscious. All the natives drink wines, as in France and Italy.

The "Val de Penas" is probably the best of the local, ordinary wines, but Spain has some good water. The coffee is generally wretched. I missed most in Madrid those pretty patios, which were noticed in the chapter on Seville, but this is only to say that Madrid is Continental Europe and not the Spain of the Middle Ages. The prevailing color of the people's dress upon the street is black, as in Paris and London, and this, too, is another proof that the city is modern.

One genuine relic of the old Spain, always conspicuous, is the style of large, high carts with oxen pulling them. These enormous carts hold immense loads, and, on the asphalt pavement, after a rain or the daily street sprinkling, the oxen slip, being unshod, and it is a common thing to see one of a pair struggling to rise while his mate peacefully waits by his side. There are lotteries, as the government countenances them, and, as in Italy, the poor people chiefly supply the ticket venders with the purchase price. There are many fine shops and a large supply of theatres. All the good theatres being closed in June, I went one evening to the Japanese playhouse. I went at ten minutes past nine and found it would not open till an hour later. In half an hour after it did open the singing and dancing were over, and the audience retired to allow for a second audience. It was said that the same performance would be repeated again and again until long past midnight. Andalusian girls, who are reputed to be the best of all Spanish dancers, gave four of their dances to the music of the guitar, themselves using castanets decorated with ribbons. They were dressed with much elegance and danced in perfect rhythm and well-defined grace. The smaller and poorer cafés were always full; the larger and better ones were empty part of the day, but full in the late

evening. In serving coffee, the waiter comes around with a large can, much like a milk can, turns the spigot and starts the coffee running, and when you have sufficient you shut off the supply yourself. Then he places the can back upon the stove to keep the contents warm.

De Amicis speaks of the great plaza of the city, the Puerta del Sol, as "a stupendous sight!" I did not find it so, but his superb descriptions always make us forgive his exaggerations. And it is true that this large square is the vortex of travel, trade and gossip for thousands of people daily. A busier and livelier scene it is rare to find in any city. It is quite as brilliant at eleven, or even twelve, o'clock at night as at the noon or twilight hour. Some hold that it rivals the Venetian San Marco as a centre of daily activity, and this is true, although there is no reason for a comparison of the two places. This is simply the city's centre, where all day long and until midnight a mammoth stream of humanity presses every whither. Ten large streets pour into and out of it, and some of the largest of the hotels are also located upon it. I stopped at the " Hotel de la Paz," a fashionable and expensive place, well-kept, not to be compared with the largest London or New York hotels in elegance, but, on the whole, comfortable and satisfactory.

One of the street sights of which I never tired was that of the mules coming in from the country pulling loads tandem. Another, the soldiers from the quarters of the King on horseback, with white plumes in front and black plumes at the back of their curious hats, purple trappings and white trousers; an attractive spectacle. Referring to mules reminds me that the omnibuses were usually drawn by three of them abreast, and they often received unmerciful beatings.

In Madrid you meet all sorts and conditions of peasants from the surrounding districts. Their dress is always peculiar, but so much less so than in Tangier, or even in Granada or Seville, that I was not as much interested in them as the guide-books had led me to suppose I should be. Nor did I see many of the street singers, so frequent in other portions of Spain. The Madrid people aim for a higher class of music, more after that of Paris and Vienna; in fact, when I entered the city, I learned that Paderewski had just closed an engagement, and that until that week excellent opera had been on the "amusement" list for some months previous.

Of all the pretty, wholly modern cathedrals I have visited, that of the Neustra Senora de la Almudena easily stands at the head; I mean in the interior; the exterior is plain and not striking. For symmetry of lines and pure chastity of elegance, it affected my sense of taste in the most pleasing manner. There are dainty frescoes, beautiful figures of the Apostles in granite, splendidly carved windows and doors. It is so new that the guide-books scarcely refer to it, but it would be a sad mistake to see Madrid and not enter it, especially near the noonhour when the sunshine, shining through the rich glasses in the dome, floods the interior with an exquisite charm. It is quite near the Royal Palace.

There is also a church of San Francisco the Grand, which was intended to be the national pantheon, whose interior is full of color, and where some of the great men of Spanish history are buried. Singularly enough however, neither here nor in any other spot where they can be definitely located, are the remains of Cervantes, Herrera, Velasquez or Murillo. Honored by the whole world, no one knows their final resting places.

The Royal Palace was closed to sightseers, and so I could not enter it. It was said to be closed because of the indiscretion of some foreign visitors—Americans, of course!—who, in passing through its rooms, used some very plain language derogatory of something which had met their sight. From an outside view (not as one approaches it from the city proper, but from the other side, which is its real front,) it is massive, colossal, wonderfully impressive. It occupies the site of an older palace, burned down in 1734, and is probably far larger and more imposing than that was. It overlooks the valley of the Manzanares—an insignificant stream in summer—and, including the superstructure, is at its highest point one hundred and sixty-five feet above the ground, and with sides five hundred feet long. That it cost about fifteen millions of dollars one need not doubt, as it is built of material durable enough to stand unchanged for a thousand years. There are said to be superb rooms in it with superior ornamentations.

One day I saw the King and the late Queen Regent, but this will be more freely spoken of in the chapter on "Glimpses of Some European Potentates."

One of the great world-sights at Madrid is the Prado Gallery, taking its name from the wide promenade of the city, which is immense in breadth, bordered by two colossal fountains and by avenues of trees, and is where the people gather every afternoon when not in the beautiful park to the east of it. The Prado promenade was once a meadow-farm in the days of Vega and other Spanish poets, and, long after, the choicest place for walking and driving in the city. The Prado picture gallery, having, it is claimed, "three hundred and thirty-seven masterpieces," is at the starting point of this promenade, and, while begun

more than a hundred and twenty-five years ago, was only completed in the time of Ferdinand VII., fifty years later. The treasures of art it contains are ancient, dating from the days of Charles V. and Philip II., and to say they are invaluable is not to express the enthusiasm one feels in coming suddenly upon so many of the immortal works of Raphael, Velasquez, Murillo, Van Dyck, Titian, and all the old masters; pictures which one has seen copied over and over again, without knowing, perhaps, that the originals are in Madrid. "The day on which one enters for the first time a gallery like that of Madrid," says De Amicis, "becomes a marked one in the life of a man. It is an important event like marriage, the birth of a child, or the coming into an inheritance; for one feels the effects of it to the day of his death." How true that is! One's first day in the Dresden gallery, the Louvre, or the Pitti—can it ever be forgotten? Of the Prado I did not see enough; two visits to it were wholly too brief to view more than a tithe of the riches in store there, especially of the great Spanish painters. In memory I cannot now call off the names of half the noble specimens of those masters which took my fancy in the Prado. Of course I cannot forget the several "Conceptions" by Murillo, each a gem, and his still more lovely "Children of the Shell;" nor his "Virgin with the Rosary;" nor his "St. Elizabeth of Hungary Tending the Sick Poor." Then the "Surrender of Breda," by Velasquez, his "Forge of Vulcan," and his equestrian portraits—they live to-day in remembrance as vividly as when first seen in their originals. Then the "Charles Fifth on Horseback" of Titian, and his "Philip Second;" the "Madonna with the Fish," and the "Cardinal" of Raphael; the "Annunciation" by Fra Angelico, and scores and scores of

The Royal Palace in Madrid.

beautiful specimens by the artists Reni, Veronese, Claude de Lorraine and others.

It is certain that only in Madrid can Murillo and Velasquez be studied with minuteness, and there I became convinced the latter was the greater delineator, while the former was the painter of most heart. "The one an angel, the other an eagle," says a critic; and he has the right conception. Murillo always painted sweet faces of virgins and cherubs. Only Fra Angelico could be more delicate, but even he could not be more humanly spiritual. Velasquez soared high, for his empyrean was above those of most masters, but Murillo came down and touched the soul. He played on the chords of human tenderness, passion, devotion, and such spring out of the deepest feelings. Perhaps if I had to own but two great religious paintings in the world, and could really have them in possession, they would be the "Sistine Madonna" of Raphael, at Dresden, and the "Children of the Shell" of Murillo at Madrid. May I add in parenthesis that, after paintings not distinctly religious, I should be apt to go to the Tate Gallery in London and be content there to take—but how difficult would be the selection!—my first choice.

The question is often propounded when one has walked through such a gallery of mediæval religious art as that of the Prado, "Do you really enjoy the old masters as much as the new ones? Do you care as much for Da Vinci, Veronese, Carrucci, Murillo, Velasquez, *et id omne genus*, as for Reynolds, Gainsborough, Corot, Turner, Watts, Millais, Leighton, Bouguereau, and a hundred others of the modern school?" My answer always is: "They cannot be compared." One class painted chiefly for the devotional classes. They met the wants of the deeply religious in

a day when all that was learned of the Bible was through paintings of Christ, the Madonna and the saints. One desires to see them to-day, for the best of them are so pure and holy that they awaken the profoundest feelings of the soul. But later painters are, as creative artists, equally great. They present subjects, poses, expressions, tints, combinations of thought, never dreamed of by Middle Age recluses. The two kinds may be equally enjoyed. As true religion can never die out of the world, so it is certain that the fame of the earlier giants of painting will never pass away.

I am afraid I have not given above even an adequate hint in briefest language of the pleasure the works of Velasquez gave me in this, their native home, where the best output of his versatile genius is exhibited. I expected to find delight in the Murillos, but was unprepared to see so much to admire in Velasquez. On the whole, what a remarkable delineator of poses he was! How his men, women, horses, even their attire, or trappings, stand out in glowing perspective, and with what absolute fidelity to life and truth each characteristic of the object painted appears! Certainly he had no equal in Spain for putting exactly what was before him on canvas. And his pictures are unforgettable. You may not remember always just the differences between some of the Madonnas of Andrea del Sarto and some of Murillo's Virgins, but you can never forget the "Infanta Margaret," the "Don Baltasar on Horseback," the "Baltasar at the Age of Six," the "Maids of Honor," the "Æsop," or the "Tapestry Weavers," of Velasquez. To see the Prado is to see Velasquez at his very best, and that is to see works of art, the exceeding beauty of which will

never perish from the memory of mankind, even if the canvases themselves shall pass away.

The Armory of the heroic period of Spain, located within the Palace grounds, is another of the wonderful sights of Madrid. It is less extensive that that of the Tower of London, but historically more interesting. The cavalry of Philip II.'s day seem ready to dash at you, full armored, with spears in hand. The cross-bows, cuirasses, helmets, lances, muskets, ensigns, collars, bucklers—these are as real as if one saw them in their first splendors on the "Field of the Cloth of Gold." The actual armors worn by Charles V. and Philip II. are there before you; the very swords of those monarchs, and of Cortez, Gonzales and Pizarro are there, as are trophies from the Turks, necklaces and crowns of Gothic princesses, saddles of Moor, Ottomans, Saracens. You see these as in a dream. As you look at them the ages unfold, the scroll of history of the period from Ferdinand and Isabella to that of Ferdinand VII. unrolls, and you behold anew characters written in blood on every page. Columbus, Philip, Charles, Ferdinand, Pizarro, Cortez, are real flesh and blood; they saw, touched, used these same accoutrements, instruments, swords, crowns, crosses, saddles, shields, armor; the silk, the gold and the silver, the bronze and the iron! Turn where you will in that collection, every bit of it is historic and real; cold, cruel, but real! It tells us, as no books can, that there was a time when Spain was not craven, not an infant in swaddling clothes, not a nation in the adolescence of second childhood, as now, but strong, brave, masterful, conquering, and, when most religious, never otherwise than remorselessly pagan!

But now for the bull-fight, the real sport of all Spain. It is said there are two hundred and fifty-two

bull-rings in Spain; if so, it proves how strong a hold this style of bloodshed has on this curious semi-Latin race. My fellow-travelers and myself "coached" from the main square of the city, the magnificent Puerta del Sol, to the Place de Toros (the place of the bulls), and the style of our conveyance attracted attention, even though unusual sights abounded daily. Our coach, seating twenty-four on top, had just taken a prize in a public display of carriages, and it was drawn by eight mules (four in the last rank, three before them and one in the lead), whose tails were elaborately decorated in yellow and black Spanish ribbons. The man who pulled the reins over those mules said little, but understood his calling. Passing the Chamber of Deputies, beside which was the residence of the late Sagasta, we followed the Alcala and the Paseo de Recoletos, where we drove to see more of the city. Thousands of people were driving and walking, and, as we passed them all, not one failed to look up and smile at the coaching foreigners on their way to the sport. We did not suppose the passengers themselves aroused the mirth, but those numerous, fine-limbed, well-groomed, handsome mules, which kept up a fast gait under the crack of the whip, and which seemed to say with a lordly emphasis: "We are now pulling a load of curious foreigners who are going to patronize our national sport."

The Place de Toros is on the northeast edge of the city, and various streets lead up to it. But the main thoroughfare toward it traversed by the public is the Alcala, which is lined with fine residences. The scene of the bull-fight is a circular arena, in an immense building, externally of wood, within partly of stone, without windows, about six stories high, the seats arranged tier above tier as in the old Roman amphithea-

tres. The seating capacity is supposed to be ten thousand. Outside, the structure looks yellowish and plain. At a distance one might think it was an enormous gas reservoir, were not the national flag floating from the roof. And overhead, within, was the blue sky. The seats were full of well-dressed men and women. Fans were rustling and people talking. There was an air of expectancy. Surely the unusual must have called together so fine and so immense an assembly! One can hardly believe this is but the arena of a bull-ring, where every week the same sport goes on and similarly large, patient crowds gather and anxiously await the hour of half-past three in the afternoon. That arena is tremendous in itself, which is the first noticeable thing, perhaps, to a stranger. There is plenty of room in it for bloody combats. The first circular barrier around it is nearly as high as a man, with a lower elevation in front, to permit of a hasty jump over the wall by any of the toreros who might be hard pushed by the bull. Behind this high barrier is another, still higher. Bulls have been known to jump the first stone wall and land upon the elevation above it. There is a walk between the first and the second barriers, and here stand guards who are ready to give aid to the injured. Seats rise back of these, row upon row, without backs. There are some boxes built of wood, for families, one of them for the royal family, and finally there is a gallery of wood above all. Those boxes contain the most expensive seats. Officers, wealthy men, men of note, rent these by the season. On one side of the circus the sun shines. Here the charges are less than in the shade, and here on some days the heat is exceedingly fierce. On a few of the private boxes, on the sunny side, awnings are outstretched. I had a seat about one-third up the height of the building, say thirty feet

above the arena, and the cost was eight pesetas—about a dollar and twelve cents. Not as expensive as one might suppose for a seat in the shade; yet the aggregate sale of all the seats must make up a large sum to be divided among the actors, after the bulls and horses which are slain and the usual other expenses are paid for. My friends and I arrived at ten minutes past three; there were twenty minutes to spare. In the meanwhile, many people were promenading in the arena as carelessly as if no blood were to be shed.

I thought at once of the old Colosseum at Rome. I saw in mental vision the same circular arena, the same ascending series of seats filled with people, the same promenading before the circus opened, the same expectancy on every native's face of "a good time coming." Spain does not differ in its bull-ring from the cruel Roman sports of Vespasian. The same Latin race still hungers for the sight of combats with beasts. But the Romans fought wild beasts and both sides had an equal chance. Spaniards prefer to fight tame brutes, which have little show, from the backs of dumb animals that are blindfolded and have no show at all! Of the two, the Romans were by far the more valorous.

There is no embargo on visiting all parts of the building before the performance begins. One may walk beyond the arena doors and see the bulls in their iron cages—none of them over five years old—wondering what they are there for, and dilapidated stage horses, peacefully munching hay, not so much as dreaming of the fate in store for them. There also are the espadas, who have each selected his bull to slay and this privilege of selection they are supposed to exercise according to their valor.

Five minutes before the opening moment the band

plays, and this is the signal to clear the arena. Men retire quickly and find their seats. Pink programs are scanned to make sure just what "brave" fellow is to kill the first bull. The trumpet sounds. In a twinkling one of the doors, or gates, to the arena opens, and in come the two guards, "knights of the circus," on horseback, with plumed hats, black mantles and swords, who make the circuit of the ring in opposite directions, to see if everything is in readiness. They are greeted with hearty shouts of applause. Then follow, through the same door, all the toreros in full dress, six on horseback, thirteen on foot, and other attendants of various sorts. How beautiful are their decorations—scarlet, yellow, green; bespangled with gold and silver fringes, filagrees and trinkets. Those at the head are called espadas, because they are to dispatch the bulls. They receive from one thousand five hundred to seven thousand five hundred dollars per annum for their ghastly butcheries. The band is playing and the step is to the rhythm of the music. It is a thrilling moment, for these gala-day costumes are entrancing, the music is lively, and the people are thundering approval. So many of them are handsome men, whose physique is shown to best advantage in these semi-royal costumes. Here are the capeadores, who infuriate the bulls with their red cloaks; the banderilleros, who deftly place the darts in the back of the bull's neck to further infuriate him; the picadores, who are on horseback, carry long lances and usually receive the roughest of the attacks. Each is dressed according to the custom of his calling. The whole company, were the King present, would stop before his box, salute, and asked permission to allow the first bull to enter. As the King was not there, the company I have described came before the Alcalde's (the mayor's) box,

and presumably received from him, or from his representative, the privilege sought. I was too intent gazing at the colors of the glorious spectacle and at the spectators to discern just what did happen, but I quickly noticed in the rear of the procession six gaily caparisoned mules, with their attendants, and knew they were to drag out, on a canter, each dying or dead brute, whether horse or bull. They were infinitely better groomed and fed than the starvelings which the bulls were about to gore to death.

The circuit of the ring is scarcely made, when in a twinkling most of the toreros retire. The espadas as quickly jump over the first stone wall. Only two picadores on horseback, with lances in hand, and a few capeadores, with red cloaks ready to wave, are left in the arena. Almost before one can see who or what they are, another gate opens, and a bull bounces into the ring! He has already one or two pairs of darts transfixed in his neck, and they are gay with ribbons. They have angered him and he comes in on a plunge. Then he stops, for the sight is new to his eyes. He sees a vast arena, not the meadows on which he has been feeding near the paradise of Seville; ten thousand people, not olive trees, nor harvest-covered hills; stone barriers, not the customary fences of cacti. His eyes slowly take in all these sights. Then he discerns white, red, or brown horses, with men on their backs. The first bull to witness this strange scene is of fine stature and appearance, rotund, graceful, full of dash and herculean in strength. He stands still for a few moments only, to take in the situation. Then he makes a dash for the nearest horse. Poor fellow, blindfolded on the side toward the bull, what can he do in self-defence? He does not even see his antagonist. The picador endeavors to arrest that first mad onset with

the point of his lance, but it may as well be a straw aimed at a rhinoceros. In the twinkling of an eye the bull's sharp horns have ripped up the horse and thrown him over, rider and all. Then he dashes, in a moment of time, at the second horse, and tears out his entrails as completely as if a surgeon's knife had taken ten minutes to open the body!

The excitement is now too intense for words. There is an audible "Oh-h-h-h!" and that is all. The capeadores have rushed forward, and are frantically waving their cloaks, and now the bull dashes at them, but they are too dexterous to be harmed. They step to the right or left, while the bull dashes into the cloak, and then stands stock still, amazed that it is only a piece of cloth. My own eyes follow the poor, gored horses more than they do the men. The bull is unhurt, but both horses are on their sides. One does not rise again. His saddle and bridle are removed, and he is left to die. The other arises upon his feet, and slowly hobbles out through the door of the arena. The opening in his body is to be sewed up, and he is to come back for the next round, that another bull may complete that work of horrible destruction so frightfully begun. Here is where the barbarous cruelty of the bull-fight appears. It does not consist in the danger to which the men on foot or on horse are exposed, for this is rarely great; nor in the actual sacrifice of the bull at the end, for he is never badly wounded until the final thrust is given, which takes his life, and which is not worse than the common mode of killing animals in an abattoir. The cruelty is in the goring and disemboweling of horses. They have no chance to escape; no opportunity even to see their enemy when the onset is made. While most of them are broken-down beasts to whom death is a blessing, the manner of their

taking off is so utterly abhorrent to those whose feelings are refined and sensitive that I have never ceased to wonder, since I saw the "sport," how rational beings could enjoy the spectacle.

The first bull now stands still again. He is almost in the centre of the arena. He gazes steadily at the red cloaks, as if pondering over what his next course shall be. One banderillero comes forward, with two arrows bearing yellow streamers of paper, and approaches him, and still the bull hesitates to move. In a twinkling those two arrows are thrown, simultaneously, into the folds of his neck, one from each hand. The bull does not seem to notice them, unless to give a slight toss of his head. Another banderillero comes up and throws two pink arrows into his neck near the same spot. By this time the animal has decided. He rushes, not at the banderilleros, but at the cloaks of the capeadores who stand a little farther away, and again and again he butts his head against those harmless cloaks. Now, by the hands of other banderilleros, two green arrows go to the mark, and then two blue ones. This makes ten arrows in all, each sticking out from the neck, five on each side. They sting, and as he moves and shakes his head, they keep waving up and down, and infuriate him the more. Blood is running from both sides of the neck; he looks weary, but strong for fight. Thus far there has been no strained excitement in the audience, except at the first attack upon the horses, but calm suspense. The audience probably desires to see the bull rush on the capeadores so vigorously that they must jump over the stone walls for their lives, but, somehow, he suddenly loses courage. He loses heart. Like some men in battle, grandly heroic when first under fire, he has all at once surrendered his daring.

It was apparent that this bull must now be finished, and a new and braver one take his place. So the espada comes upon the scene, bows, and we know the time of the finish has arrived. In this instance his name is Quinito. Those who know him feel a glow of enthusiasm, expressed by some in words, by more in silence. In one hand is a sword, in the other a small piece of red cloth upon a cane. He moves steadily toward the bull, who now puts eyes squarely upon him, but does not move. The capeadores drop back on either side of the bull, perhaps twenty yards away, and the two giants are alone, face to face, not more than five yards from each other. The espada is not a giant in size; on the contrary he looks small in stature, but his previous deeds have made of him a Goliath in the eyes of the people. To me it seems as if Quinito is taking his life in his hands, as he stands alone before this bull, but long practice has made him sure of his victim. Every eye is now fastened upon him, and he knows it. The ladies are ready to pronounce him a god when he has achieved this day's first honors. The cloth is waved. The bull makes a spurt towards it, retreats, stands still, gazes. The espada teases him with the cloth, but he moves not. It appears to me, meditating as I did upon the tragic scene, as if the bull must realize his position and be preparing for death. Does he also meditate? Does he realize? The time is now up. Not a voice, not a murmur, not a rustle is to be heard. The bull makes what is his last plunge, not toward Quinito but toward the red cloth, and does it, not rapidly, but deliberately and slowly. The sword has been aimed, and, as he moves forward and the espada once more steps aside, Quinito plunges it into the bull's neck. A misadventurous thrust. The sword has struck a bone and stopped. The espada

releases his hold from it, and, with a toss of the bull's head, the sword springs out of the wound and is upon the ground. An attendant runs for it, hands it back to its owner, and again the same performance is repeated. The bull charges once more. It is his last forward dash. As the espada moves out of the way, his hand pushes in the sword up to the hilt, and the proud animal halts—forever. It is a majestic moment. There is blood flowing from those wounds and from the mouth. That second thrust is mortal. It has penetrated to the region of the heart. But the animal stands as if transfixed, as if triumphant over death. He simply quivers. His whole frame shakes as an aspen. And still he stands. A tremendous spectacle! I have never felt before such a thrill of emotion in the presence of a death-scene of any mere animal. Were that bull struck by lightning, he could not be more riveted to the spot. He stands, though his eyes look glazed. He should fall, but he stands—grandly stands! A moment and his eyes begin to close. The trembling becomes violent; his body sways from side to side. Then he comes down upon his knees, upon his breast. He is down, dying, though not dead. Time does not permit the management to allow the animal to die, so an attendant drives a sharp sword deep into his forehead to finish him off quickly, and then the band plays, the ladies wave fans and handkerchiefs, the men huzza and many rise to their feet and shout. All is confusion and joyousness; there are no tears. Now the espada makes on foot the circuit of the arena, bowing and smiling; in a twinkling a gate is opened, the mules enter and drag out the bull and, a moment later, the one dead horse. New picadores come in on chargers, ready for new slaughter; the other gate opens and in plunges a new bull—and I leave

the scene! I cannot submit my nerves and eyes to a new strain upon them of the butchery of the horses. I could see another bull act his death-part before an espada, but I dare not watch the cruelty to those horses.

Afterwards I learned that the succeeding five bulls successively played varying parts, some acting much more bravely than the first, and some being mere cowards, and that in all ten horses were sacrificed, and one picador was badly injured. Personally I witnessed none of these later scenes.

Bad as this bull-fight was, demoralizing as such brutal dramas must inevitably be, when I reflect that they were common enough in Rome itself in the beginning of the century just past, and that bear-baiting in Queen Elizabeth's day was quite as cruel, I rejoice that the world in general has moved forward so much during recent years, and that it is only a question of a century or so more when Spaniards and even Turks must emerge from their love for the horrible in torture, and when all humanity shall arise sufficiently out of barbarism to make it a crime to inflict cruelty on any living being.

It was a gladsome moment when we mounted coaches, took fresh air, and moved on jauntily through the magnificent Park de Madrid, the city's finest breathing place. There were so many people there who must have preferred the park to the circus that I regained hope for the future. Thousands of walkers and riders were enjoying the trees and flowers and the brilliant sunshine. Madrid is always pretty in the afternoon on any of her boulevards, and this day was one of many I saw in Spain when there were sweet marriage songs, with the heavens and the earth as bride and bridegroom.

VI.—THE OLD SPAIN AND THE NEW.

AS A RELIC of old Spain in the palmy days of Philip II.—that monster who was such a coward; whose iniquities, however, had so much to do with revolutionizing Europe and preparing the way for the Reformation—the Escorial is one of the best examples of Spanish darkness, despair and "grandeur of wickedness." As a forerunner of New Spain, Barcelona is the highest type of awakened commercial greatness. Let us look for a little at these two centres of blackness and light, of darkness and dawn.

The Escorial—who does not shiver as he thinks of it? I remember as a boy looking over that now long out-of-date work, Sears' "Wonders of the World," and wondering what could have put it into the heart of any man to build that crazy collection of prison-cells, on such a mammoth scale, with such apparent exterior magnificence, in a region said to be so barren that no one but a Philip II. would have chosen it for his lonely home. I never dreamed then that I should be so fortunate as to tread its dismal courts, and see with my own eyes the very bedroom, too small for the chamber of a beggar, where Philip spent his last hours, and died without a friend to shed a tear over him. But the ambitions of a traveler take one into strange places, sometimes, and so it happened that I peered into that wonderful Escorial. I am not sorry, but it left in memory no charms to lead me to wish to see it again.

To reach the village of Escorial—there is now a village of that name before the portals of the Palace,

having a population of over five thousand—requires a railway journey of about thirty miles from Madrid, and a half-mile ride further in an omnibus or carriage. It is north of west of the metropolis, and the views obtained in reaching it, as the railway ascends more than twelve hundred feet, are exceedingly interesting, being, first, of Madrid, and then of the lonely surrounding hills. The latter are mostly treeless and form a sombre and curious landscape. Philip first built a monastery and church on the Escorial site, and then decided it was the best spot for his private residence. No doubt the historian is correct who insists that Philip was so afraid of mankind that he determined to perch, like an eagle, on a rocky eyrie, where he could see far away and be out of reach of all his kinsmen and advisers, except as they might send messengers to him with tidings of "the news from the Netherlands." Here he located, about 1570, long before it was finished. It was in 1584, a quarter of a century after the building was fully planned, when the final stone was put upon the dome of the church, which is within the Palace limits. Here he resided when he sent the ill-fated Spanish Armada to wrest the commercial supremacy from England (1588), and here he died on September 13, 1598, seventy-one years of age, but twice as old if judged by the morbid yet tremendous activity of his long and cruel reign.

The Escorial cannot be seen as one enters the village. When reached it is personified gloominess within and without. The exterior is of an ugly stone, as cold and forbidding as was the hand that reared it. Seen from a distance, when on the railway and from a height, it does have a princely air, so that it must have merits even in point of architecture. I know of no short description which fits it better, as thus seen from

say five miles away, than this of Mrs. Pitt Byrne: "The grand and gloomy fabric towers over the rocky desert, a monument of solidity, too melancholy to be proud, too dignified to be defiant, but calmly conscious of its iron strength, and impressing beholders with a conviction of its indestructibility. . . . It seems to stand with sullen determination there, where it was placed, in the very heart of the Sierra, stone of its stone, and strong of its strength, a giant among giants; for, strange to say, its proportions suffer no diminution from the lofty objects with which it is surrounded."

It has often been stated that, because it owes its foundation to his vow made on St. Lawrence day, its form is that of a gridiron. Only a ground plan will show what that pattern is, for it is a conglomeration of thick stone walls and myriads of rooms and windows. It has seven towers, fifteen gateways, three thousand eight hundred doors and windows, sixteen courts, and corridors of a hundred miles in total length. Did I walk through all these corridors and look out through all these windows? Not in one day's visit. Nor would I desire to do so, were my visit one of a hundred days. I should as soon desire to see every cell in Sing Sing prison and touch every stone of the Vatican. And why walk much within, when probably not a living soul would be met to tell you it was ever intended to be the abode of life?

Five things impressed and interested me in this strange and gloomy Palace. The first was the library. That has pretty frescoes, tables of porphyry and jasper, elegant bookcases designed by the famous Escorial architect, Herrera, and an enormous number of priceless treasures in the shape of Greek, Arabic and Spanish manuscripts. The second were the portions

The Escorial, near Madrid,

of the old living rooms of the Palace, which are yet carpeted and furnished with magnificent sets of antique furniture, and where elaborate and costly tapestries, made for Charles III., representing games, bull-fights, fêtes, etc., line the walls. They are not rooms to compare in elegance or comfort with some modern palaces, but the decorations and furnishings deserve more than a passing mention. The third was the "Battle Room:" the long hall, one hundred and seventy-eight feet in length, in which are displayed the frescoes of Granello and Castello, representing the battles of Higueruela, Lepanto, St. Quentin and Pavia, which, as historical works of art, must possess immense value. The fourth was the suite of tiny rooms, next to the church itself, where Philip lived in his later years, a prey to fear if not to remorse, and where he at last died, grasping his crucifix, gazing through an open door at the high altar of the church, seeking, it is said, consolation in prayer. Small, cell-like rooms, few in number, as unroyal and plain as Death itself, which alike unmasks the knave and strips the rich of his earthly treasures. His throne chairs, and two or three stools on which he rested his gouty legs, his breviary, and a writing desk are there; otherwise a floor of brick, white walls, a low ceiling and—melancholy. The fifth spectacle was alone worth the journey from Madrid to see: the burial place of the Spanish kings. To reach it you pass into and through the church; a massive, bare-looking building, whose decorations are, apparently, centuries from being completed; a church having a grand high altar, and modelled after St. Peter's in Rome, though several times smaller, and possessing an exquisite pulpit of Ferdinand VII., who died in 1833; a church rich in concealed gold and relics, but cold as the North Pole.

Then you go down by an extremely rich marble staircase into an underground, round, sepulchral chamber, thirty-six feet across and the same in height. The inscription above the door is expressive and grandiose: "Great and Omnipotent God! This is a place consecrated by the piety of the Austrian dynasty to the mortal remains of the Catholic kings, who are awaiting the desired day, under the high altar sacred to the Redeem of mankind. Charles V., the most illustrious of the Cæsars, desired this burial resting-place for himself and his lineage; Philip II., the most prudent of kings, designed it; Philip III., a sincerely pious monarch, began the work; Philip IV., noted for his clemency, constancy and devotion, enlarged, embellished and finished it in the year of our Lord 1654." Here are interred in niches the remains of Charles V., Philip II., Philip III., Philip IV., Louis I., the three Don Carlos, Ferdinand VII., and the empresses and queens, in all about twenty-three. The grayish-red marble sarcophagus, in which the present young King of Spain will be buried, is in place, and he is almost the last monarch for whom there is space reserved, or possible to be reserved, as twenty-six niches take up all the room. The sarcophagi are alike, and on each is a simple inscription in gilt letters giving the name and title of the occupant. The mausoleum is lined with jasper and precious marbles. Directly above this pantheon is the high altar of the church, so that "when the priest elevates the Host he is standing exactly above the dead kings."

A much more light and airy chamber, in fact series of chambers, are near by, in which the royal princes and princesses of Spain, including those queens whose children did not succeed to the throne, are placed, in stone coffins. These are more attractive

than the cold, dark, circular pit in which lie the once enthroned kings.

Whatever may be said of the immense cost of the Escorial, it is at best but an enormous sepulchre; a tomb of kings and of their worn-out ideas. It is mediæval Spain petrified; a corpse that may be seen through many ages to come, like an Egyptian mummy, but which will never again be the abode of life. The Inquisition, whose palmy days were those of Philip II.'s time, is not more dead than the soul of this whole catacombal structure, whose grandeur is pathetic, but whose true pathos consists not in the Pantheonistic inscription, "*His locus sacer mortalitatis exuviis catholicorum regum,*" but in the fact that the mightiest kingdom of the world, when it was erected, is now that which has the least influence in the councils of the nations.

Let us turn now to the very antipodes to the "Escorial;" a city and not a tomb; an inspiration and not a devitalizer; a something inhabited by men, on whose foreheads are written "Hope" and "Progress." Barcelona proves to be a surprise to any traveler in Spain. "Unique in position, unique in beauty," said Cervantes. It is so rich in the present, in what it is and in what it is sure to be, that it presages a new and awakened Spain. It is up-to-date, intelligent, progressive, industrious. Its buildings are modern, its streets broad and clean, its parks numerous and beautiful, and its people just such as you would expect to meet in Paris, or Berlin, but not in old Catalonia. Barcelona was a marvel to me. It does have a bull-ring, to remind one that this is still Spain, and it does have labor strikes, to prove that commercial supremacy has made an antagonism between capital and labor, as in the United States, but it is forging ahead on all the

lines which interest progressive Americans. One sees here the rush of Thomson-Houston electric cars, meets vast crowds of well-dressed shoppers in the streets, views warehouses, factories and shipping of the kind he sees in Great Britain, and finds as good shops and as elegant dwellings as he would observe in any part of London. Said an American writer, who saw it about the same time I did, in describing it in the New York "Tribune": "Here is a city with more vigor than Bordeaux, with a commerce as great as Marseilles, with factories as modern and as extensive as some North English centre. Yes, this is the New Spain. English are here; Germans, with their cheap goods; Americans, with their typewriting machines, cash registers, Singer sewing machines. The New York Life and the Mutual have large offices, and the hustling promoter is in evidence at the hotels. While at the 'Inglaterra' we met a Californian who had a contract for building one of the latest American traction engines to haul great loads over the hilly roadways. At the same hotel we made the acquaintance of an American engineer sent to Barcelona to erect and place in position the needed machinery for a large Portland cement mill. Another American was going to build a narrow guage railway in Southern Spain."

Industrial Spain emerging from the swaddling clothes of beggarism and a miserable system of monasticism on the one hand, and from a lazy, God-will-take-care-of-us life of ease and pleasure on the other hand, begins to show itself at its best in Barcelona. For this reason alone one should not leave the Iberian peninsula and fail to visit this one centre of modern thought and progressiveness. How it happens so I do not know, but here it is, a city of over a quarter of a million of inhabitants, with suburbs of as many people

more, who "combine the vivacity of the Gaul with the dignity of the Castilian," and all "exhibiting a vigorous and cheerful tide of life," than which no other people of the peninsula makes so cosmopolitan an impression.

What is there to see in Barcelona? Little that is ancient. It has good modern hotels, a charming plaza extending up and down the centre of its main street, which is a hundred feet wide, and an abundance of thrift. Its Cathedral is old and is the darkest and gloomiest one within on which I have ever set eyes. The subterranean chapel of St. Eulalia within its walls is likely, however, long to continue to draw "the faithful" into the edifice. Once the eyes become accustomed to the interior, it does have a stateliness, dignity and solemnity more than commensurate with its size or importance. It is a Fourteenth Century church, on a site previously and consecutively occupied by a Roman temple, a Moorish mosque and a Christian edifice of 1058, and in these respects it has a history that appeals to one who is looking for the few really ancient places in Spain, where different races have worshipped the Unknown and the Known God for as many as twenty centuries. But the best feature of the city—outside of its charming garden-park, covering seventy-five acres, where are beautiful sheets of water, wide avenues of magnolia trees, numerous rare plants, a zoological garden, hosts of beautiful flowers and fine shaded drives for the morning or afternoon—is the continuous plaza, referred to above, called the Rambla. It is really only a very broad and stately main street, but shaded by a double row of plane trees in the centre, between which pedestrians walk, and on either side of which is a driveway. Rambla means a dry river, and this is over the bed of an old river, which has been arched over, where the people walk, shop, drive and

carry on their outdoor promenadings, with all the light and airy grace of which the modern Catalans are possessed. The beginning of the Rambla is at the Columbus monument by the wharves. That is a splendid iron column two hundred feet in height, erected twenty years ago, the lower part of which rests on a stone platform surrounded by eight bronze lions. I went to the top of this monument by an elevator and saw around me nearly the whole of the wonderful city, its avenues radiating out in different directions, the harbor of shipping and the bright blue Mediterranean on the one hand, and the delightful crescent of mountains around Barcelona on the other. It is a rare view of a city and well repays for the ascent. It is here where one may think of the phenomenal metropolis as a modern, up-to-date, sunny and altogether agreeable "Escorial," infinitely bigger and finer than was ever dreamed of by Philip II.

On leaving this sprightly city, a city so totally different from Seville, Cordova, or Granada, that these two classes of cities are scarcely to be considered as belonging to the same country, I left Spain, for the night express placed me in the morning far on to Marseilles in Southern France. On this journey I "ruminated" over the sights I was leaving behind—the manners and customs, the people, the scenery—and the questions would come up: After all, how does Spain compare with other countries as a place for sightseeing and comfortable traveling? Do Americans meet with as respectful and as courteous treatment as people of other nations? Is it a land worth seeing twice? and so on and so on. I must answer some of these questions in brief, and then forbear other descriptions of "sunny days" spent in this region of vine and palm; for is not the "Riviera" just ahead, and all

aglow with midsummer colors, and also with palm and pomegranate, vine and pine?

Spain is not so easily traversed as most European countries because there are fewer railroads. These railroads are badly run, and slow, except at night. The distances are great, and there are few fellow-travelers of those we meet who are acquainted with the English tongue. It takes nearly twenty-four hours to receive a reply to a telegram, and you are lucky to get it then. Express trains sometimes go once in two days; through expresses to Paris once in a week. So there are many delays and discouragements in travel. Nevertheless all these matters are being improved, and, if they were not to be bettered, still the "game *is* worth the candle." It is a great and wonderful land, and because it has been inaccessible and unknown is all the more reason why now it should be explored, especially as it is safe and easy enough to do it, without any great necessity for losing patience or temper.

In scenery there are all classes, from ordinary to sublime, from desert to sierra. Few countries—certainly not France, nor Germany, much less England—have a tithe of the different classes of scenery which Spain possesses. From the Sierra Nevada to the Pyrenees one sees all gradations of views, and he must be hard to suit who cannot find some landscapes that please.

In customs one finds many that are peculiar to Spain and are seen nowhere else, especially such as grow out of native courtesies. I have thought the reason why everybody smokes cigarettes is because, being cheap, everybody offers them to everyone else, and courtesy demands that they be not refused. Twenty-five cigarettes cost only about four cents. It is said you can stop a whole train five minutes, or ten, by of-

fering the guard a couple of cigarettes to smoke; the train will stay there till he smokes them! Ignorance with the Spaniard is bliss, and want of courtesy would be infinitely worse than ignorance. Lotteries are abundant, but so they are in Italy. In both countries the poor pour out their pockets to the ticket venders and the government reaps the advantage. For music there is, of course, a national fondness, which shows itself not only in operas and at theatres, but in the streets in the evening, especially during moonlight. Musical instruments among the poorer classes are usually limited to the guitar, but the richer people prefer the piano and violin; and yet it remains true that the guitar is the national instrument still, as in former days. Everybody who can read, reads the newspapers, but, as the majority do not read, every home does not have its printed political adviser. Yet all the people are politicians: there are none who do not have views on the current items of the day, as dished up by those posted at the cafés. These views only concern Spain, however, and not the world outside. The people of all classes are interesting to meet because they are vivacious, and have the mingled blood of Iberians and Moors in their veins; such a mixture cannot help producing a spirited and proud race.

Commercially, as stated, Spain is waking up in sections. A rich land—none naturally richer, perhaps, on earth—it will only require pluck, capital and push to show what can be done on this half-decayed but noble soil. In twenty years so much has been gained in this country that I would not like to predict what might not happen in fifty years. In 1862, in twenty-two classes of minerals, 1,200,000 tons (in round figures) were mined; in 1882, over 8,000,000. In 1880 there were 111,000,000 pesetas capitalized in mines; in 1898,

319,000,000 pesetas. From 1894 to 1898 the exportation of wine was increased two and one-half times. These are stray and comparatively small signs, but they indicate industrial progress.

As to customs in dress, they vary somewhat with each province. The peasant costumes are not so frequently seen as formerly in the cities, except on gala days. I usually noted that men of business wore brown colored clothes, with light sombreros, having almost white bands. But often they had on plain black. The black hat was especially noticeable in Madrid, where every young man, especially in the evening, carried a cane. Fashionable ladies powdered much and dressed after Parisian styles. The New Spain is not likely to dress differently from other portions of Europe.

The priests are not much respected. In fact religion has a small hold, to-day, on the Spanish heart, and, while the present national church is in its decay, it is by no means certain that any other form of worship is likely soon to take its place, or that, except by a special wave of reformatory revival, any sort of living after a high religious plane is in prospect for the next few decades. The most mournful outlook I had for the future of this high-spirited race was that which came from trying to answer the question: Is there any near hope of an upbuilding of national character through national devotion to the great ideals of a pure Christianity?—for the symptoms of genuine feeling are suppressed among all classes.

The pure Spanish language is only spoken by the Catalans who occupy the centre of the country. The question in Spain is never, "Can you speak Spanish?" but, "Can you speak Castellano?" In other parts of

the kingdom there are dialects and any abundance of provincialisms.

I was somewhat disappointed in the birds of Spain. They must have wandered to sunnier climes, for Spain now has its real winters, when the air is thoroughly a-chill, and when travelers shiver in hostelries that have no means of warming bedrooms or courts. I saw enormous swallows in Granada, and the nightingales sang there in the early evening, but otherwise it seemed as if the birds had gone out with the Moors.

These few general impressions of "Sunny Spain" are, after all, only a little "by the way." The reader must leave Spain in this volume with but trifling knowledge of a few of her historic points. I should like to have spent months there instead of weeks. Perhaps one can do no better than to have on his lips, as he departs, the poem of George Eliot, who saw in Spain all the memories of her thousand years of glory, and which begins:

> "'Tis the warm South, where Europe spreads her lands
> Like fretted leaflets, breathing on the deep:
> Broad-breasted Spain, leaning with equal love
> (A calm earth-goddess crowned with corn and vines)
> On the mid-sea, that moans with memories,
> And on the untravelled ocean, whose vast tides
> Pant dumbly passionate with dreams of youth."

For it is splendidly true that the country we are leaving is "broad-breasted," and is "a calm earth-goddess crowned with corn and vines."

VII.—THE RIVIERA, FRENCH AND ITALIAN.

THERE IS something exceedingly musical about the title given to the strip of land extending several hundred miles east and west on the southern shores of France, between the charmingly blue Mediterranean and the mountains. Riviera—every syllable is harmonious. The word lingers on the tongue as if it were honey from the heights of Hymettus. Riviera di Ponente—the full designation; one feels instinctively that the appellation is neither French nor Spanish, but Italian; and everyone knows that of the few musical languages of the civilized world the Italian is easily at the head.

The Riviera consists of the slopes and coast between the Maritime Alps and the sea. It extends from Hyères to Genoa, a distance of two hundred and three miles, and is of narrow, though varying, width. On this strip of earth the winds from the snowlands come down in summer to temper the heat, and, in winter, the breezes from the Mediterranean are wafted ashore to subdue and genialize the cold. As a consequence there is no spot in Europe so well adapted to please the invalid in both extreme seasons as along the Riviera. Naturally it is the winter which finds the hotels full, and the promenade along the water-front crowded with the wealthy and the tourist class, but there can be no reason why the warmer months should not give a welcoming to whomever loves Nature in her most beautiful forms. I wooed the drives about Cannes and Nice, and tried the famous Corniche

Road, in the late days of June. The air was balmy, the flowers were in perfection, and the fruits were as golden as the fabled apple of Venus. As the crowds were away, there was the more time to devote to both the landscape and a seascape, which are, together, almost unrivalled in any known part of our little earth.

Leaving Marseilles, a railway journey of an hour and a half among olive and apricot orchards and a profusion of vineyards, will bring one to Hyères, where Massillon, the greatest of the pulpit orators of France, was born in 1633. At double that distance there is increasing tropical scenery, much red soil and an abundance of yellow flowers. Then Cannes is reached, the real beginning of the finer scenery of the Riviera.

On the whole, Cannes is about as pretty a spot as there is along this whole coast. Something about it attracts one as singularly winning, and I am sure I left the locality with the distinct impression that Monte Carlo, Mentone and San Remo might have their different and varied glories, each in its own way being "glowing and splendid," but that Cannes would remain in memory as a place of unique charms. Cannes seems peculiarly restful, healthful and ornate. When good Queen Victoria once chose it as the place where she might pass a winter in peace and quiet—her villa on the hill is still pointed out—she exercised her usual superior judgment and refined taste. If not so fashionable now as Nice, it has several advantages over the greater-sized city. At all events, it has many a little tidbit of artistic loveliness in its surroundings, especially in the two islands in front of it, which are full of historical associations.

Cannes is not a small place, if it has but twenty thousand fixed population. It hugs the curve of the

bay (dignified by the name of the Gulf of Napoule) for almost four and a half miles, with its fresh-looking, cheerful stone villas and its gardens of roses and palms. It is a bright, quiet, even elegant abode, and if Lord Brougham never did another act deserving of a good name than that of bringing it to public notice seventy-two years ago, he might well have a tall monument erected to his memory. Then it probably had a half-dozen poor hotels; now it has sixty or more, doubtless all good ones. Lord Brougham was on his way to Naples, and the quarantine on the frontier of Italy, (the frontier then being near Nice), compelled his sojourn for a while at Cannes. The beauty of the neighborhood so attracted his lordship that he purchased a piece of ground, built a house upon it, called by him Villa Louise Eleonare, in memory of an only child. This was in 1831. Almost every subsequent winter found him at this spot, and here he died in the summer of 1868. It was this choice of his that afterward brought to Cannes the English and Scotch, and it rapidly advanced to fame. Nice was widely known long before, but Cannes soon became more fashionable, and with good reason, as it was less crowded and more exclusive.

Cannes' beautiful promenade, with its palm trees, brightly colored houses, semi-tropical vegetation, charming sea-opal, and then its background of the exquisitely rounded Estérels, form a picture of enchantment which I like to think of even now, months after having seen it. From that first low range of hills behind it, known as "California," with their fringes of pine, down to the shingles on the ocean's beach, everything is of finished loveliness. Nothing is out of place; all things in colors and outline are harmonious and picturesque. And the air I found to be more like "the

silk of oxygen" than anything else to which I can compare it.

Of course I went up to "California;" the name was too American to pass the spot by. The road winds up and up, to pretty villas, by grandiose hotels and inviting woods. There are views from every turn, vistas new and pretty with every ascent. Orange gardens, olive groves, intermixed with pines, everywhere. Why should one wonder that Rachel, the greatest tragedian of France, chose to die yonder in the Villa Sardou:

> "Unto a lovely villa in a dell
> Above the fragrant, warm Provencal shore,
> The dying Rachel in a chair they bore,
> Up the steep, pine-plumed paths of Esterelle,
> And laid her in a stately room, where fell
> The shadow of a marble Muse of yore—
> The rose-crown'd queen of legendary lore."

Louis Blanc, Auerbach, de Tocqueville, Dumas, Cousin, the Duke of Albany, all died within view of these charming hills. The Duke of Vallambrosa's chateau has fountains, grottoes, magnolias, giant trees. The Romans made no mistake in building their altars and a Temple of Venus on one of these heights. Probably the Phœnicians used it for a similar purpose at an earlier day. So the spot has a history. Indeed we know that the top of the rock, Mont Chevalier, was the place where a village was perched in the very earliest times. And Napoleon made Cannes famous as the spot where he landed from Elba when, in 1815, he made his final effort to rule France and met a Waterloo in his contest with Wellington.

That which historically was the most interesting to me at Cannes was the island of Ste. Marguerite, with its fortress of red-tiled roofs and whitewashed walls, where "the Man in the Iron Mask" was imprisoned from 1694 to 1698, as a part of the twenty-four

years of his long detention from the gaze and voices of men, or the knowledge and recognition of friends.* All the world for nearly two centuries puzzled itself over who the man was, but now we know and so did Louis XIV. It has been stated that he was on Ste. Marguerite for fourteen years, but this is clearly an error. Still he was there, succeeding his imprisonment at Pignerol, and if he did not literally wear an "iron mask"—a cruel, unbending mask, by day and by night —he was in solitary confinement. His very name was blotted out. His family knew nothing of his whereabouts, nor of his end, and they and he died in ignorance of any particulars of each other, after Louis put hands upon him and hid him away.

Let us for a brief moment review the dates and facts of Ercole Antonio Mattioli's life. He was born in 1640, was thirty-nine at the time of his first incarceration, and sixty-three at the time of his death. He was born in Bologna, and came of a distinguished family of lawyers. He held a chair in the University of Bologna, married into a rich family, settled at Mantua, became Secretary of State to Charles III. In time he was mixed up in a most serious affair of treason against France—clear, cool, proved, and all probably for gold. He fell in a moment, and so great was his fall that his fate was as if the earth had opened and swallowed him up. He never saw the light of freedom again; he never saw anybody afterward but jailer and attendants. This is what was written by King Louis on April 27th, 1679, to Saint Mars, his jailer at Pignerol: "The King has sent orders to the Abbé

*The dates here given are based upon Hopkins' "Man in the Iron Mask," (Leipsic, 1901), but disagree with many other publications of earlier date.

d'Estrades to procure the arrest of a man with whose conduct his Majesty has reason to be displeased. I am commanded to acquaint you with this in order that you may not hesitate to receive him, when he is sent to you. You will guard him in such a manner that not only may he have no communication with anyone, but that he may have cause to repent his conduct, and that no one may know you have a new prisoner." And that the secret was well kept for nearly a quarter of a century is only too clearly expressed in the entry concerning his death in the Bastile in Paris under date of November 19, 1703, when in the Register was written this: "The same day, Nov. 19th, 1703, the prisoner, unknown, masked always with a mask of black velvet, whom M. de Saint-Mars brought with him from the Isles of Sainte-Marguerite, and whom he had for a long time, happening to be rather unwell yesterday on coming from Mass, died this day at about ten o'clock in the evening, without having had any serious illness. . . . And this unknown prisoner confined so long a time, was buried on Tuesday at four in the afternoon, in the Cemetery of St. Paul, our parish; on the register of burials he was given a name also unknown." Voltaire invented for him the "iron mask," whereas it was one of black velvet, and it is now believed he never wore that except when his jailer or himself thought it wise that he should, to prevent recognition.

How many men of royal and unroyal blood have been supposed to be this "Man in the Iron Mask?" Now that we really know him—the full particulars not appearing, however, until 1898—it takes away no whit of the interest in the fortress where a part of his lonely life was spent. There the cell of Mattioli is still shown, surrounded by thick walls, closed by double

doors, its little window protected by three gratings. Here came Francis I., a prisoner. Here Marshal Bazaine of France came in 1873, also a prisoner, and eight months later he broke his prison bars and escaped to Spain.

Ste. Marguerite lies only some fifteen hundred yards off shore from Cannes. It has pine trees, steep, bold hills, tremendous rocks, and is beautiful to look upon from every point of view. "Climbing Ste. Marguerite's top," says a recent writer, "the traveler's eyes are filled with a marvelous golden light; before him undulates on every hand all that sun-bathed shore of the Riviera; he counts the glistening villas of Cannes; gray-green hills of olives rise beyond; to the left streams out the long chain of the Esterel 'with contours brusque and varied'; and on the right the Maritime Alps cast up their 'thousand years of snow.'"

If Ste. Marguerite is historical, even more so is St. Honorat, where the grandest monk of the early ages of Christianity introduced monasticism into Europe. He must be callous, indeed, to the religious thrill of his being, who does not look with eyes ready to suffuse with tears at the ruined chapels of these early, patient, lowly monks, real pioneers in Christianity, and real heroes. The tradition is interesting that Ste. Marguerite, the sister of St. Honoratus, left her northern home in Belgic Gaul and came to these two islands because her brother was there. But inasmuch as it was forbidden for a woman to live in or near a monastery, when St. Honoratus established his abode on the island of St. Honorat, she went to the adjacent island of Ste. Marguerite, and, therefore, the island nearer the shore bears her own name. Still more beautiful is the other tradition, which goes hand in hand with the

former, that "the deserted sister wrung from her brother, who wished to isolate himself completely from the world and all its affections, the promise that he would come to see her when the almond trees on the island should blossom. The interval of waiting was so insupportably long to the lonely Marguerite that she importuned the saints to hasten the flowering season. In answer to her prayers and tears the almond trees blossomed miraculously once a month;" and then she sent branches over to her brother, who came and acknowledged that "heaven had interfered to vindicate the holiness of human love, and to exalt it above all ascetic rules."

Be all this true or not, St. Honoratus was a real being, a man of iron mould, lofty convictions, unfeigned piety and a grand leader of men. He left Gaul to go with his brother to the Holy Land. His brother died on the way. St. Honoratus would, therefore, not proceed, but returned to the Bay at Cannes and there founded the first monastery of Europe, doing for Southern France and then for the surrounding countries what St. Columba did for Britain. On leaving Northern Gaul (now Belgium), he gave his possessions to the poor; then took his journey onward to see Palestine, but quickly turned aside, as stated, to devote himself to the cause of his Master. He reached this island at Cannes in A. D. 410, a full hundred and fifty years before St. Columba left his Irish home and settled on the island of Iona in Scotland, and it is said of his influence on his fellows, that "he restored the honey to the wax from the sweetness of his own heart." His life is so full of human interest that I can only express the hope that those who put eyes upon the island of St. Honorat, and many who do not, will become acquainted with his history, and that of his fol-

lowers, who set the pace of charitable deeds and holy living in Europe for more than five hundred years. Many of the illustrious bishops who governed the ecclesiastical machinery of Southern Europe during much of that period were educated on this island, and some of them bore names which the world has quite learned by heart. It is said that once as many as three thousand seven hundred monks lived on St. Honorat. Besides the monastery, there were seven chapels on the island, five of them to be seen in ruins still, and all dating from the Seventh Century, or earlier. One is but twelve yards long and three wide, the Chapel of the Holy Trinity, and it is the oldest and best preserved of the group. Its stones, perhaps, came from those of an earlier Roman temple. It is one of the rudest and most pathetic of the churches of antiquity.

St. Honorat has but ninety-seven acres of ground, with one monastery upon it, but every foot of it is "holy soil." Ste. Marguerite is four and a-half miles in circumference, and its leading attraction is that old prison fortress. The two combined make up two bits of land that, at the sea-gateway to Cannes, constitute so rare a magnet for the lover of the romantic, the religious and the antique, that the wonder is they are sought out and actually visited by so few travelers to the Riviera.

So many pretty excursions, so many romantic towns, lie within the scope of a dozen miles of Cannes, going away from but also along the seacoast, that it is a pity to hurry along to Nice, as most travelers do. Still, Nice seems to beckon, for it is "headquarters;" it is full of life, people, shops, gardens, shaded walks and nooks, hills, and has a panorama of sea and land quite as attractive as that of Cannes. The hill within the city itself, just by the edge of the sea, the "Acrop-

olis of Nice"—Chateau Hill being its local name—rising three hundred and fifteen feet above the water, is the first spot to which a stranger's feet should wend, for its cascades and deep wood are impressive and the views from it entrancing. Here one obtains a full knowledge of his surroundings. He will see three towns; the port town, with its population of seafarers; the old town, with narrow and steep streets radiating from the cathedral, and the new town, with large buildings, broad streets, elegant gardens and a general air of queenly repose. Then, stretching up toward the heights to the north, he will see the Cimièz, a hill some four hundred and thirty feet above the sea, where the Roman amphitheatre yet stands in solitary ruin, guarded by ilex trees, and where beautiful villas crowd one another amid olive woods, fruit orchards and dells of wild flowers. It is not the Umbrian plain from Perugia, it is not the Vega from Granada, but it is, for its limitations, a bit of paradise which is sure to capture an artist's heart.

The author of "Abide with Me" lies buried at Nice, and he had the wish of the opening lines of his "Declining Days:"

> "I want not vulgar fame—
> I seek not to survive in wood or stone,"

for he survives in what is far better, the hearts of all Christians in every land. He also wrote, to conclude the same verse:

> "Hearts may not kindle when they hear my name,
> Nor tears my value own;"

but in this he was mistaken. Hearts do "kindle" as they sing Henry F. Lyte's great hymn, which goes on and on, girdling and regirdling the earth with its tender yearning for the light beyond the eventide. Gam-

betta sleeps on that Chateau Hill, and many another well-known man or woman has found a grave in this so-called "invalid's garden."

About Nice there are vallons, which are far more beautiful than the immediate environs; dells and ravines full of plants and flowers, that are poetry to the soul and pictures to the eye; brooks, birds and flowers; spots of sunshine, and then of dank, dark shade, with lichens and ferns in endless variety; patches of green, fairy-like forests; rosettes of harvests and songs of birds of plumage. It is said that whoever spends a three-month at this fashionable resort need have no fears that a new excursion may not be made every day, which will fill his mind and overflow his heart with "thoughts unutterable and full of joy." I should like to test the truth of that last prediction and remain both at Cannes and at Nice for an entire season.

But it is morning, the sun is up, the Corniche road and Mentone are ahead, and a thousand voices call toward Italy. If I were to respond quickly to the question, what one carriage ride, outside of "dear, old England," has given me the most pleasure, I should be obliged to say: "The Corniche, from Nice to Mentone." The fame of the Napoleonic driveway may be great, but the pleasures of it on "a rare day in June" are greater. Up and up, first, past lemon groves, fig orchards, small streams, olive trees, until all of Nice is below and the ocean stretches out and out, until in the far distance, one hundred and six miles away, it is said, can be dimly seen, like a spectral ghost, the rugged hills of Corsica, the birthplace of Napoleon. It is a grand view, but not the finest from the Corniche road. Now we dip down into a valley, and all traces of Nice and the sea are left behind. We see the Observatory, famous for over twenty years past (it was

constructed in 1881), and pass a spot whence portions of the snow-covered Maritime Alps are visible, and presently come up above Eza, the most picturesque part of the day's drive.

Eza is upon a peak thirteen hundred feet above the sea, one of a "confused assemblage of lofty calcareous rocks," all unique in contour and strangely grotesque in details. On this lone summit, a human eyrie, stands this little village, now of five hundred and sixty souls; an historic spot, where Ligurians, Romans, Lombards, Saracens and Italians have come and gone, and now the Frenchmen, who are in possession, seem out of place in it. Pagans, Moslems and Christians have each sought Eza as a place of worship and a rock of defence. Fragments of castles, houses old enough in appearance to be contemporary with Noah's Ark, huge masonry, naked rocks, are interspersed between and jostle each other as if they were welded into one compact community under the stern hand of some Titanic upheaval in bygone ages. The Corniche road is above Eza, some four hundred feet higher, and one looks down upon castle and town as if from the clouds; looks down below it, also, into the shimmering, opaline sea, unruffled, in spots red as blood, in spots purple, in spots golden with the glow of the afternoon sun, while out and beyond is the inexpressibly bright blue that is here seen in the perfection of the natural Mediterranean hue. I never saw before, and never expect to see elsewhere, such varied tints, sharply defined, upon the bosom of any sea. A poet's dream, an artist's delight and despair, a witchery of all the colors of all the shades of the rainbow. In one place the water is so fair in its amethystine hue, that it must be the mother of every violet tint that earth ever gave to its loveliest of spring flowers. In another it is of

the varying shades of the sapphire, here verging into the reds, there toning down to the yellows. I know of no better description, in one sentence, of the sea as viewed from the heights at or above Eza, than that of the polished Scotch writer, Reverend Doctor Macmillan: "Away out to the southern horizon stretches the vast sapphire plain of the Mediterranean, its farthest line quivering in the golden sunlight, and near the shore its limpid waters shimmering like the neck of a peacock with an iridescent mingling of colors." Superb as is the peacock simile, it is a wondrously true one; and if this be but one picture of one certain hour of the day when I happened to be passing hastily along this bit of Corniche road, what might one not see of translucence and iridescence if he could sit from the sunrising to the sunsetting on the top of Eza's castled summit, and watch the changing glows and shades and afterglows of sunshine and clouds on the bosom of that sea for all the hours of one splendid day!

Over this Corniche road, by Eza, must Petrarch, a boy of nine years old, have traveled with his father on his way to Avignon. Here he must often have paused later in life to look at the sea, and to muse upon his Laura, and the charming fountains of Vaucluse, where was his isolated home. No such road then as now, but an ill-kept way. The Romans used it; perhaps the Greeks before them. Before Petrarch, Dante wended his solitary way by Eza, an exile going toward the northern side of the Alps, and to him it is said to have "suggested an image of the road out of purgatory." Great men without number, from the days of Cæsar Augustus to Napoleon, and down to this very day, have walked or ridden by this Eza.

A little farther along is Turbia, mentioned by Dante, which gave birth to two Roman emperors, Vi-

tellius and Pertinax. Close by it, on a tall eminence, stands that tower which Augustus built to commemorate his victory over the tribes of the vicinity. Massive yet, it was then and for succeeding ages a watch-tower, from whose walls was a vista rarely to be found in Europe, looking westward to St. Tropez, eastward to San Remo. For one thousand seven hundred years this grand structure stood, when half of it was destroyed by a nation which, by its armies, did more in war to overthrow great works of architecture and smaller structures of art than all the soldiers of Continental Europe in the preceding days when Gauls and Goths sacked Rome and ruined the earliest chivalric monuments of Spain.

> "What Roman strength Turbia show'd
> In ruin by the mountain road;
> How, like a gem beneath, the city
> Of little Monaco, basking, glow'd."

So sang Tennyson in his "Daisy;" and Monaco is just beneath. Just beneath, yet an hour or two of descent, and windings of road innumerable, must be passed over, before you enter that "little-great" city, the smallest of the world's principalities, and with the fame of being the wickedest.

Monaco is a tiny bit on the map of the earth, a mere point before you as you descend to it. It would seem as if one ordinary ten-acre field of grain might cover it out of sight, and it almost could, though not of all the territory over which the Monaco sovereignty has sway. That covers about eight square miles. But the principal and ancient city, built on a jutting promontory nearly two hundred feet above the sea, is a mere trifle, and every foot of it seems visible from the heights toward Turbia.

Monaco is not only unique in situation but pictur-

esque in all its surroundings of sea and hills. The background, up by the Corniche road, is rugged and bare, seamed and scarred by a thousand storms, sometimes ashy-gray in color, sometimes lilac or crimson, full of solitudinous grandeur. But Monaco and Monte Carlo, which are practically one place to the eye and in reality, are situated in the midst of tropical trees and greenest foliage, terraced gardens and elegant lawns, and have homes of the wealthy and indolent classes in profusion. Monte Carlo, seat of the most luxurious gambling of modern times, approximates in finish to the gardens of paradise, while its older brother, Monaco, is sturdier and plainer. The two places constitute one of the cleanest localities in all France, and compel us to wonder how so rare a bit of natural and artificial beauty could be preëmpted for the past forty years by the blacklegs of Europe, and, more wonderful still, how it could remain an independent principality for so many centuries. The Greeks here founded their first civilization in Western Europe; Virgil and Strabo mentioned it in their days; Scipio Africanus stepped on this bit of land on his way to Spain; and so it has had a history. Nevertheless, its independence deserves to be described by a Macaulay, and its gambling vices denounced by a Luther!

I first went into the gambling establishment before going up the small hill above it to Monaco proper. It is called the Casino, and was erected, it seems, on the foundations of an ancient church. A magnificent building, decorated with the most artistic of French frescoes, constructed only about forty-two years ago. One must register as he enters and receive a pass. If under eighteen, he is not permitted to go further than the entrance hall. Everybody within its rooms is decorous in behavior and well-dressed,

as in a handsome private house. Carpets and furniture are most elegant and in the height of good taste. I saw the various costly gambling tables, with men and women seated around them playing in perfect quiet, and many standing by as onlookers. It is astonishingly decorous for a gambling place. Lyman Abbott said, after he saw it, that it was "an exceedingly well regulated, eminently respectable, entirely decorous, but veritable hell." I presume the latter description is a fair one, to judge from the suicides the Casino makes and the characters and purses it bankrupts. I watched the roulette players at several of the tables, and saw the gold and silver being taken up by the winners—sometimes; usually they were swept off into the bank. Monte Carlo rarely loses, and, while it is said the "bank" is often broken, this means that for the day the stakes put up by the bank are exhausted and no more are put up, but next day the dead bank is very much alive again. Here is the definite statement of what the roulette game is:

"Roulette is played with a circular tray revolving on a pivot, and a ball spinning round in the opposite direction. When the tray ceases to rotate the ball drops into one of the numbered compartments round its edge, corresponding with the numbered squares on the table. Should the ball drop into the compartment of the tray corresponding to the number on the table upon which the player has placed his coin he receives 35 times his stake. When the ball drops into zero the bank wins all the stakes on numbers, but not any on zero, which like the numbers counts 35 times the stake to the winner. When zero wins, any stakes in any of the 'Chances Simples' are put *en prison*, that is, each in its respective small rectangle, till the next '*jeu*'; when, should a number within its 'Chance'

turn up, the stake is returned. The smallest sum admitted at roulette is five francs and the largest six thousand francs, or £240."

Another game is "Trente-et-Quarante," played by cards. The smallest sum here admitted is twenty francs and the largest twelve thousand francs. The winner receives an amount equal to his stakes.

There were more men than women playing, but not in a greater proportion than two to one.

The earnestness, often sadness, in the faces of the players, was perceptible, but one rarely gave up his seat to another unless his cash was all exhausted. From eleven in the morning to eleven in the evening, this scene goes on, every day in the year, and three million dollars of the gains of the bank go to keep the Prince and the principality out of debt (there are no taxes) and a million or two go into the pockets of the lessees. "At the close of the fiscal year of 31st of March, 1899," says the local guidebook, "the total of the takings at the tables amounted to £980,000," which is close to $5,000,000. Of this sum I believe the Prince of Monaco obtains half a million dollars. If gambling is anywhere "respectable," it is here. And here it means the respectability of getting rich without labor, getting poor without conscientious losses, and being a suicide at the end. The total number of suicides per month is said to be six, but no record of them is taken.

The surroundings of the Casino consist, on the one side, of luxuriant exuberancy of tropical plants and trees, and, on the other, of one splendid avenue of palms. Beside them are some rather tawdry but expensive eating-houses and high-priced shops. It is an absolutely clean place as to outward nuisances. It did not show an over-abundance of street life, but per-

haps June is not the proper month in which to determine the appearance of its usual population.

While eating at the Café Paris, opposite to the Casino, a gentleman told me he had been observing a lady who had been endeavoring to borrow some few hundred francs from a man who sat with her at an adjoining wine table. She said she had lost every franc, but knew luck would turn, and she wanted the opportunity to redeem herself. He refused. She cried bitterly and left him, and probably borrowed of some one less impregnable to her tears.

The Prince of Monaco was in Paris, where he usually is, it is said, spending the overplus of his dividends from the Monte Carlo casino. He is a handsome man, and his hobby has been chiefly a scientific one, of deep-sea sounding. To go to his palace in Monaco proper is to ascend the rather steep but well-graded winding road, which leads to it and to the town around it. It is a compact city, laid out in squares, walled. On the battlements are bifurcated old towers. Cypress and palm trees intermingle, and on the side of the hill among the rocks are prickly pear and many wild flowers. Aloes and roses grow side by side. The palace is quite large, with an exterior not specially ornate, but it is neat and homelike within. There are galleries and apartments handsomely decorated; one room called the " York Chamber " is furnished in satin and gold. To one who has never been within a real occupied palace, this is a good introduction to a royal home, but after the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg, or the New Palace in Berlin, one is not likely to enthuse over it.

I was really glad to get out of this famous principality, with its wealth of buildings, flowers and strange background scenery. There was an unreality about

Monte Carlo.

it, or a satiety, that was depressing. The place bodes good neither for France nor for civilization. The brave, sweet music of grand human achievement is not here in response to any chord that a gambler can strike. There are only greed, wealth and fashionable wickedness, to which the words of an ancient wise man well apply: "The wages of sin is death."

The drive from Monte Carlo eastward is chiefly remarkable for the lemon groves, that, beginning at Monte Carlo, reach their perfection in and around Mentone. Such fruitage I have never observed elsewhere. The lemons are of several varieties, and of varying shades of color. The *verdani* is the kind usually chosen to send to America; the *petit cédrat* has a peculiar glossy skin; the *aspernum*, which has no pips, is one of the best, though some travelers think the kind called the Nice lemon is the superior of any. Some trees have dark leaves and some light. Some lemons have rings, some look like a radish in shape, some like a pear. There are over a hundred varieties catalogued. When the spring has no days in it in which the thermometer goes below the freezing point, the lemon-yield furnishes a great crop—thirty millions of them sometimes—and constitutes the wealth of the Mentonese people. When it approximates to freezing, fires are built in the orchards and are kept going all night. Much care is bestowed on the ground and trees, and the fruit is carefully picked for the market. Mentone is so protected by lofty hills, ranging up to 4,000 feet high on the north, that it can grow lemons, when at Nice or Cannes they will not flourish. For this reason —climatic mildness—Mentone is probably the choice spot of all the Riviera for invalids as well as lemons.

Mentone is not a small village, but a city of almost ten thousand souls. It covers much territory, and is

attractive both from the sea and from any approach to it. Its hotels are well-kept, at prices not extravagant. While there is far less style there than at Monte Carlo or Nice, there is much more comfort and there are more opportunities for genuine rest. Excursions into the hills are numerous and the drives full of beauty. Queen Victoria, who was here in 1882, liked it nearly as well as Cannes. My judgment is that Mentone to-day has more quiet and less of the frivolities of pleasure than any spot along the southern French coast. Like all the localities chosen as winter resorts on this coast, it is situated upon a large bay, which is subdivided by a hill into two smaller bays. The buildings stretch not only along the water for a mile or two, but back, up and up, to gray limestone cliffs, that have olive orchards, lemon groves and thousands of dark pines. The roads are not the best, and they are very steep, and these two factors make the drawbacks to excursions.

It fell to my lot to have a restful Sunday at Mentone, and none more restful have I ever experienced. Just back of the hotel was the sea; the bright, blue, warm sea, lapping on the beach by day and night, with that soft murmur which reminded one of the cradle days of the family, when mother's lullaby put her babe to sleep. Whenever I awoke at night, I heard that gracious, tender, soothing melody, as if the voices of a million years of eternity were calling to me to be at peace. I do not know whether at times rough south winds hoarsely blow along this beach and awaken terror, but on these two June evenings, and all through that Sunday morning and afternoon, the tones of the Mediterranean were dulcet and harmonious, full of gentleness, of love and of hope.

There is the old town up on the spur of the moun-

tain, and the new town down by the seashore, and each has its attractions. The old town has lofty buildings and the public cemetery, while a castle crowns the uppermost terrace. Ninety-five steps take one to St. Michael's church, with its two charming spires. In the new town are shops of all kinds and people of all sorts, but, for the most part, the latter are well-dressed and well-behaved, and I saw no strange human sights that jarred upon the sense of propriety during the Lord's day, as in Spain, and in many parts of Italy. In the Protestant cemetery lies John Richard Green, the historian, and it is one of the most lovely of the burial spots in Europe. When Napoleon was Consul and General-in-Chief of the army in Italy, he resided at No. 3 in the Rue de Bréa. Queen Victoria resided in a Swiss chalet in the East Bay.

Generally speaking, Mentone is dull. That is to say, there is less life manifested here than either in Cannes or San Remo, and far less than in Nice or Monte Carlo. So if one desires activity, plenty of social life, brightness in people, he will not stay long at Mentone. But if he desires repose, loves quiet serenity, looks for absolute rest, here is a choice spot. I shall ever carry Mentone in memory as a charmed bit of the beautiful in Nature and of the quiescent and somnolent in daily routine, such as are good for the jaded body and the tired mind.

Farther on the Corniche road I did not drive. The locomotive took me quickly to San Remo, past Ventimiglia, which is the frontier town of Italy. I am told there are some superb views all along the public roadway to Ventimiglia. Just east of this town the river Roya empties into the sea, and it was up that valley that Hannibal, the Carthaginian, marched when he made his famous passage over the Alps, B. C. 218.

The locality had its Roman temples, and an amphitheatre, still partially preserved, proves how flourishing this old "Ligures Intemelli," (whence the modern Ventimiglia), was in the days of Augustus Cæsar. The town next eastward is Bordighera, famous for its date palms. There are said to be ten thousand palm trees in the vicinity, and for over three hundred years past some of them have contributed their branches for the Easter festivities in St. Peter's at Rome. As there is no tree in the world more beautiful than the date palm, unless it be the cocoa palm (on the whole I think I must give preference to the former), it is hardly too much to say that Bordighera, with its mixture of olive foliage and giant palms, some of the latter extending skyward a hundred feet or more, presents an unusually interesting sight.

It is not many miles—perhaps six—easterly from Bordighera to San Remo, whose soft climate has caused it to increase of late years faster than many of its rivals. San Remo is less attractive as to its background than Mentone, and less so in every way than Nice or Cannes. But it is a picturesque spot. The old part of San Remo is peculiarly fascinating. There the streets are narrow, some of them being actual stairs, and many of the houses are held upright by masonry, which, like bridges, span the way, and are joined to the houses on the opposite side of the street, much as the Rialto joins the two sides of the Grand Canal in Venice. It is a place abundant in flowers and has the usual pretty views of the sea. I went into the Protestant cemetery on the hill to find for a friend the grave of his once traveling companion, and the spot was full of graves of English-speaking people, who had journeyed to San Remo in search of health, but found heaven nearer to them than their earthly home.

The patron saint of the town is St. Romulus, the anchorite, who preached Christianity there in the early centuries, and, after his hermitage, called Eremo, the town probably took its modern name. There are plentiful drives and walks beyond the town into the hill country, and the still, far Alps lift their brows toward the skies in the same serenity and proud regality that distinguish them wheresoever the eye rests upon their outlines, be it in France, in Italy, or in their more native heritage, freedom-loving Switzerland. Of wild flowers, it is said there are none so fascinating as in the valley of Ceriana, which lies near to San Remo, and the whole region is full of fauna and flora that will delight the botanist.

The seacoast continues to be charming for every mile of it from San Remo to Genoa. The railway gives only glimpses, at too close range to get into the vision all the lights and shades of the charming water. It is a part of the Riviera little dwelt upon by others, and seems to be chiefly a way of reaching the capital of the northwest of Italy—Genoa, which has given birth to many navigators, some statesmen, not a few artists, and a host of soldiers. Genoa is always homely—in some parts of it; always beautiful—as seen from the sea; always bustling—in streets and in harbor; and it has suburbs exceedingly pretty. It is a commercial city; one given to business and not to any supernumerary arts "for art's sake." In its heyday of glory as a fighting principality it was proud, vainglorious, selfish, grasping, and it fought alike Venice, Pisa and Florence in order to be master. It did gain, on the whole, the mastery, but it did no one act in war to prove to mankind that it was worthy of a great name. When it gave birth to Columbus, however—if the prevalent opinion as to his birthplace be correct—it

did more for the world than during any other hundred, or five hundred, years of its existence.

Was Columbus born in Genoa? Many have doubted it, but such doubters seem to have desired to add laurels to a locality in which they were interested. Columbus, himself, said he was and the evidence is quite wholly that way. The place is shown—an extremely narrow but comely house on one of the leading streets, 37 (old number, now between 67 and 69), Vico Dritto di Ponticello. It is of five stories, with two windows in each story. A marble tablet gives the particulars. If this be, indeed, the actual birthplace of the discoverer of America, it is a building Americans may well desire to have preserved for ages to come.

The street scenes of Genoa are always peculiar and will not soon be forgotten. The steep steps, leading up to streets above streets, the lines full of clothes hanging over the narrow alleys, the filigree and coral jewelry displayed in the shop windows, the curious native population of the poorer sort, and then, over against these, the magnificent churches and palaces, interest one tremendously, to say the least. Those palaces, of which there are many coming down to us from the splendid days of the Republic of the Sixteenth Century, are immense, massive structures, well-preserved, solemn and dull without, semi-attractive within, but not half so interesting as the palaces of Florence or Rome. The Campo Santo—the burial place of the nobility, and of the poor also, where all meet on one common level—is really deserving of close attention and study. Here amid roses in profusion the costliest marbles perpetuate in peculiar and pathetic forms the memory of those lost in death. Some do not like the impressions left by this style of statuary, but it is decidedly Genoese, and must be seen to be understood.

Nowhere else in Italy is there a Campo Santo so interesting as in Genoa. That Mazzini rests there will take to it many an American who loves to honor patriotism under whatever sun it is born, or in whatever nation or clime it has had worthy exemplification. Among other men whose histories touched Genoa at birth, were Bonfaddio, he whose letters were as graceful as Cicero's; and Paganini, he whose violin drew tears and smiles from a whole world. Dickens wrote in Genoa one of his Christmas stories, "The Chimes." Marco Polo composed his famous volume when he was there in prison. Dante, Petrarch, Chaucer, were each residents of the city for brief periods, and have left literature about it which proves they were not averse to its then beckoning attractions.

Some years ago, when I first visited Genoa, I went out to see the Villa of the Marchese Pallavicini, westward of the city, near Pegli. It was reputed to be a remarkable landscape garden, with all kinds of semi-tropical vegetation, odd grottoes, temples, kiosks, pagodas, statues, obelisks and "trick scenes." And so it was. It did not please me as much as I anticipated, mainly because it was too artificial. But it deserved the time given to it. Every variety of charm of garden, wood, water and structure was there to interest and amuse. There was a distinctive foreign air about it, and the guides delighted to exhibit its surprises. There were winding walks, rich, tangled growths, cascades, summer houses, lakes, and fine, rugged hills in the background. Eucalyptus, camphor, coffee, pepper, cedar, cork and magnolia trees grew in luxuriance. Figs, citrons, oranges, oleanders, myrtles, palms, sugar cane, azaleas abounded. Curious spot, but not comparable with Genoa itself.

Genoa closes the Western Riviera. Eastward the

great bay continues to curve, and the Eastern Riviera opens upon tamer views and more wind-strewn beaches. Yet all the way to Spezia is historic ground. Spezia is where Shelley lost his life, and where his ashes, after the fire that consumed his body, were so reverently gathered by his friends, Byron, Hunt and Trelawny. A sadly fascinating spot, where a great genius met an untimely end. Who does not like to read how strangely beautiful was the scene when the cremation ceremonies occurred: "The day was superlatively lovely; the sea, as smooth as glass, scarce rippled on the yellow sand at their feet: the pyramidal marble fountains of Carrara gleamed white on the eastern horizon, and cooled the air, as with Alpine snow, while the flame of the pyre, whose extraordinary beauty was remarked on at the time, wavered and quivered as it mounted up towards its source in the sun."

VIII.—THE "WHITE CITY" OF SICILY.

THE EARLY morning sun flooded the heights of Monte Pellegrino with ruddy splendors, and made of the sea a couch of amethyst and of the heavens a curtain of opal, as we steamed into the harbor of Palermo, and made a first acquaintance with Sicilian shores. The aspect of the general scene was not so wholly unfamiliar; somehow I had viewed the like of it in another locality, but just where I could not recall. On the coast of Greece, perhaps; there was certainly something Grecian in the contour of tall and graceful Pellegrino, with its purplish color, so titanic and so regal in the morning light, and in those olive-crowned heights to the eastward, on whose side, like some Tuscan town of the Apennines, sat Monreale, the cathedral-centre of the worshipers of the days of King William the Good. A white city was before us, not so beautiful from the dock, where the outlook over it was much restricted, but from a distance captivating, almost haunting. Mother of cities, Palermo seemed to beckon the stranger to her gates with joyful hand.

Palermo is called the "Joyful;" it is a good name for her. From the moment I entered to the hour I left, the people were sunny, like the climate; helpful, with true Sicilian courtesy; gratified at receiving strangers and ready to treat them kindly and well. It is a large city, boasting of a population of more than a quarter of a million; a proud city, having in her possession much wealth in art and culture in her citizens;

an attractive city, superb in location and rich in one of the finest winter climates on earth. The curve of the bay, like that of Naples, is a perpetual poem, and the outstretching Oreto valley, or "Shell of Gold," extending from that bay back toward the acclivities of Monreale, is at every season of the year a thing of almost incomparable beauty.

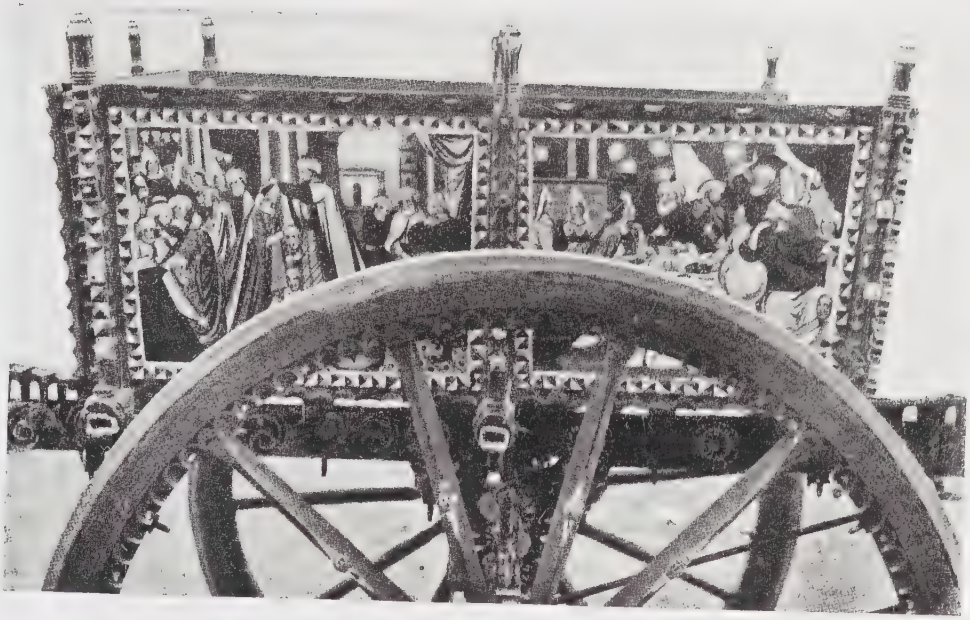
Monte Pellegrino is an enlarged Gibraltar, rising up two thousand feet above the sea. Near its summit is the grotto where for five centuries was buried the niece of William the Good. She it was whose bones, when found in 1664, were taken to Palermo and stayed the plague. In consequence St. Rosalia is now the patron saint of Palermo. But it is not sufficient to visit her shrine in the city and there pray for the protection of her shade. The multitudes go yearly, on September the third, to the Grotto, where is a chapel, and it must be a sprightly and gay spectacle on one of the clear first days of this beautiful fall month, always so attractive in Sicily, to see the crowds jostling and pushing up that steep hill, in all kinds of attire, that they may secure some blessing from their patron lady, who has been dead for fully eight hundred years. The mountain is wonderfully like the far end of Capri, but looks more desolate, and is less wooded. It lies to the west of Palermo, about three miles distant, and in cool weather is a favorite walk for pedestrians, who do not mind the steep climb to secure noble views.

Palermo, it is to be remembered, lies on the north coast of Sicily. Its bay has a crescent sweep of about twelve miles, and in this respect is but a miniature of the great bay of Naples, whose semi-circuit is of thirty miles, from Pozzuoli, once a commercial port, where Paul landed on his way to Rome, to Sorrento, where the lemon and the orange trees are supposed to

be in perpetual bloom. Palermo really looks out toward the northeast, as if with her warm, sweet eyes turned toward Italy. And she is an Italian city. Syracuse and Messina, Catania and Taormina, on the contrary, look out due east—to Greece, from which they anciently drew all their history and inspiration. Girgenti faces the south—toward Africa—and somehow, when there, I fancied her appearance more Carthaginian than Roman or Grecian. These may be fancies, but Sicily stood at the gateways to these three great former nations, of Rome, Greece and Carthage, and between them all was almost crushed and ground to powder. Yet Nature did for Sicily what Man could not. Nature made her so beautiful that even in her ruins she heroically refuses to fill a grave.

Our hotel at Palermo was the "Palmes;" one of those few hostelries of the Mediterranean world which are as attractive as their names, and, once entering which, few can say "good-bye" to the kind host without deep regret. It occupies a small square, by itself, and behind it, as well as across the street, it has gardens of as perfect palms as one can find in any southern latitude. There are other tropical trees beside, an abundance of them, and cages of monkeys and birds; and in the cool recesses of this lovely shade the hottest day is one long stretch of hours of calm delight. The proprietor of the "Palmes," Signor Enrico Ragusa, who has often entertained royalty at his house, has gathered together many quaint specimens of art, including curious prints of the Napoleon era (in my own room were seven pictures of Napoleon and one Madonna), and is himself a most intelligent man, helpful to strangers, and the soul of courtesy. The rooms, having tiled floors, with rugs, brass bedsteads, and neatly papered walls, were altogether comfortable.

Palermo has too many treasures for the traveler to note them all in a brief sketch. I shall name a few only. But, first, attention should naturally be given to what will early attract the comment of the stranger. I refer to the principal street-sight, the ordinary Sicilian cart, which flourishes here in its genuine uniqueness. Every laborer, however humble, who hauls a load, has a "saintly" cart, one that is not only ornamental in its woodwork, but elaborately painted, even to the axle-tree, with the gayest of colors as a background, on which are placed in other colors either Biblical incidents, or legendary ones connected with the life of the patron saint of the city whence the owner of the cart comes. If he be a Palermonian, he will be sure to have something concerning St. Rosalia on at least one of the four panels of his cart. If his birthplace is in another city, its saint will adorn his vehicle. The Crucifixion scene often occurs, and, strangely enough, among the historical subjects selected for one side of the cart, chosen because it has appealed powerfully to some of the Sicilians, may be the picture of Tell shooting the apple from his son's head! Greek mythology has furnished the favorite themes for the painter, but more modern massacres and assassinations are not infrequent. In fact everything known and unknown, in heaven or in earth, seems not to be beyond the imagination of the decorators of these "carrette," as they are termed. Attached to each cart is a large mule or small donkey, the harness of which is as elaborate as the cart itself. Brass-mounted, with exquisitely wrought trappings, rosettes and ribbons of all hues give them plenty of colors. On the heads and backs of the animals are nodding pompons. On the whole the animals looked even more fantastic than the interesting vehicles. I doubt not



A Sicilian Cart.

both cart and harness are often heirlooms in families, preserved as priceless treasures long after they are worn out. These yellow-wheeled, yellow-shafted, red, black, orange or brown-bodied carts, with gaily caparisoned mules, and often boy-drivers, sometimes with a whole load of boys, are a scene by themselves and I never tired of them. They are visible more or less all over Sicily, but nowhere to such an extent as in Palermo.

The finest work of art in Palermo is the Cappella Palatina, the chapel of the palace of King Roger the Norman. Roger's father was one of a large family of Norman political brigands; one of the twelve sons of Tancred de Hauteville, nearly all of whom were men of iron strength, with tremendous energy and consummate political tact. They conquered principalities, used gold with which to influence the courts of Europe, gave heroes to the Crusades, and built structures that were forerunners to the mightiest of the cathedrals of both the Continent and England. History has rarely handed down to future generations so notable a family of plundering rulers and craftsmen as that of de Hauteville. They were conquerors; Moors, Greeks and Lombards alike fled from before their armed men, and left them to become known as "The Rulers of the South."

Count Roger was the first Norman king of all Sicily. He was called the "Great Count," and was great. The chroniclers say he had large, clear eyes, fair hair and broad shoulders. It was in the year 1060 when he made his first incursion into Sicily. The island was then divided into petty divisions, or might as well have been, for princes and politicians were quarreling among themselves. They united against him—Greek and Moors—and were routed in a few tremendous

conflicts. In one of these battles, four hundred Normans defeated fifty thousand Saracens. Palermo was among the last of the numerous cities to surrender, after an eight years' struggle, although Syracuse, Girgenti and Taormina fell into Roger's hands afterward. In 1087 the conquest was completed. Then Count Roger shared the rule of the island with his brother, Robert, and died in 1101, aged seventy years, leaving a name to which Sicilians well added the title of "Father of his Country."

It was not this Roger, however, but his son, Roger II., who united the whole of the lands conquered by the elder Roger and his brother, Robert, into one splendid kingdom, and who was so great a scholar, philosopher and poet. It was Roger II. who drew into his court the Arabian savants and architects; who superintended the writing of a wonderful treatise of universal geography and constructed the finest specimen of mosaic architecture in all Italy. He wrote poetry; he made Norman-French fashionable where Greek had been the only polite language; he took a Pope prisoner; he made the monarchy of Sicily secure for generations, and he gave to his people a series of just laws, that are the admiration of statesmen to-day, and were the envy of other nations in his own time. It was he who carried forward the work, already begun in Venice and elsewhere, of constructing those semi-Norman, semi-Byzantine edifices for worship in southern Europe, which are so bejewelled with mosaic decorations of a grand religious type, and which stand out in relief among the numerous splendid works of architecture that owe their origin to the activities of the Eleventh and Twelfth Centuries. Roger II. built the Cappella Palatina at Palermo. His grandson, William the Good, constructed the Cathedral of Mon-

reale, on the eminence southeast of Palermo. These two works of art are the most beautiful that any of the ages since Christ has given to Sicily.

The Cappella Palatina (the Palace Chapel) adjoins the ancient Palace, which antedates the time of the two Rogers, but which was added to by those two monarchs and their successors. This was always on the site of the castle of the city. The Palace itself contains little to attract the observer, save its fine staircase, a beautiful hall painted by Velasquez, and its Norman tower. These are masterpieces. When King Emmanuel visits Palermo this Palace is still the royal residence. I saw the room he had only recently occupied; also the Queen's special room. Both were adorned in blue, and in one was a table of petrified wood from California! There were bedrooms for dukes and many for visitors. All in all, it is not an unseemly palace for Sicily. But the Chapel is the *chef-d'oeuvre*, and is of exquisite loveliness: a gem from end to end. It is not large—no palace chapels are; its nave is but one hundred and eighteen feet long; yet within its walls are as fine religious mosaics as ever were put before the eyes of men. Wholly upon a gold ground, like the masterful creations in St. Mark's at Venice, the effect is as if all the stars of the Milky Way were compressed within the vaulting of a cathedral. It is like a casket of jewels, with every jewel a priceless treasure, and each set with inimitable skill. Encircling the ceiling of the nave are Cufic inscriptions. Upon roofs and walls is the whole history of the Bible from the Dissipation of Chaos to the Ministry of the Apostles. Below the mosaics are marbles, and these have richly embroidered borders of glass of various colors. Silver lamps hang from the roof. Turquoise, scarlet, green, white, black and gold patterns cover

the floor. All about are designs of lions, griffins, flowers, winged genii, and almost everything else which relate to religion or to high art. The cupola is one blaze of glory. The grand figure of the Christ in the dome overhead and splendid archangels beneath him awe and almost awaken adoration. Everywhere there are signs and tokens of the Heavenly King and of His earthly creations. As one studies and ponders, he wonders how it all is that men who were so bloodthirsty in battle, and so uncompromising in their wresting of territory and gold from more helpless mortals, could be so devout and could lay so much wealth freely upon the altar of Jehovah. Eight hundred and seventy years has this miracle of stone and mosaics stood, and it is just as mellow, as inspiring, as wonderful to-day as when it first came forth from the hand of its designer.

I saw and heard in this Chapel a few monks chanting prayers for the repose of the soul of a deceased brother-monk, who had died some quarter of a century ago, and it did not move me. But I also saw the clear, warm sunlight of the forenoon hour fall down through the translucent windows in rainbow hues upon the floor, and the polished pavement reflect back the prismatic colors against columns and arches, and these stirred all the love of the beautiful that I possessed. Then, looking up, I saw that unimpassioned, calm, grand figure of Christ in the empyrean, and every fibre of my being quivered with enthusiasm at such glorious confusion of colors intermixing with the awe and stateliness of the whole incomparable handiwork. La Cappella Palatina will never go out of my memory as a bow of promise, a guerdon of hope, a sweet and tender testimonial to the undying aspirations toward immortality, which even mediæval bar-

barians had, deep-buried, in the warmth of their brave hearts. It was a tremendous step out of Paganism toward Christianity when the temples of Girgenti were overturned by men and by earthquakes, and this wonder chapel at Palermo was reared to the Known God!

Naturally one's subsequent step is from this Chapel on the Vittoria Square to the Cathedral of Palermo, (called the Church of the Assumption), only a few blocks distant. It was constructed within fifty years after Cappella Palatina by an English archbishop, Walter of the Mill, to take the place of an ancient mosque that had stood upon the same site. Its facade is curious, and its two slender towers beautiful, though incongruous with the great mass of architecture beside it. But the exterior as a whole did not impress me, and the interior delighted me still less. It is said that in the Norman days both the interior and the exterior were stately and charming, but that "additions and repairs" have stripped them of their former charms. One spot, within, however, is for all Sicilians hallowed ground, that of the Tombs of the Kings. In the first two chapels, at the right of the west door, are four sarcophagi of porphyry, much alike, all of antique design, each one solemn and stern like the spirits of those buried within them. Roger II. is entombed in one; he died in 1154. Empress Constantia, daughter of Roger, is buried in another; she died in 1198. Roger's son-in-law, Emperor Henry VI., whose queen was Constantia, the Emperor of Germany as well as of Sicily, who was crowned at Rome and died when about to start upon a Crusade to the Holy Land, lies in a third sarcophagus; he died in 1197. In the fourth tomb is buried Emperor Frederick II., son of Henry VI., a great man, with noble qualities, learned above other rulers of his time, a monarch who almost turned

Southern Europe upside down, and who in consummate greatness was the last of the wonderful scions of that de Hauteville family, whose descendants made such a tremendous cleavage in the traditions and customs of his Norman ancestry; he died in 1250. Where the Count Roger, himself, was buried I did not learn, but not here. In a niche to the left is the sarcophagus of William, son of Frederick III. of Aragon, and in another to the right of that is Constance of Aragon, wife of Frederick II. Here, then, lie at least three of the world's great monarchs, whose united lives spanned a hundred and forty-nine years, and whose activities kept the contiguous nations in turmoil for much more than a century. They sleep in absolute quiet, and look as if they had been undisturbed since the martial music sounded at their burials. Not so, however. A hundred and twenty-three years ago the remains of King Roger, Henry VI. and Frederick II. were exposed to view, perhaps for identification, perhaps to satisfy the curious. Those of the two first named were not in a good state of preservation, but the body of Ferdinand II. was almost as in life, and was found enveloped in sumptuous robes, with inscriptions in Arabic. Beside it lay his crown, the royal apple and his sword. Nowhere in Christendom are sepulchral monuments of more interest than these. The church has changed, the city has grown and altered beyond recognition, the world has moved on in its imperial march, but these illustrious sovereigns still sleep, and will, I trust, now repose in peace until the Resurrection.

The Chapel of St. John of the Hermits (S. Giovanni degli Eremiti) and its cloisters have great attractiveness for all admirers of old Norman architecture. Founded in 1132, this Chapel has still its five curious domes, because it was originally a mosque. The in-

terior is tenantless and largely ruined. How graphically pious are the words, still preserved in parchment, with which King Roger II. in 1148 granted this building and its lovely cloisters to the monks, who used it as a monastery: "We grant to that monastery, for the love of God and the salvation of our mother and our father, the great Count Roger I.; of the most serene Duke Robert Guiscard, our uncle, of most blessed memory; and also for the welfare of the soul of our consort, the Queen Elvira, of most blessed remembrance; and for the forgiveness of the sins of our children, and all our relations, alive or dead; and for the particular devotion which we bear to that monastery, which is situated under our own eyes and near to our own place, which was built at our own expense, all those contiguous buildings which we have caused to be erected for this purpose." Over the adjoining cloisters grow flowers and vines, and how difficult it is to repeople these naves, and the narrow cloisters, with the cowled and barefoot monks who saw them all in perfect order! There are evidences still of exquisite decoration and Oriental splendors, which made S. Giovanni degli Eremiti then, and make it still, a haunting memory to the artist and a poem in stone to the architect. There is an old man there who sells antiques, worthless to be sure, but his dirty and curious shop in a corner of the refectory is the place where he sleeps and lives and eats, and it is a marvel of Italian hodgepodge.

I was much interested in the shops and street scenes of Palermo. Each shop has a specialty: there are no "department stores" in Sicily. In a little walk on one street these were the articles made specialties of by the shops, and I give them in the order in which they followed one another: Revolvers, wooden

ware, notions, tobacco, hardware, bagging and twine, caps, ribbons and toys, drygoods, meat, laces, millinery, flowers, jewelry, drugs, umbrellas, macaroni. Excellent beginning and ending: revolvers for brigands and macaroni for everybody. Men stood by the wayside holding out before them immense trays filled with all sorts of small articles, such as soaps, envelopes and paper, canes, lemonade, neckties, flowers, spoons, forks, eye-goggles, mushrooms, cakes, curious springs, automaton rats and mice, live puppies, fruits. Diminutive donkeys pulled carts loaded with bananas, oranges, lemons and similar fruits. The oranges of Sicily I found to be the best of the world—not excepting the famous ones of Jaffa—and so were the apricots and black cherries. The latter were large, without a flaw, and " clear meat," as one expressed it. The narrow alleys were often overhung with clotheslines as in Genoa.

One of the curious sights I observed was the method of pulling heavy stones up to where masons were laying a wall on top of a new building. A derrick was constructed on the upper story, and boys were employed to climb up the ladder, or provisional staircase, to where the stones were needed; and then, when one stone was attached to a rope on the ground, the boys —either one or two of them—would get into a noose at the other end of the rope, and by their own weight come to the earth, raising the stone to the top as they descended. Rather primitive but also sure. I saw many lemon packing-houses, where lemons were packed for exportation, Palermo being the headquarters for shipping Sicilian lemons. Sloops at the wharves were loaded to the brim with boxes of lemons. The orange season was past, but the lemon season was at its height.

There was an Exposition in progress on one of the main streets and some of my friends went with me to see it in the evening. Except a toboggan chute and a poor concert, there was little of moment to detain us, however. Far finer in its effect was "the soft Sicilian moon," full-orbed, set high in the eastern sky, just as perfect as the day when it was first seen in Eden, everywhere a century flower of the night, but nowhere in the world more bewitching than over the palm trees and orange groves of the white city of Palermo.

There is a fine old museum in Palermo, with a few good paintings and many antiquities. But if one desires to see more modern and thoroughly hideous "antiquities" he will not go to the Museum but to the Catacombs. They, of all I ever visited, were most calculated to horrify one as to death, and to make even life for the moment unenjoyable. We talk of the beautiful serenity of death and the sweet repose of the faithful who die blessed by the Church, but here all the horrors of death are openly manifested. These Catacombs were at first intended for faithful monks and nuns, but afterwards everybody desired to be buried in them, and only within the lifetime of the present generation has their use been interdicted to others than their guardians, the Capuchin monks, who are happiest when meditating over the prospect of their own dried-up remains resting in one of the coffins of this underground cemetery, in a near future. To reach the Catacombs is no long drive, for they are almost in one corner of the city, being just outside the gate known as the Porta d'Ossuna, with numerous buildings and villas in close proximity. When they were dug we do not know; some suppose in the pagan ages. The earliest known body in them now is only about two centuries old, for all prior bones were removed to adorn

churches, or to give centesimi to relic venders. We may look for no Romans, pagan or Christian, in those tombs, but instead for men and women who spent their whole pious lives in the monasteries and nunneries of Palermo since the controlling days of the Bourbons. There they are, wrapped about in their last habits, their shrivelled skin beneath cowls and hoods, or in other dark grave clothes, their teeth protruding, their hands folded over their breasts. Some are in cases with glass tops; some stand up in corners, labelled as if an exhibited article in a museum, and they are as dry as Egyptian mummies. All horrible to contemplate, because devoid of whatever may make even the dead decent and solemn to look upon. I saw one coffin lid opened to show the features of a faithful captain under Garibaldi, who died in 1866. He was preserved much as if he had died yesterday. However it was formerly, latterly bodies of wealthy people have been brought here to be put in brine and "pickled" and then to be placed on view that their descendants may frequently look at and prepare to follow them! Signor Crispi, of Naples, the great modern statesman of Italy, who died in 1901, had expressed a wish that he might be buried in this resting-place in the Palermo Catacombs, and in some manner it was permitted. But his body was not preserving well—so the guide stated—and I saw his coffin out in a small aisle of the entrance chamber, where a new attempt was being made to petrify his body, so that his family would find it possible in the future to visit this underground tomb and see Crispi look very much in death as he did in life. The Egyptians knew how to embalm; the Sicilians seem to make a sorry attempt at it. Both alike believed in the final outcome of an immortality that would overthrow the horrors of the grave and

set free the soul in the splendors of another world, and to this extent they were far ahead in knowledge of either Greeks or Romans.

I have left little space for a notice of Monreale, and its famous mammoth Cathedral, but it is one of the wonders of the island. Indeed its mosaics made a far greater impression on my mind than those of any other cathedral in Europe, and I do not except St. Mark's in Venice. Around one vast nave the eye can take in, almost at a glance, the whole splendid series of Bible studies, whereas in Venice they must be hunted up in the porch, and in the various transepts and on the scattered side-walls of a much smaller edifice. Monreale Cathedral is so vast and so magnificent in these mosaics, that, after seeing them, one quite feels it is safe to return home and look at no others the same year.

Monreale (Royal Mount) is reached now by a traction railway, which goes, first, over a dusty road, and then ascends a steep elevation until, at a distance of nearly five miles from Palermo, you find yourself on a height eleven hundred and fifty feet above the plain, from which are views over the Conco d'Oro (the Golden Valley) of surpassing beauty. One of the best views of this valley is from the roof of the Cathedral, but there is a garden beside this structure from which the panorama of Palermo, Pellegrino, the sea, and the valley between, is almost as good. You do not get the background, but the sweep of the foreground is the same.

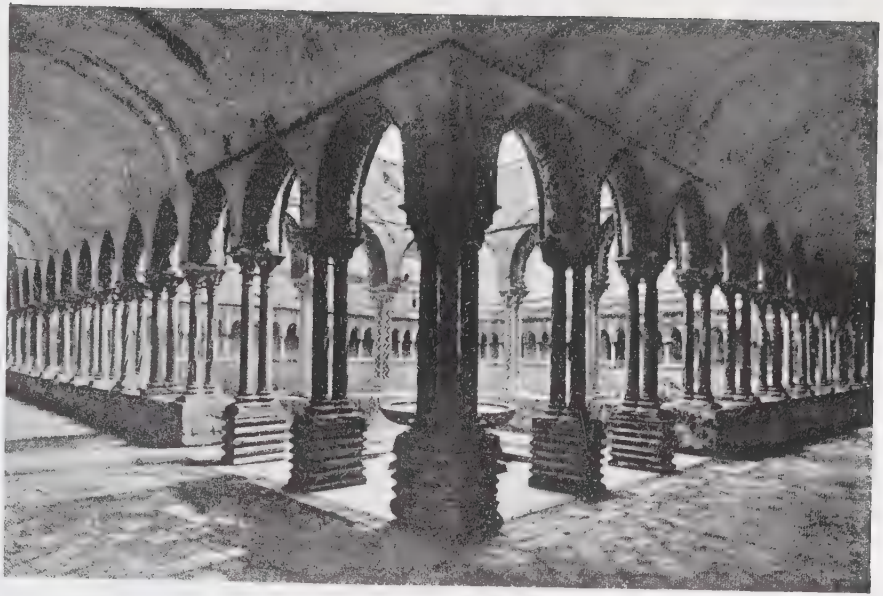
The Cathedral is in the midst of a town of sixteen thousand people. Externally it is rather plain. But it has a magnificent doorway and bronze doors of 1186. The king, whose religious bent gave this splendid memorial of his reign to his people, was William the

Good, grandson of the great Roger who built the Capella Palatina. It is said to have been constructed in eight years; it was consecrated in 1182. The church is in the usual form of a Latin cross, and is three hundred and thirty-four feet long by one hundred and thirty-one wide—a little smaller than the Chester cathedral in England. On either side of the nave are nine columns of Oriental granite, stolen from Greek and Roman buildings, plain, but with charming Corinthian capitals of delicate Byzantine workmanship. These support pointed arches, and above the arches is the wall in which are implanted those entrancing mosaics, although in the transepts and elsewhere there are continued the same imperishable studies of the Jewish leaders to the time of the Apostles. Entrancing, because on such a gigantic scale, and covering so much surface; the surface, indeed, incrusted with the gold and rich colors amounting to some seventy thousand square feet! There are not a few scenes of the Bible represented here which must provoke smiles, but they carefully depict the ideas of the religious minds of seven hundred years ago. They culminate at the far apse, above the high altar, in one of the stateliest and most massive figures of Christ to be found anywhere in pictorial art. Christ is here represented as the "Creator," and is surrounded by a galaxy of Apostles and a vision of the Apocalypse. Splendid, solemn, thoughtful, majestic figure, the incarnation of Wisdom and Force, with right hand uplifted in curious gesture to bless, and the left holding an open book, on the pages of which are inscribed: "I am the light of the world; whoso followeth Me shall not walk in darkness." This awful visage, not yet furrowed by sorrow, nor "acquainted with grief," with long, flowing hair and full beard, wearing a blue mantle, partly open, showing a

red tunic embroidered in gold, dominates, but does not terrify, saddens but does not depress. Its majesty becomes an abiding reality in the heart of the onlooker. Look where I would, at signs and symbols, at prophets, priests and rulers of the Old Testament and apostles of the New, this one sublime figure in the distance, standing out in solitary grandeur, followed and overawed me. I could not fly from it. Its glance penetrated, its spirit pervaded the whole edifice from end to end, from marbled floor to lofty dome. Byzantine mosaics of Christ and the Apostles are always severe and austere; for example, the memorable ones at Torcello, in St. Mark's, at Ravenna, at Constantinople, but in no instance, perhaps, is there such splendor of dignity with austerity as in this figure of the Christ of Monreale. The wainscotings of cipolin, the inlaid marble floors, the sarcophagi of the royal William and of queens and princes, are all deserving of one's attention and interest; yet the mosaics themselves are the feature of the Cathedral which override everything else, and make the one imperishable impression that the visitor will always associate with this wonderful edifice on that high hill above Palermo.

Of course I must not pass by the cloisters adjoining, now, alas! but a semblance of what they were in ornamentation, for they, too, had mosaic-encrusted pillars of Moorish magnificence. These mosaics have disappeared; have been plucked out piece by piece from the columns, but the enchanted architecture remains. The Alhambra of Granada is almost here in skeleton in these exquisite cloisters. Two hundred and sixteen richly sculptured pairs of columns surround the court, each column of marble, their beautiful capitals of different patterns, and the shafts of most elaborate and delicate designs. It may be the

monks of Monreale (for these cloisters were part of the Benedictine monastery attached to the Cathedral) were joyless like the Franciscans of the succeeding century, and like many Dominicans whom I have seen with bowed heads in various parts of Italy, but, if so, the evidences belie them. In such a place, with such surroundings, amid such incomparable beauty, with the fair heaven of Sicily always a-smile overhead, they could not have walked those cloisters amid the fragrance of flowers, the plash of fountains and the loving sunshine, and been so sorrowful and ascetic as their followers in after centuries. Not poverty and not starvation, not darkness and not the ugliness and deformities of a world of sin without, could ever have sapped for them the glories from these cloisters, or stripped from the walls of their Cathedral bright visions of future immortality.



Cloisters, adjoining Cathedral, Monreale.

IX.—THE ANAPO AND SYRACUSE.

ANAPO! The name charms by its mellifluous syllables. It was known in ancient Greek days as "Anapus," but geographers prefer "Anapo." "The *great* stream of the Anapus," Theocritus called it, nearly three hundred years before Christ. This may mean that it was great in fame, or that it was a far larger river than at the present day. Now it is a small stream; an insignificant one. But to the ancients, who worshiped it under the form of a young man, and who regarded it as the husband of Cyane, it was almost a sacred river. Its praises Pindar and Ovid were never tired of sounding in pastoral verse. The Cyane is the name of the stream which joins the Anapo a mile from its mouth. The Cyane is clear as crystal; the Anapo is turbid. Near their sources both streams flow through exquisite scenery, and it is only in the lowlands where the washings of the soil render the waters muddy.

My excursion to the Anapo was on an afternoon fit for communion with the gods. The air was warm, but the skies clear. There was a slight breeze from the west, which so increased as to make it possible to reach the mouth of the Anapo from Syracuse by sails, without the use of oars and with much gain in time. Generally it may require more than a half hour to row across the Great Harbor—the landlocked, inner harbor of Syracuse, on which Roman, Grecian and Carthaginian fleets have "locked horns" with each other in deadly combat and reddened the waters with

human blood. It was the harbor on whose northerly bank stood one of the mighty cities of antiquity; a city in which Paul had preached, and beside which, then as now, was the far-famed Fountain of Arethusa. A great city—the largest of its era. But we shall return to it presently. Let us be off for the Anapo!

Sails were hoisted at the start because of the good wind, and the two men-rowers handled these sails as well as they might have employed the oars. A bright-eyed boy-helper of ten was in the stern to steer, and plainly his was a happy lot. There were twelve of us in all in three boats, and, in a few minutes time, we were gliding over the ruffled waters. Behind was Syracuse; before, a low stretch of land, with here and there tall reeds, bunches of trees, some lone columns, and, far away in the distance, ruins of temples. Syracuse, as we receded from it, looked enchanting; so white, so dignified, so compact, so peaceful. The Anapo was invisible, but the boatmen understood the course. I believe they were as courteous and happy a lot of boatmen as ever carried travelers to port. Why should they not be, when in their veins was the blood of the real Greeks? Their visages and their manners proved their ancient lineage.

In about twenty minutes we had crossed the Great Harbor. The sails were now taken down; the big, clumsy oars came out, and we pushed into a sullen streamlet with flat, marshy banks, and with no hints of approaching beauty. So small seemed the Anapo that I was curious to know where it rose and how much distance it traversed. I learned that its birth was in the Eraian Mountains, some twenty-five miles away, and that knowledge gave me an intense desire to return to it some day and follow its meanderings to the source. What genuine delight, I thought, in pur-

suing the ins and outs of such an ancient river, so well-known to Pausanius, to Æschylus, to Cicero, up to its fountain head! It was now so shallow that the boats often grounded as they were pushed along by the poles, the use of oars being at first impossible because of the narrowness of the water-bed. Now and then it seemed as if our navigation must cease. But we pressed on to the Ponte Grande, a modern bridge, where there is a public road, and then went more easily a half-mile farther, to the remains of an older and famous bridge. Here it is said the Athenian soldiers had a hot skirmish with the soldiers of Gylippus, B. C. 413. Near this point we were obliged to leave the boats and walk over a viaduct, which completely shut off the water from view, and enter other boats in waiting, after which we continued our course. The stream being here exceedingly narrow, lines were attached to each boat, and the rowers, putting them over their shoulders, pulled us forward. Thus far, there was no scenery, nor any obvious reason for our going such a distance to see so little, except that to the left appeared a few ruins of the Temple of Jupiter Olympus, of the Sixth Century before Christ. In that Temple were lodged the public treasures and registers of the Syracusan citizens, when the Athenians took Syracuse by siege. It is said that of the three finest known statutes of Jupiter in the world, one was in its portico. There are now visible from the river only two solitary columns, almost the sole relics of the times of Cicero, indeed of far earlier days, when Syracuse was in its infancy, when Rome was scarcely founded, and when Athens had only begun to be.

Suddenly, in a moment, everything was changed. Tall papyrus began to line the banks of the Anapo, which now was as clear as Capri wine. There was lux-

uriant vegetation, including many flowers and numerous berry vines. Glorious thickets appeared at every curve of the stream. "Et me dilexit Anapo," said Ovid, and who could not have exclaimed it! The sun had been hot since leaving the Great Harbor, for the breeze had wholly fallen, and usually at this hour in summer the rays of Sol are well up in the nineties. But as the papyrus threw heavy shades across the water, it became delightfully cool while threading in and out among these exquisite plant growths. From this point onward, amid utter stillness, save for the occasional plashing of an oar, or the dipping of the poles when no oar could be used, we glided along with every sense of inward serenity satisfied. A feeling of perfect repose, of absolute peace with all mankind, of kindly sentiments even to barbarians, ancient or modern, stole over us like an opiate. I could have gone to sleep without any effort, and with no forebodings of unhappiness were the sleep to last a thousand years. But changing scenes forbade any drooping of the eyelids. At every turn was a new vision of prettiness, or of uniqueness, or of intense beauty. Nothing we had ever seen seemed quite so picturesque and fairylike as those twenty-feet-high, densely-growing, overhanging, feathery papyri. They were as graceful as a swan's throat; as dreamy as a forest of tall ferns in the moonlight. Rarely could we see more than two boat-lengths ahead because of the bends in the water course, but at every moment there was a new and lovely picture. The Venetian gondola furnishes a captivating experience, but a boat on the Anapo excels, in that it is so much less pretentious and yet wanders among scenes so much more bewitching. Papyrus was the chief, but not the only adornment of the Anapo; masses of ranunculuses were floating about, choking up the

channel. Dense plantations of cane—broomcorn, as I judged it was—were sometimes on both sides of the river, and occasionally overhung the banks, when the papyrus failed. At times there were peeps at ancient olive groves, vineyards, wheatfields, or meadowlands abounding in red cattle.

I have called the entire stream the Anapo, but, strictly speaking, from the time it joins the Cyane it is the latter stream we followed up. However, to all readers of ancient or modern Sicilian history it is the name Anapo which is most famed, and no great attention is paid to the separate technical titles of the two small waters that merge near the Great Harbor. The whole region, and the Anapo itself, are alive with historic memories.

Sweet, dear waters of the Anapo! I see you now, pellucid, full of wondrously colored grasses, that nod and beckon to each passerby from beneath the surface, fringed with blue flowers like the Alpine gentian, lined with reeds, such as those whose tender shoots intertwined in loving embrace when they cradled the infant Moses on the banks of the Nile. I learned to love you on first sight; may I return to you another year, and feel once more the soft touch of your ineffaceable charms!

The papyrus plant grows wild to-day, it is said, nowhere else in the world except on the banks of this Sicilian streamlet. It was brought here, if the ancient account has transmitted its history accurately, in the days of King Hiero II., about 260 B. C., "to please his dearly beloved wife, Philistis." On the Nile it has disappeared. The few plants now shown to travelers at Cairo were transplanted thither from botanical gardens in Holland. So, if one is to see what furnished all ancient Egypt with the paper which served to trans-

mit to future generations its sacred and profane books, and which has preserved to us Greek poetry, plays and philosophy, even the Gospels themselves, he must boat on the Anapo, steal a papyrus stalk (if he can; there are guards to prevent the plunder), and then, with a knife and some pressure, guess how well the Egyptians wrought with this plant and made from it paper of extraordinary durability. Our boatmen did cut off for us some of the stalks, which were so plentiful that there seemed to be no harm in conveying them home as samples. But toward the mouth of the river the Government officials, set on watch to catch just such plunderers as we were, took them away, though permitting some few tiny fragments to remain in the possession of one of the ladies as a souvenir of the journey.

About at this point, where the officials found us, there is a view of Syracuse under the arch of a bridge which is a remarkably captivating picture. I should like to have perpetuated it in a photograph. It would compare with the notable view of Rome from under the boughs of the cypresses on the Janiculum Hill, which I have often admired; or of Jerusalem from that sturdy oak of the barren mount on the way to Lydda.

On our return across the Great Harbor, I saw a sunset over the western slopes of the hill known as the Epipolæ—the limit of the ancient city—which is still transfigured in memory as one of Nature's most prodigal good-nights. The sun, seen through a hazy atmosphere, was a burnished shield, and, as it touched and kissed the hilltop, every wavelet of the Great Harbor reflected lustrous beams like so many separate tresses of a maiden's golden hair. Soon roseate clouds in bits and curious shapes stole out here and there from unexpected places. One, high up in

the sky, formed a distinct crown of purest gold. King Edward VII. was to have been crowned next day, and we had not heard of the postponement of the coronation festivities. To me it seemed as if there was his crown; there in the far west, toward England. I could not put away the thought that up in the heavens were written in living letters the prophetic record of a kingly ceremony. How little we knew of the actual state of things that moment in the upper room of the left wing of that palace of Buckingham, where physicians were coolly cutting into the Sovereign's side, while telegraphic wires were girdling the earth with the saddening news!

Just before the actual sunset I lay down flat in my boat, looked up at the clear sky, and around at the retreating banks of the Anapo, and then, full of meditation, but "fancy free," turned eyes toward Syracuse. Syracuse, once thought so regal; still a thriving but important modern city! It was as white as alabaster. None of the dross of the commonplace human beings and odors within it were visible or tangible; only some magnificent lines of architecture, wholly of Sicilian mould, yet with strongest traces of Attic inspiration. There was no Acropolis in view; no Lysippus; but still I thought of Athens, and wondered whether, if Theocritus had come to life, he would have recognized in that snowy mass of buildings on the island of old Ortygia any resemblance to the ancient city? And I pondered how it must have looked when all the plain beyond that island, the site of the really great Syracuse of old, extending far up those distant slopes, was covered with homes, villas, market-places, theatres, forums, temples, gymnasiums, tombs; a congregation of five great cities, fused into one mighty Syracuse, the abode in Roman times of half a million people (some say of a

million, two centuries earlier) with a walled circumference of not less than twenty miles! No city of such size had the Greek world seen as ancient Syracuse. Now it is a pigmy. Yet what a lovely pigmy at the sunset hour! From our vantage ground across the Harbor, the only spot in which to view it in perfection, and at such an eventide as this, it is a dream; a dream like unto visions of the "city not made with hands," the whiteness and glory of which, we are told, shall never fade away.

Next morning I arose early, just after four, and from the balcony of my room at the "des Etrangers" looked out over the calm, purple sea and saw the sun rise over the water. It was not so gorgeous as the past night's sunset. But it was a bright, round orb there in the east, with pearly mists on its brow and radiant with marvelous glory. The wet locks of the surf took on a strange light, as if preparing to blossom into supernal flowers. Yonder where that King of Day came up out of the deep were the Hellenic Isles. Had not its smiling yellow face just kissed the Pentelic marbles of the Parthenon and wiped away with gentlest hand the dews upon Mars' Hill? A strange feeling of pride in what was Greek in art and heroism stole over me. All later ages rolled away as a scroll. I stood face to face with blind Homer, with Socrates, with Demosthenes, with Phidias, with Praxiteles, with Apollodorus, their immortal works and their deathless glory. Why is it that ancient Greece, wholly pagan, still compels us to love her so? Is it because of her deeds of human bravery? Is it because of her philosophers, poets, sages? Rather is it not because her ideals of Virtue and of Beauty, especially of Beauty, were clear-cut and incomparable models, which have been the beacon-lights for artists

and the inspiration of writers through all the ages that have followed?

To view modern Syracuse is to see only a plain, semi-busy, well-builded, on the whole uninteresting city; a city of twenty-three thousand inhabitants, living chiefly upon limited commerce and local trade. As has been stated, it is wholly upon an island at present, the old island of Ortygia, which is separated from the mainland by a very narrow and canal-like bit of water. Everybody seems to desire to build and live on that island, although the mainland adjoining is as well adapted for residences.

> "Ortygia, thou all-hallowed breathing-place,
> Where Alpheus lifts his weary head;
> Syracusa's bloomy grace,
> Delos' sister; Dian's bed."

So sang Pindar, and in his day it must have been even more graceful in its general outlines than now.

On the mainland is a vast slope, so gently ascending to the west that the incline is scarcely perceptible until it reaches the apex at perhaps four miles away; the Epipolæ, the highest portion of the ancient city, Down that great and broad slope, at whose feet lap the waves of the Ionian Sea, stood the major part of the once wonderfully busy city. To-day it is a scene of absolute quiet, of indescribable desolation. Scarcely one stone exists of all that mass of dwellings and public buildings so often described by Thucydides, Theocritus, and a host of other writers, and which Cicero declared was "the greatest of Greek cities, and the most beautiful of all cities." If Cicero sometimes exaggerated, one cannot help feeling that any possible distant view of Rome, or of Athens, in his day, beside that of Syracuse on this sea-slope, white as marble, fair as the evening star, must have been tame and uninspiring.

The real and mighty Rome was yet to be built in the golden age of Augustus. The great Athens was a thing that was past. Syracuse had just been at the forefront in the arts and in architecture, and, if beginning to be Romanized, it held extraordinary monuments, and was the seat of exceptional intelligence. It is remarkable how such a city could have totally disappeared. That great slanting plain is covered with debris from end to end, but they are the merest indications of the sites of buildings. One could suppose, at first sight, that a glacier had passed over it, and left in its wake ten thousand small boulders. Disintegration of porous rock by the heat and the rains of centuries furnish the clue to such awful desolation. The marvel is that not a single column erect, not one lofty structural mound, remains to mark the ancient site.

When did this vast combination of buildings first go into ruins? History hardly tells, but finally, I judge, when the Saracens devastated it in their siege and conquest of A. D. 878. Whatever it was up to that time, the fire and sword of that period, and the sirocco and storms of a thousand years since, have left the whole of the plateau a melancholy ruin.

"Where is thy splendor now, thy crown of towers,
Thy beauty visible to all men's eyes,
Thy gold and silver of thy treasuries,
Thy temples of blest gods, the woven bowers
Where long-stoled ladies walked in tranquil hours,
Thy multitudes like stars that crowd the skies?
All, all are gone. Thy desolation lies
Bare to the night. The elemental powers
Resume their empire: on this lonely shore
Thy deathless Nereids, daughters of the sea,
Wailing 'mid broken stones unceasingly
Like halcyons when the restless south winds roar,
Sing the sad story of thy woes of yore:
Those plunging waves are all that's left to thee."

To see the greater part of the old city's site is, ac-

cordingly, scarcely the work of an hour. You can drive along the part nearest the sea, the Achradina, in a half hour, and the same one, dreadful desolation is there, spread out as a map, with neither definitions of streets nor recognizable antiquities. But of course one will turn aside a little, and, at the southern base of this vast plateau, on the side nearest to present Syracuse, discover ruins worthy of days of study. He will see here the Greek theatre, the Roman amphitheatre, the caves in which were the prisons of Dionysius, so celebrated in the history of those cruel days of four centuries before Christ, the Street of the Tombs, the Catacombs: each spot made pathetic by a hundred memories of sadness and of woe.

The Greek theatre, constructed five hundred years before Christ, the third largest of the ancient world, whose sixty-one tiers of seats (forty-six still in existence) accommodated an audience of twenty-four thousand, is not so impressive to view as the later Roman amphitheatre near it. It is not above ground, as were nearly all Roman theatres, but cut out of it; carved out of the rock itself, on a hillslope; cut down even to the very stage and the proscenium. Now that the southern portion of the walls has disappeared, the view disclosed of the present city and of the Great Harbor is striking in the extreme. Names of great queens and gods are still legible in this theatre. We see to-day inscriptions to Philistis, the beautiful wife of the tyrant Gelon; to Nereis, daughter of King Pyrrhus; to Jupiter himself, and to Hercules. In all the ruins about this city, none brings one so close to the daily life of the people as this. We know that every great man or woman known to Syracusan history was associated with these stone seats; that here, day after day, the best plays of the first masters of drama were

enacted through succeeding centuries. And it was all before the world knew anything of Julius Cæsar, much less of King Roger, or Garibaldi. The Roman amphitheatre, which is but a hundred yards or so away from the Greek, dates from the Christian era in the reign of Augustus Cæsar. It is large, well-preserved, poetic in its climbing vines and pretty wild flowers and in its surrounding desolate silences.

After these theatres, and more interesting even than they, I saw and entered the stone quarries from which Syracuse was digged. They are numerous, but the two of chief consequence are those of Latomia del Paradiso and Latomia de' Cappucinni. "Prison-house of the Athenians" would be a better name, for none can look at these quarries, and not see that "seventy days' agony" of thousands of brave Athenian soldiers within those dark, deep, open mouths cut out of the gray-colored, soft rock that abounds on this hillside. It is certain that these large quarries were used for digging out the blocks which built up the majestic city. The garden in front of the quarry first-named is a veritable paradise of shrubs, fruits and flowers; said to be most beautiful in April when every tree is radiant with blossoms. Roses, pinks, carnations, forget-me-nots, oranges, lemons, mostly cultivated but some seemingly wild, run riot in June, however, about the beds and walks. Still, flowers and vines and trees can scarcely distract attention from the quarries, or, as they afterward became, charnel-houses for the dead. Readers of history know that the prisoners of war after that great sea-fight, in which were engaged ninety thousand picked men, in the Great Harbor, B. C. 413, met in these same underground dungeons their cruel deaths. When the Athenian fleet was sunk, and their gallant freight with them, and Demosthenes, later, had to surrender

his army in an olive field some days journey beyond the Anapo, these rock-caves received and echoed the lamentations of the captives. It was a "stain upon the honor of Syracusans for all time" that those captives were allowed to starve to death in such black dungeons. As Mr. Symonds eloquently expresses it, these caverns were "once the Gethsemane of a nation, where six thousand or more freemen of the proudest city of Greece were brought by an unexampled stroke of fortune to slavery, shame and a miserable end. Here they dwindled away, worn out by wounds, disease, thirst, hunger, heat by day and cold by night, heartsickness, and the unsufferable stench of putrefying corpses. The pupils of Socrates, the admirers of Euripides, the orators of the Pnyx, the athletes of the Lyceum, lovers and comrades and philosophers, died here like dogs, and the dames of Syracuse stood, doubtless, on those parapets above, and looked upon them like wild beasts. . . . The weary eyes turned upwards found no change or respite, save what the frost of night brought to the fire of day, and the burning sun to the pitiless cold constellation." The pit of the largest dungeon is nearly a hundred feet deep, and is several acres in extent, and around the rocks of its monster mouth the pomegranates and oranges, flowering fruits and weeping cypresses, only serve to engrave deeper in the heart of the traveler the pathos of the pitiful story.

On the Street of the Tombs there are no inscriptions, and few fragments left by which to identify the sepulchres. It is far less impressive than the similar street at Pompeii, or on the Appian Way, or the Street of Tombs in Athens. That Archimedes was buried there we know, for Cicero found it a century and a half after his death, and his description of a spot so

soon forgotten, the resting place of one of the greatest men of his age, who said 'if he had a lever long enough he would move the world,' is one of the things to be read on the spot if one desires to feel the antiquity of those old, dead days. Hear Cicero: "When I was quæstor I discovered the tomb of Archimedes surrounded and overrun with brushwood and brambles and utterly unknown to the Syracusans, who even denied its existence. For I possessed some verses which I had heard were inscribed on his monument and that a sphere and cylinder were placed on the top of the tomb. But whilst I was examining all the monuments (for there is a vast multitude of them at the Agragian gates) I observed a little column peering above the brambles on which a sphere and cylinder were carved: and I immediately declared to the Syracusan nobles who were with me that I thought that must be what I was seeking. A number of men sent in with sickles cleared and opened out the place. When an approach was made we went up to the pedestal, on the opposite side of which appeared the inscription, of which the latter verses had perished. Thus would the noblest city of Greece, which was once also the most learned, have remained in ignorance of the monument of her most distinguished citizen, unless she had learned it from a man of Arpinum." Rogers in his "Pleasures of Memory" thus commented on the foregoing:

> "So Tully paused, amid the wrecks of Time,
> On the rude stone to trace the truth sublime;
> When at his feet, in honoured dust disclosed,
> The immortal sage of Syracuse reposed."

There are some other sights in and about Syracuse which one will long remember. One is the Catacombs, entered from the Church of S. Giovanni. They seem

somewhat later in age (Fourth Century, A. D.), but are so much cleaner and lighter than those of Rome that it is a pleasure, rather than a task, to walk through them. There are wide passages, many chapels, and the light of day almost everywhere comes in from circular holes above to make one's footsteps certain. The sidewalls have been full of tombs, and the walks extend, it is said, for miles in all directions. I saw no bones, but I did see various faint traces of early religious mural art, especially of peacocks, symbolic of the life everlasting. Another interesting structure is the church itself at the entrance to the Catacombs. Its age is believed to be eighteen hundred years, and it is a church above a church. In the lower church it is believed St. Marcian, first bishop of Syracuse, the same who received St. Paul when he landed from Malta, was buried after his martyrdom. Still another sight is the ancient Temple of Minerva, now embraced in the Cathedral of S. Maria del Piliero. Its columns are quite intact, and are known to be of the Sixth Century, B. C. Verres carried off its treasures, and Cicero, in his great impeachment of that scoundrel, described it as having "excelled all the other buildings of the city in its adornments." It stands quite in the centre of modern Syracuse. Not far away from this Temple is the scanty but impressive remains of the Temple of Diana, (more probably that of Apollo), an unusually fine work of Greek art, whose inscription is still clear-cut, and whose temple-base proves exactly where one is to find the level of the ancient city.

One more historic site I will mention, for it cannot be passed by. It is the Fountain of Arethusa, directly beside one of the prominent streets, still running with clear and abundant water. Now surrounded by a wall of masonry, on its banks and within its bosom are

flowering plants and some papyri. A beauty-spot; a spot hallowed by the mythological and poetic associations of over two thousand years. "We have victualled and watered, and, surely, watering at the Fountain of Arethusa we must have victory," wrote the brave Lord Nelson before the Battle of the Nile. When the sun shines full down upon the surface of this sparkling water, it is so pellucid that the shadows of the masses of papyri make scarcely less clear to view the oozy covering of the fountain's bed. It is so near to the sea—but a few yards away—that it is a marvel to find a perpetual spring there. Nevertheless, the basin is large, the supply of water copious. Once it had villas all around it, and so I conjecture the sea-waves then beat upon a shore much farther away. Cicero says the spring was always enclosed. The Syracusans believed that Arethusa and her nymphs had haunted this fountain and habitually bathed in its limpid waters. No place in old Ortygia was so loved then by the inhabitants; no spot within the present city is so loved now by them, as this same fountain. Toward the twilight hour of every sunny day the well-dressed men and maidens promenade by it in crowds; perhaps at times to view the brilliant sunset, usually to have the pleasure of greeting one another, but quite as certainly from a desire to be near this sacred spot of their fathers. How much they believe the legend that Arethusa was herself changed into a stream, and that, mingling with the river Alpheus, the two, underground, joined waters at this fountain and lived there in a perpetual love-union, I do not know, but Shelley's rhythmic verses well befits its sunlit quietude:

"And now from their fountains
In Enna's mountains,
Down one vale where the morning basks,

Like friends once parted
Grown single-hearted,
They ply their watery tasks.
At sunrise they leap
From their cradles steep
In the cave of the shelving hill;
At noontide they flow
Through the woods below
And the meadows of asphodel;
And at night they sleep
In the rocking deep
Beneath the Ortygian shore;—
Like spirits that lie
In the azure sky
When they love but live no more."

X.—GIRGENTI AND TAORMINA.

TWO WHOLLY distinct and widely separated portions of Sicily may well be grouped together, because each is, in its way, the historical complement of the other. Girgenti is a city of twenty-one thousand inhabitants on the southern coast of the island. Taormina is a town which contains not over three thousand people, on the eastern coast, about ten miles due northeast from the base of Mount Ætna. Both were early flourishing Greek and Roman settlements. Both possess remains of Greek art as interesting as any monumental relics now to be found in Greece herself, except it be the incomparable Parthenon; also better preserved ones, because less devastated by wars and iconoclasts.

In Sicily there are four points, especially, to which it will repay one to bend his way if he is in search of ancient Greek remains. Syracuse is one. Selinus is another. The series of temples at this latter point are among the grandest in Europe, but I did not visit them, because much out of the way and inaccessible by rail. Less extensive, yet better preserved, are the temples at Girgenti. Taormina has but one ruin, its theatre, which, however, deserves its reputation as one of the best located and most instructive of any of the theatres of antiquity. Both Girgenti and Taormina are on high hills, from which there are entrancing prospects over land and sea, and to have one view from either is to remember it for a lifetime. Historically, one must prefer Girgenti; for intrinsic beauty of situation Taormina holds the palm.

The route to Girgenti from Palermo is circuitous, requiring from five to seven hours in the journey. It first passes along the northern sea-coast in nearly a due east direction to Tarmina, (not Taormina), a busy city of twenty-three thousand population, famous for its macaroni; then turns to the south, crossing various hills, and occasionally passing through tunnels. As the bird flies, it is fifty miles from the one city to the other. By railway the distance is computed at eighty-four miles. On the way there is little of novelty, the soil being often semi-barren. There are a few vineyards after leaving the plain near Palermo, and some orchards of lemon trees. There were harvests of wheat and oats in June, but the grain was short and the stalks sparse owing to a want of rain. The grain is cut by the sickle, according to the general European custom. There are some hill-views in the centre of the island similar to those of the Highlands of Scotland; views of bleak, weird, unnatural uplands. An unusual sight is of sulphur mines, near Lercara. Blocks of sulphur, ready for exportation, may be seen lying about in piles at the railway stations.

There is no view of Girgenti itself, to speak of, as the train nears it. It is located upon the southern slope of a high hill, just below the summit, and the train approaches from the northern side of a valley. Carriages take passengers up to the city by a winding road, and it was, in fact, only when I had reached the " Hotel Grande Bretagne " and ascended to its roof, that I understood how magnificent was the outlook over the immense plateau, some six hundred feet below to the south and east, and beyond that to the sea, still four hundred feet lower than that plateau. One's point of observation there is a full thousand feet above the sea, and as, when I arrived, the sun was shining in his

strength—it was just after midday—the sparkle of the waves, the undulations of ether over the sandy plain, hot with semi-tropical rays, and the well-defined Temples to Concord, to Juno, to Hercules and the other gods, looking almost like toy structures, constituted a medley of indefinable charms. I wanted to see those temples without delay, but prudence indicated that four o'clock in the afternoon would be a better hour for starting, as dinner is not served on the island until eight, and darkness would not come round until much later. Usually three hours are ample in which to see all the temples, if reached by carriage.

Girgenti as a modern city did not greatly interest me. The street sights bore no comparison with those of Palermo. It is an older place, once rich and ecclesiastically famous. But it is not directly located upon the sea, and it is without either interesting dwellings or other buildings save a small cathedral, though with some good shops. It has one main business street, and various side streets that climb up toward the summit of the hill, where, I presume, the people live chiefly on account of the fine air and splendid views.

Pindar is said to have called ancient Girgenti, then known as Acragas, "the most beautiful city of mortals," and it may have been so, but it is to be remembered that Acragas was a city that filled all the descent from present Girgenti to the sea-level, while now it has shrunken to a pigmy compared with two thousand and more years ago. Then its population was a quarter of a million, and it furnished the Carthaginians in the First Punic War with a contingent of twenty-five thousand armed men. I found the city small, indeed, as compared with its ancient predecessor, extremely dull, except on its one busy thoroughfare, and not unmodern. I also noticed that Singer sewing machines

were sold in a prominent shop upon the main street, but this is a common sight even in out-of-the-way places in Europe. I saw no peculiar Sicilian types of people, and the wares of the different shops were similar to those to be found anywhere in Southern Europe. The hotel stairs were of marble, but the rooms were not particularly comfortable, and the meals only fair. The English language is at a rare premium in Girgenti; not so in Palermo and Syracuse. The reason must be that it is quite aside from the usual routes of travel of English-speaking tourists. The Cathedral, dating from the Fourteenth Century, but wholly modernized, was being restored and so was not readily accessible. It presented no great charms upon the exterior.

At the hour of four, carriages took my friends and myself to those temples, and therein, aside from the beauty of the situation, all the present interest of Girgenti merges. They are, indeed, a wonderful spectacle, a real study, a unique collection of venerable and glorious relics of the days of the Greek gods. I do not know which of the seven existing remains of the temples claims the earliest date, but all of them appear to have been dedicated early in the Fifth Century before Christ, say a little before Pericles gave "the Golden Age" to Greece, and Ictinus planned the Parthenon, the finest temple ever erected to the worship of gods or goddesses in the ancient world. When I stood, four years before, upon the Acropolis at Athens, and gazed with rapture upon that transcendent ruin, my soul thrilling through and through with the music of its beauty and the incomparable historic memories that clustered around its marvelous pillars, pediments and metopes, I little realized that during the same century, on the island of Sicily, devout men had planned and constructed a series of temples to the

same gods of the Greeks, and had there worshiped in a manner we hardly know how, but with all the enthusiasm and love of the grand that characterized the age of Phidias and his contemporaries. Yet it was true. Somehow or other, Sicily then, as now, so fair in coast lines, and far richer than now in harvests, fruits and flowers, had attracted the predecessors of Pericles, and they had builded, at Girgenti, at Syracuse, and at Silenus, edifices, not alike mammoth in size, but all of fine proportions and as worthy of praise as any in the Grecian world. The Temple of Zeus at Girgenti was, indeed, immense, being half again as long and broad as the Parthenon, but, as it was never completed, it can hardly take rank with the buildings that were finished and used for worship in the pre-Christian centuries.

The usual route to these temples brings one to the contemplation, first, of the Temple of Juno, of whose thirty-four Doric columns twenty-five still stand undestroyed by the earthquakes which are believed to have ruined most of the temples in Sicily. It, like all the other temples of Girgenti, is constructed of an amber-colored sandstone, whose warm tint harmonizes perfectly with the reddish colorings of the general landscape. Imbedded in the pillars I saw bits of oyster and other shells of the sea, for the sandstone is a conglomerate of many deposits. The sirocco, prevalent at certain seasons, has driven the sand against these columns until their exterior is much disintegrated. Originally each column was covered with stucco, rubbed smooth, and painted in blue, red or green. One cannot be so sure what must have been the effect of such decoration, but that it existed there is little doubt. White marble would have better suited the art and plan of the builders, we may say. But even marble be-

Temple of Concord, Girgenti.

comes discolored in a few years, and even their marbles the Greeks covered up with paint. And paint had this advantage, that it could be renewed, and the object covered freshened and made lively to the eye again, whenever the treasury of a temple would permit of such expenditure.

A few hundred yards to the southwest stands the Temple of Concord, of the same form and slightly larger than that of Juno. These and all similar ancient temples were built in the form of a parallelogram, the front toward the rising sun. Half a millenium of years after this was dedicated, it became a Christian church, for which reason it is now in a remarkable state of preservation. All its thirty-four columns are standing, and hence it is a stately, solemn and splendid ruin.

At another walk of three hundred yards is the Temple of Hercules, the same from which Verres, in Cicero's day, attempted to steal the statue of that god by night, but was prevented by infuriated citizens. I have never seen a ruin in which the effects of an earthquake were so clearly visible as in this. Columns of blocks, tremendously massive, were hurled down upon each other in utter confusion, and only one lone column remains in position as a silent guardian over its prostrate companions. This temple is surrounded by a wall, the gate to which must be unlocked by a custodian before one can enter. When standing on this site there is an unusually fine prospect of the ancient town-gate of the harbor, the Porta Aurea, the same by which the Romans entered the city, B. C. 210. The so-called Tomb of Theron is near, and also the Temple of Æsculapius, the first in excellent preservation, the latter only visible as a fragment.

The grandest of all the temples comes next—that of Zeus, or Jupiter. Its columns are prone; its fragments

not so numerous as those of the temples named, perhaps because it was never finished, but more likely because the stones have been carried away. In any event the ground it covers is a hundred and sixty by three hundred and forty feet. Diodorus said it was a hundred and twenty feet high; if so, only the Temple of Diana at Ephesus surpassed it among all the similar structures of Greek art. In what was the holy place, or cella, there lies one of the three massive giants (gods, or caryatides), which supported that portion of the entablature. As I walked over its broken form I could only compare it to that gigantic statue of Rameses of the Nile, out in the desert where ancient Memphis stood. Gregorovias, a recent German historian, says of it: "And here, stretched out, this weird giant-form appears like a god—Hercules, himself, who has lain him down, in the midst of the ruin of this Temple, for a sleep of centuries, not to be awakened by earthquakes and the strife of the elements, nor by any syllable of the history of the little human race." It was this figure that gave to Girgenti its municipal motto: "*Signet Agrigentum, mirabile aula Gigantum.*"

Even the flutings of the enormous columns that remain of this temple are large enough to admit of a man standing in each. On one side of the edifice was represented, it is said, the Contest of the Gods with the Giants; on the other the Conquest of Troy. Great themes those for great minds, yet how small compared with the subjects, now known to every schoolboy, of the Creation of Man, the Flood, the Prophecies of the Seers of Judea, and the Birth, Death and Resurrection of the Son of God. The Greeks had wonderful intellects and the most refined of æsthetic taste, but both these stopped short of the simple knowledge of Divine

truth that was to be had for the asking not far to the southeast of the Ægean Sea.

The most artistic of the remains of the various temples are those of Castor and Pollux, a beautiful triangle amid old olive and almond trees, near a "tangled growth of vines, crocuses, lilies, asphodel, and scarlet and purple poppies." All this temple was a ruin until recently, when four columns were re-elevated, and made to uphold an angle of the cornice and entablature. Now it is a charming bit that we see in relief against the landscape, and I doubt not, when in its prime, this building, though smaller than any of those named, except of Æsculapius, was the most beautiful of them all.

How quiet and peaceful was this antique scene on that late afternoon of a perfect June day! As if to mark its ancient character all the more, I saw quite near a threshing-floor, on which the oxen were "treading out the corn." Off to the left—or right, just as one stood—was the glistening sea, with its wide beach of yellow sand. On the range of plateaus, on which rose those silent and disused temples, were the usual mixed signs of stunted vegetable growths, struggling for existence under the Sicilian sun, and a wealth of wild flowers, but not a building save the ruins. Once a city, fair and brave, populous and opulent, spread out its white hands and fingers, hither and yon, from the Acropolis upon the summit of Mons Camicus, where now Girgenti holds an uncertain tenure of municipal life, down to these plateaus, and, far lower down, to the palpitating waves of that eternal sea. Even the birds have deserted the spot, and, but for tourists, who would ever tread this ground or think again of Telemachus, Theron, or Antisthenes? Yellowish dust; rosy tints of unclothed rocks; crimson snapdragons

and yellow daisies; cacti, wondrously large and enormously old; some stunted olive trees and lizards: these are almost all that is left of "Acragas, the Magnificent!" No, there is something more; I saw millions upon millions of shell-snails, fastening themselves to every spear of grass, to every stalk of grain, even to the stone walls, where they seemed to forget that there was contained no nutriment save the warmth it gave to their coverings. Nature must have run to seed at Girgenti in these small snails, which the boys gather by handfuls and take to their homes to be made into tasteful soup. Snails and lizards and ugly cacti aside, however, Nature never gave to the downfallen works of Man a more splendid tomb. Viewed from those heights where Girgenti sits in her loneliness, sits like a widow in tears, in the glow of the late afternoon, there is a vision of beauty before the eye of the beholder which the memory of future years is likely ever to make more radiant. Glorious spectacle, though it be of death and destruction! Happy spectacle, I may add, for the world is brighter and lighter, tenderer and more worth living in, to-day, than ever it was in the palmiest years of those æons of the ascendency of the ideas of the ancient Hellenes.

From Girgenti to Taormina is a pretty long journey. One could not walk the distance in a day, for in a direct line it is over a hundred miles. Taormina is the "beauty spot of the island." It is a small place, perched high upon a hill overlooking the Ionian sea; looking out across to Italy, at the very toe of that foot or "boot" of Italy, which is so conspicuous a figure in the geographies. North of it, thirty miles, is Messina; south of it, twenty-five miles, is Catania. Less than the distance to either of these thriving cities is the summit of Mount Ætna, always smoking, the loftiest

volcano in Europe, as much more majestic than Vesuvius as is Niagara than the Rhine Falls of German Switzerland.

The railway ride from Girgenti to Catania is one of constantly increasing interest. Sulphur mines are numerous, and well-populated cities on hillcrests or hillslopes attest the fact that Sicily is not deserted, but contains a large and active population. Racalmuto is a settlement located in a delightful situation, as is Caltanissetta, the seat of a bishopric, and a city of thirty thousand people. Castrogiovanni, termed "inexpugnabilis" by Livy, almost in the center of the island, upon a hill, twenty-six hundred feet above sea-level, is almost as old as Syracuse. It is said to be a dreary city, though with wondrous views from its summit-cliffs. This was a portion of Sicily where in ancient times all things were fair and lovely to look upon; "a luxuriant garden, where the hounds lose scent of the game amid the fragrance of the myriad flowers of Persephone." Now there is desolation and almost the desert; not a wide waste, indeed, but a spot where the forests, lakes and rivers of classic story have disappeared, and where the best that can be said of it is that it has an historic past. Milton knew what it was, rather than what it is, when he spoke of this ancient Enna, as the Romans called it, as

> "that fair field
> Of Enna, where Proserpine, gathering flowers,
> Herself a fairer flower, by glorious Dis
> Was gathered, which cost Ceres all that pain
> To seek her through the world."

It is yet over fifty miles distant to Catania, but when three-quarters of the route is accomplished, and we have descended from the sombre hills to the level plain of the valley of the Dittiano, exuberant grain-

fields, ripe with early harvests, succeed to the desolation of the higher plateaus and mountain ridges, and once again the soul that is in love with what was beautiful in the past revels anew in the happy meadow-lands, golden fruits and various wild flowers of the present.

Catania is at the very base of Mount Ætna, and is constructed on streams of lava that have overthrown its buildings and covered them up, again and again. Fourteen hundred years before Christ, when those were living in Palestine who could remember the greatest commander of his time, "Joshua, son of Nun," Catania was a place of settlement. Then, as now, there were inhabitants of this earth who preferred a precarious habitation close by a volcano to a safe abode in some richer and less dangerous locality. The Greek city arose on the same spot seven hundred years later. It grew to be prosperous and great, but was never so great in influence as in the days just preceding the discovery of America, when the University, founded in 1445, made it the literary metropolis of Sicily. It has to-day a population of a hundred and sixteen thousand souls, not one of whom may even guess whether the morrow's sun shall shine for them, as there stands above the city that which may o'erwhelm it in a moment with the everlasting robes of fiery destruction. To see those huge banks and streams of black lava on either side of the city, and under it also, to the depth of a hundred feet, and Ætna smoking above it, is to make one wonder at the audacity of man. For one knows that the old Greek city of Katane is a full hundred feet lower down than modern Catania. Yet on these lava beds above that old metroplis are busy thoroughfares, handsome shops and dwellings, a cathedral as a successor to a mightier one which was completely wrecked by two earthquakes, and the

birthplace and tomb of the musician Bellini, whose four great operas are represented by allegorical figures in the chief piazza. Outside the city the roads are cut through the lava strata, and every fifty years or so their beds are changed to suit the new levels made by fresh streams of the fiery, fluid outpourings, which succeed each outbreak of the pent-up monster.

But let us press on to Taormina—happy, unique Taormina—which crowns those cliffs to the north, from which the Greeks of old had their best view of Ætna, when they sat during the long afternoons listening to the dreams of Æschylus, Sophocles and Euripides. They sat with faces toward the actors upon the stage, but with eyes also on the "King of Volcanoes." The railway lands one at the foot of the cliffs, close by the murmuring waves. Carriages are in waiting to take the traveler up to the town by a series of ascending curves over a road as hard and as smooth as marble. Once at the summit, passing a monster hotel, closed because "out of season," I found myself comfortably housed at a good inn, modelled in its gardens after those of the Italian villas which are so common on Lake Como, and at similar resorts in that land of vineyard and song. The "Hotel Victoria" was clean and its proprietor most courteous. From the roof balcony a great prospect was before me, but I preferred to hasten to the Greek theatre on a higher slope, and there drink in the soft colorings and beautiful outlines of surrounding mountains and of the sea.

That theatre is of superb proportions, massive construction, and so well preserved that one may study exactly the relations of all its parts to one another, and to actors and audience. Excavated twenty-three centuries ago out of a spur of Monte Tauro, it is likely to remain, as long as the world stands, a monu-

ment to the love of the drama by art-loving and music-loving Greeks; a giant link between the Present and Future on the one hand, and the curious Past of Hellenic history on the other. From those well-preserved seats the view toward the south was exclusively of Ætna. From the promenade to the east of the excavated arena, the spectacle was of the Ionian sea and of the mainland of Italy. Three hundred and sixty feet across is that gigantic arena, and the orchestra is one hundred and thirty feet in width. The heavy plates of marble that covered the seats were stolen a few centuries ago, but the seats are there still, and seem to speak of men, known and unknown, whose lives covered the whole gulf of time between Andromachus (of the Fourth Century, B. C.), who was born in Taormina, and the Dukes of Santo Stefano, of the Middle Ages, up to whose time the theatre remained intact. All the details of the stage, or "scena," can yet be viewed; only one other in the world of as early a date is in such remarkably preserved condition. The back of this scena is still a mighty portico, with entrances and exits for the players, with lofty columns and niches for the statues of gods and heroes. When the Romans came into possession of Sicily, they placed two grand galleries above and around the Greek enclosure, so that, not the original twenty thousand, but, forty thousand spectators could sit and view the actors.

It is a most poetic spot. Not pathetic, like the Colosseum at Rome, for this enormous structure was not built by slaves for scenes of human butchery. It was built, instead, by brave, honorable men, who worshiped Beauty in all her various forms, and worshiped her in "spirit and in truth." So it is simply poetic, dreamy, inspiring. Those glorious land and ocean views I should not weary of looking upon,

though I had remained there many a day or week thereafter. To gaze once upon them is worth a journey all the way from America to Sicily. What colors in sky, in forests, in golden grainfields, in orange and lemon groves, in olive orchards, in the ever-changing, emerald sea! How the shades of green and purple chased over the slightly undulating surface of that sweet and peaceful water! I loved to watch that wide expanse of ocean, which, as evening grew on, became more and more placid, just as if it had never swallowed up the barks and warships of ancient Greek, Roman and Carthaginian, when the deadly conflicts of those ancient days were at the high-tide of carnage. It was delightful also to look up at a higher village, Molo, upon cliffs to the west, almost directly over my head, a thousand feet higher than where I stood, where one yet sees its old castle and fortifications, and that spiral roadway from them leading down to the elevation whereon the theatre stands. Molo was the upper citadel; the theatre was on the site of the more ancient fortification of Naxos. The one Acropolis stood guard over against the other, rearing its head so high above that I felt that the next step, could it be taken, would be up to the clouds themselves.

But there were no clouds visible save one; that was gathered in folds close about the brow of Ætna. How I longed to see the actual summit of Ætna! Not since I had landed in Sicily had this Master of the island appeared, except once for an hour as a ghostly spectre, until this day, when, as I approached Catania and passed it, its high base, almost a hundred miles in circumference, had towered into view. Now it was almost uncovered, but its actual brow was enveloped in stratas of clouds, and there was no probability that they would pass away during my stay. What if I

should leave Sicily and not really see Mount Ætna? It was a depressing and annoying thought. But how could one, unless he climbed up to its summit; a weary march, not altogether free of danger, requiring the best part of two days and great fatigue? Standing by the wonderful theatre I took out glasses and watched those clouds, but they gave no signs of giving up their guardianship. Yet now in a lucky moment some of them parted. Then I thought I saw the summit. In a twinkling they gathered together, and the few seconds of view was a tantalizing memory. What a gentle slope that mountain peak had upward! Almost a conical mass, an enormously elongated pyramid, there gathered about its base and far up toward its summit huge forests of beech and chestnut and walnut, purplish in hue, perhaps made so by the delicious haze in the atmosphere and the beams of the declining sun.

There was something grand in my first look at the up-sweep of Ætna which moved me to admiration and stirred me to profoundest depths. I was so near it, and yet it seemed so far away. A majestic Alp, torn out from its proper northern moorings, planted by titanic forces amid the sweet-scented groves and smiling vine-clad plains of this semi-tropical island in the great South Sea! It was so lonely, so solemn; not wrapt as in winter with dazzling snows, but hooded as in summer with clouds of such inherent dignity. At my feet were wild flowers innumerable; God never made them more beautiful, save on the hillslopes of Galilee. Broom and heath, bugloss and orchids, fleur-de-lis and wild geranium, intermingled amid the stones and beside the paths of this ancient theatre. But all these, and all that sea of glass, and all those hillcrests overhead, seemed pigmies and likely to fade away,

while there stood the one solitary giant, asleep; yet how awfully impressive in his sleep!

Next morning I climbed again up to the top of our balcony on the hotel roof, and there, in air as clear as crystal, as "soft as velvet," the top of Ætna stood out, an exalted monarch against the sky, a silhouette such as no gods of old could ever have carved; serene, self-satisfied, in absolute peace with heaven and with earth. If even a whiff of smoke were there in its gigantic crater, it did not show above its "head sublime." But presently I saw a bit of curling vapor: surely the monster was smoking. Yet in such a pygmean sort of way; just as the dwarf volcano of Sulfetaro near Posilippo steams—to please the visitor! It was such a wee bit of smoke for Ætna! Such a harmless eruption! Surely he was asleep. Was he a priest of Baal, to whom one could "cry aloud, for either he is musing, or he has gone aside, or, peradventure, he sleepeth and must be awakened?" I do not know whether the giant mountain was musing or sleeping, but, asleep or awake, smoking or pretending to smoke, did he not seem to be a god who could make even devils shake and tremble, were he only stirred up to his profoundest depths?

XI.—IN THE "ETERNAL CITY."

ONE CAN never feel for a second time the peculiar, indefinable thrill of strange emotions experienced in a first approach to the portals of an ancient metropolis, like Syracuse, Athens, Jerusalem, or Rome. This is especially true if he expects to see not only the ancient hills and selfsame municipal walls, but the remains of the same palaces, temples, forums, arches, columns, prisons, amphitheatres, tombs, public fountains and statues, which were daily before the eyes of those great men of the nation, whose deeds have stirred the world and intensely affected the march of civilization. First contact with such a city stirs the imagination and enkindles the enthusiasm to the utmost. The resultant white heat gives way later to the duller glow, albeit, in the case of Rome, its remarkable attractions draw with cords of perennial strength.

I well remember my first approach to the Eternal City, over a quarter of a century ago. It was from the north, as one usually enters Rome. It was after rapturous days in Venice and similarly felicitous ones at Florence had prepared the mind for almost anything in the way of historical associations and archæological surprises. There was a strange hand beckoning onward as I passed old strongholds and cities, whose foundations were Pelasgiac and Etruscan, and all of them prehistoric. The monastery of Vallombrosa; the home of Petrarch; the plain of Arezzo, where, perchance, the bones of the elephants from Carthage

used by Hannibal in his wars are still dug up occasionally, and are called the remains of extinct mammoths; lovely Perugia, whose peerless location sixteen hundred feet above the valley is an epic poem; the battle ground of Flaminius; and then the historic Sabine hills—how these scenes and others like them one by one trooped by as I was whirled on toward the goal of desire. I recall the fear lest after all there was no Rome. It might be a myth; or it might be that a cataclysm had swallowed it up, and it had become as much a lost location as Sodom and Gomorrah. Castelar had written of Venice: "I had such an idea of the frailty of this beautiful Venice, continually combating the winds and the waters, that I feared she would disappear before I was permitted to behold her, and bury herself in the seashell in which she was born." Exactly that feeling entered the mind about Rome. Others had seen her, but should I?

However, while thus meditating, suddenly from the car window I was face to face with the single, dominating, almost sublime, spectacle of St. Peter's dome. It came up before me so suddenly, at a moment so unexpected, that it was as if a great orb of architecture had swung out into space in a second of time against the western sky. There, off to the right, against the background of a roseate sunset, this dark, marble throne stood suspended above the horizon. At first a tremendous globe; then it seemed to stand up like a tower of Babel, topped with semi-circular crown, and above it the Cross. Then, as darkness drew apace, and the crimsoned firmament became wholly blood-red, it appeared as an avenging Colossus; and then—sudden transposition—an Angel, not of Death but of Peace, with sword sheathed; a Sentinel guarding not Rome alone but the approaching Night. While I was

gazing at it as a magnificent reality, it as suddenly disappeared, for hills came between us, and there were precipitous rocks and luxuriant Roman cane as high as the train windows. This vision as suddenly disappeared, as the railway pierced the Aurelian walls of the Third Century A. D., ran alongside of the Baths of Diocletian, and halted in the heart of the strange, new city, known as Modern Rome.

Rome has a peculiar fascination to all foreign peoples to-day, just as it had at the beginning of our Christian era. That fascination never flags; the interest engendered never wearies. Referring now to my last (an eighth) visit to the city once so delightful to Cæsar and to Cicero, I found it just as attractive as at first. More so, indeed, because to learn to know Rome well is to begin to love it with a kind of deathless affection. There is something about the crumbling ruins and newly excavated pavements, the grand old Colosseum and the dilapidated Forum, the crooked Via Sacra and the straight Via Appia, the numerous arches, the baths, in fact all that lie on and between the Seven Hills and on the surrounding Campagna, that allures, captivates and holds in permanent thrall. The more one reads of their history, the more one cherishes every odd bit of recovered marble and every ancient inscription. Yet that history was as cruel as it was splendid; those stones were as pagan as they are now pathetic. Why is it that there are charms in fallen greatness? We do not care for Lucifer as an evil power, but we do cling with surprising tenacity to some of the magnificent arts with which he has endeavored to garnish the world!

If you want the best introduction possible to Rome, view it the first day from an eminence or two—the Pincian Hill, first; then the Janiculum.

Let us stand, first, on the Pincian. It is the most northerly of the hills of Rome; not one of the ancient seven, and yet more ancient, perhaps, than either of the seven, because the uplift of the earliest geological epoch of this locality. It was covered with gardens in the days of the regal period, and so it is yet. Here and there are residences of descendants of Medician and other "barons" of the Middle Ages, who in vain essayed to follow the example of Lucullus in giving feasts to modern Ciceros and Pompeys. Lucullus's Pincian villa on this hill was one of the sights of Cæsar's day. Now there are chiefly mimosa and shrubs, cypresses and pines, statues and bas-reliefs, and a charming driveway. It is where on an afternoon the band plays, parents and children clamber for an outing, and the rich ride to be seen of those who cannot go out except on foot. The Eternal City lies magnificently at our feet, and, if the day be clear, the horizon does not stop until it touches the Mediterranean sea at Ostia. Two great round buildings stand up most prominent in the westerly line of vision. The one is the Castle of St. Angelo, once a tomb of six pagan emperors. Its glories have departed, but its grand massiveness still attracts the interest of passers-by. The other is the Cathedral of St. Peter's, superb monument to the living King of Kings, the lordliest church in Christendom; "the grandest edifice ever built by man, painted against God's loveliest sky," Hawthorne once wrote, when viewing it from this very mount. Beside it are piled up the irregular, ugly, massive buildings known as the Vatican, wherein sits the ecclesiastical monarch whose subjects are in the ends of the earth. To the left of St. Peter's is the Janiculum Hill, on which we shall stand next. Neither was this one of the Seven, but, like the Pincian, it was an afternoon

playground, after it served its purposes as the mythical home of Janus, the sun-god, and after Numa, the first Sabine king of Rome, "like the darlings of the gods in the golden age, fell asleep, full of days," and was buried there with the books of his sacred ordinances in a separate tomb. At the foot of the hill Julius Cæsar had his gardens, but I doubt if he ever had time to enjoy many exquisite sunsets from their western slopes. He was too busy with his conquests and "Commentaries" to enjoy himself in such a manner. The convent of St. Onofrio, to which the gentle Tasso came to die, is almost the only relic to be seen upon the top of the hill, but there is one of the finest drives upon it ever made in any city, and an equestrian monument to Garibaldi, which is as great a work of art as he was a leader. You see it as a silhouette against the horizon. The trained eye will take in on the nearer side of the Tiber the buildings which form the Ghetto, or Jews quarter. The ancestors of these Jews were brought to that precise spot as slaves by Pompey the Great, when he captured Jerusalem and dared to penetrate into the Holy of Holies. It is, to-day, the only thoroughly disagreeable place in Rome. On the right of this is the Farnese Palace, built of travertine quarried from the Colosseum and long the residence of the exiled Bourbon kings. That church, a little nearer, S. Andrea della Valle, was on the site of Pompey's Theatre, where great Cæsar lost his life by those cowardly assassins. Nearer still rises the Pantheon, the site of the temple of all the gods in the days of Augustus Cæsar, later a Temple of Justice in Hadrian's time, the oldest unruined building in the city, the burial place of Raphael, Victor Emmanuel and King Humbert, the grandest type of an antique temple—simple, solemn, audacious, splendid. The

Augustus Cæsar, in Boyhood.

column of Marcus Aurelius stands there in the Piazza Colonna, tall and majestic, where it has stood and defied the revolutions and struggles of full seventeen hundred years. Down at our feet is the Porta del Popolo, the north gate of Rome, through which monks, saints, bishops, priests, statesmen, kings and victorious armies have gone out toward Gaul and the great north country, when Rome was pushing her conquests and, later, her religion toward France and England and the countries of the Huns and Visigoths. Until the iron horse came to the city all travelers from the north entered through that gate. And can you not now almost see Luther there, just within the arch, before the obelisk which nearly marks the site of Nero's tomb, crying out as he bowed to the ground: "I salute thee, O holy Rome; Rome, venerable through the blood and the tombs of the martyrs!" and then, on a later day, leaving through that same portal, a changed man because of the steps of that sacred staircase in the Passionist Monks' convent, where he had arisen from his knees to cry: "The just shall live by faith!" His presence at that gate marked the gray dawn of the Reformation. That tall obelisk at our feet was at Heliopolis thirteen hundred years before the birth of Christ. Augustus Cæsar brought it to the Circus Maximus ten years before the star stood over Bethlehem. There it stands, like its companion at On, erect, unchanged and unchangeable, solemnly silent through all these ages, but witness to most remarkable transformations in nations, peoples, customs and religions. The four fountains at its base laugh in the sunshine and play in the darkness, but the old monolith above them shows no sign of weariness, no impatience; in extreme heat or shivering cold it exhibits a repose alike impenetrable and everlasting.

But we must rest a moment. The eye and soul may weary. Let us drive across to that Janiculum Hill and, on the way, watch the peoples and their homes, and prepare for another stretch of the vision and the imagination.

A half-hour it takes, and we are rested. Now stand on the open space near the convent of St. Onofrio and see away off to the left the Pincian Hill, where we have just stood. And see now, what we could not view then, all the Seven Hills of ancient Rome. Some of them seem almost joined together. Some are so crowded with buildings that the demarcation between hill and ancient valley is scarcely perceptible. But there they are: the Quirinal, Viminal, Esquiline, Cœlian, Palatine, Aventine, Capitoline. Really the city of to-day is upon ten hills, for the Pincian, Janiculum and Mons Vaticanus are included within what is the modern metropolis. We see now many things we did not discern from the Pincian, but only upon one may we linger for more than a moment. It is that miracle of slave labor, that mausoleum of barbarity and ferocity, that monument to kingly power and to martyrs, known wherever the history of the empire has been read, or the "faith once delivered to the saints" has been proclaimed—the Colosseum. The afternoon is the best time to see it, for it is just far enough away, as the sun shines upon its reddish travertine, to appear to be, as it is, in the silent repose of death rather than in the exultation of conquest. It has had its day: blessed be God for that. It gave crowns to the saints when it made widows and orphans of the best families within the walls of the city of the Cæsars, and in that way it effected conquests by which the slain were the victors. Ruined, and yet grandest of all things in decay. It looks as if Nature in one of her upheavals had

tossed it there in harmony of arches, in poetry of seats and thrones, in rhythms of stone and marble; its daily song one of sorrow, its evening canticle a hymn of death. Strange juxtaposition—the sin that was and the beauty that is; the horrid, iniquitous history of the Past and the sunshine and beauty of the Present. We look, but we do not realize what all that heaped-up, ruinous travertine means in the history of Rome and of the world. But there is so much more to see from this vantage ground than those rose-colored walls of the Vespasian amphitheatre. There is the Capitoline, with its old associations and its present masterpieces of Greek art; the Palatine, with its cypress trees and the ruins of the palaces of the emperors; the Quirinal, crowned with the more modern Palace of the King of Italy; the round Mausoleum of Augustus Cæsar; the Basilica of St. John Lateran; the Column of Trajan; and scores of other antique and recent churches, palaces and buildings of all descriptions; a vast city, old and new, creeping up over the hills, crouching close together in the valleys; a mighty city, still pulsating with life, growing as if it had a fresh impulse toward, and a rebaptism into, its ancient name of "The Eternal City." Jerusalem and Athens have scarcely a half-score each of important memorials of their glory, but Rome is crowded with her venerable relics, and, while they also are growing again slowly into large cities, the "Mistress of the World" is overleaping its Middle Age barriers in every direction, and from such a height as this presents a goodly and a glorious spectacle.

Which leads me to say that whenever I revisit Rome I am more and more interested in two prominent facts that are always presenting themselves with ever-increasing force. The first is, the tremendous jumps forward which Rome has made as a modern

metropolis. It is more observable than any other one thing. Noble private dwellings of granite, well-paved and perfectly clean streets, a municipal government and police second to none elsewhere, and universal evidences of thrift, came in soon after the ingress of Italian unity and the egress of Papal sovereignty, and they came to stay. It is wonderful progress, and its culmination is still in the future. I look upon Rome as unequalled in its future outlook by any city within Catholic dominions. The second is, the new discoveries being made, every year, in the Forum Romanum. The houses of the Vestal Virgins, the Regia of Cæsar (i. e., Julius Cæsar's public and official, and, it would seem, his private residence), the site and surroundings of the Comitium of the Senate, the Arch of Peace of Augustus Cæsar, the equestrian statue of Domitian, the Springs of Juturna, a prehistoric necropolis, the chasm into which the brave Marcus Curtius made his leap on horseback B. C. 362 to placate the gods, and similar spots around which controversy so long centred, are now not only fully identified and thrown open to public inspection, but adjoining churches and dwellings contiguous to the Forum have been purchased by private benefaction and their sites are being excavated; and so the whole area of this ancient meeting-place of the people is soon to be brought to light.

This Forum, the very heart of old Rome, so palpitating with interest, is too vast a subject to touch even lightly. How I always enjoy an afternoon in that uncovered space of ground, scarcely larger in size than three or four modern city blocks, yet the focus of everything stirring in Roman history! That excellent lecturer, Professor Reynaud, does his best to bring back to life the very people who thronged there day after day during the centuries when it was the grand-

est meeting-spot on earth. If one thing here more than another may be suggested as most attractive, perhaps it is the ancient Rostra, where the orations of Cicero against Cataline and Verres, the best speeches of Julius Cæsar, himself no mean orator before he took the field as general, and the palliating address to the people and assassins of Cæsar by Marc Antony, delivered over Cæsar's dead body, were pronounced. Each great Roman pleader and orator—Cato, Cæsar, Hortensius, Cicero—seems to stand there pleading some great cause before the jury of the Roman Senate or the Roman people. There, in front of the Rostra, are the holes in which were fastened the beaks of the vessels captured in victorious naval combats, an inspiration to valor and to patriotism. Can one not still hear on that platform the silvery cadences, the round periods, the polished invectives of that master of all orators, as he calls to the bar the Prætor of Sicily and impeaches him in words memorable through all the ages! He had produced the proofs and now comes the climax. Hearken to him: "O name of Liberty, sweet to our ears! O rights of citizenship in which we glory! O laws of Porcius and Sempronius! O privilege of the tribune, long and sorely regretted, and at last restored to the people of Rome! Has it all come to this, that a Roman citizen in a province of the Roman people, in a federal town, is to be bound and beaten with rods in the Forum, by a man who only holds those rods and axes—those awful emblems—by the grace of the same people of Rome!" Who can wonder that Verres was dumb before such language and ignominiously fled from his accuser. But alas, alas! Against that same rostrum Antony nailed the dead head and hand of this one greatest orator of the ages, while a wicked queen spat in his still face and pierced his inanimate

tongue with a pin she had worn in her hair. It was the irony of fate, and Rome was never so great afterward. The downfall of Cicero marked the beginning of the destruction of the best forces that were in the empire, the best wealth in the possession of the people.

I try never to omit, when in Rome, to see in its present position in the chamber of the King's Cabinet of Advisers in the Spada Palace the colossal statue of Pompey the Great:

> "And thou, dread statue! yet existent in
> The austerest form of naked majesty;
> Thou who beheldest, 'mid the assassins' din,
> At thy bathed base the bloody Cæsar lie,
> Folding his robes in dying dignity."

Few statues in Rome are so well identified, for it was found, when search was expressly made for it, just in the spot where the historian Suetonius said it stood when Augustus had it removed from " Pompey's Senate House," after the conspirators had there stabbed Julius Cæsar to the death. The populace were frantic with grief that the greatest chieftain of his time had been cut down in the plenitude of his power; so they burned down the Pompeian Curia, but the statue was unharmed and Augustus removed it to the spot where it came to light in 1553. It is a grand work. Roman sternness is enthroned on every line of the face. The right hand, extended outward, gives the figure a most commanding air, and the ball—the round world, as it is supposed to be; and who shall henceforth say that the ancients did not know the world was round?—in the left hand, typifies the extent of his conquests. As a relic of the most tragic scene in the history of the Eternal City prior to the days of the martyrdom of the Christians, it is of priceless interest.

Neither do I ever miss the sitting figure of Moses,

the lawgiver, the masterpiece of Michael Angelo, in the Church of S. Pietro in Vincoli, which as a Christian church is believed to date back to 109 A. D. Pope Julius II., as if his remarkable deeds might not give him enough glory after death, sought further immortality in his tomb, and Angelo began to design that monument during the Pope's life on a scale almost matchless for its hugeness. Moses was to have been one of forty statues, of which four were completed. And here it stands, as much an incarnation of the master sculptor as a transcendent figure of the Hebrew lawgiver. Its long, flowing beard to the waist, its horned head and deep-set eyes, its awful solemnity and noble dignity, cannot fail to impress any lover of great art. Full of strength and power, of sternness and sadness, its very contrariety of expressions, as one gazes at it, now from this side and now from that, stirs up the deepest feelings in one's nature.

So, too, I like to examine again and again those early Fourth Century mosaics in the Church of S. Pudenziana, representing Christ with his apostles and the reputed daughters of Pudens—Praxedis and Pudenziana. A comparison of these with the Ninth and Eleventh Century mosaics in other churches in the city will prove highly instructive, to say the least. That Christian artists, so early as within three hundred years after the scene on Calvary, constructed such mosaics is at once a wonder and an inspiration to faith. These men, who lived so near to the times when the lives of the martyrs were being sown as seed for the Church, had the most serious conceptions of "The Face of the Christ," but those conceptions were not of the horrible, nor of the feminine; they were of the tender and sweet, the benevolent and calm.

The Church of S. Clement, whose basilican form is

the most ancient and best preserved in Rome, with its three different edifices one above the other; with its first church built in the Fourth Century on walls of Republican times, and with early frescoes running over a period of seven centuries, should on no account be passed by. Whether or not the active fellow-laborer of Paul, Saint Clement, and the faithful Pudens, in whose house the Apostle Peter may have been entertained, lived on the sites where these two last mentioned churches are standing, or not, the interiors are among the most quaint and solemn in Rome.

But the great church of all, of the three hundred and sixty-five more or less in Rome, is and always will be St. Peter's. Say what one will of the superior grandeur in this or that respect of other cathedrals, there is a superb finish and solid wealth of marble in St. Peter's, which are astounding. The Renaissance never gave to the world a more gorgeous temple than this of the Holy See. One enters it each time with feelings of mere babyhood. Surely it was intended only for worship by giants, or by beings of untold wealth. It is a palace, rather than a cathedral. Yet there are always to be seen within, kissing the toe of St. Peter and kneeling before the High Altar, some of the humblest peasants of the Valley of the Tiber. Whatever else Rome does or does not do, she interposes no barrier to the worship of God and the Virgin to the plainest laborer, or the most illiterate beggar. Once I had the unexpected felicity of hearing sung, at the vesper hour of half-past five, the special Te Deum to express the gratitude of the Catholic world for the recovery of Pope Leo XIII. from a dangerous surgical operation. I stood up three-quarters of an hour in rather painful anxiety, because of the crush, before the music began, but when it came it stirred me through and through

with its solemn sweetness and its heavenly expressiveness. I saw an audience of at least twenty-five thousand gathered in this colossal structure. Everyone stood, for there are no seats. There were men, women, children, and even dogs in the waiting assembly, and every person was sympathetic, reverential. When, after the first outburst of organ symphony and the rising and falling cadences of the boy choir, the one clear, high note of the leading soprano—a eunuch, with voice closely approximating the feminine—came upon the ear, I knew at once this was what I had been waiting for. It was the one flash of the lightning that revealed all the spirits of the vast chasm of St. Peter's; the one star of the night which was the Sirius of groups of suns. Mere choral strength is grand, if the subject is majestic and the inevitable dissonances are overridden by a Niagara of sweet concords; but in a vast cathedral like Westminster, like York, like Notre Dame, like St. Peter's, when the storm of sound is past, and the one clearer, higher and sweeter angelic note is struck by the solitary singer, the effect is indescribable. You then feel, as if with actual touch, the hush of the assembly and—diviner still—the hush of your own soul. The "Te Deum" may have been for the Pope, but it ministered wholly to the spiritual in my own inner consciousness. I have heard a more enrapturing voice in the stillness of Westminster Abbey, but I never was so impressed with the power of the human singer to calm a multitude of men and women as when this high-keyed euphony penetrated to and through the thousands upon thousands congregated in St. Peter's. One other time during the service the effect was equally marked. It was when the whole audience joined in singing the responses to the prayer of praise. Not a voice seemed

to be forgetful of the words or of the moment for their use, and the rise and fall of those sonorous Latin sentences of song were like the musical waters on the shores of a great sea.

At another time the reading of the Papal bull by one of the Italian cardinals was one of the surprises I had in store. It was in 1899. The next year (1900) was to be the Jubilee Year and Leo XIII. had prepared in advance the usual bull to be read to the people, proclaiming the fact. A bull is first read at St. Peter's, and the same afternoon it is similarly proclaimed in the vestibules of various other basilicas of the city. I happened in upon this day when a bull had been issued for the first time in a quarter of a century, and the great bronze doors of St. Peter's were opened, and the public passed through them. There was first High Mass, as it was Ascension Day and a holiday. This occurred about nine o'clock in the morning. At eleven o'clock there was a stirring of feet toward the vestibule, where several rows of seats had been placed in front of the central bronze doors for the accommodation of the various priests of the Cathedral. A number of cardinals appeared, and one of them stood up on a platform before a reading desk and read the bull from a red morocco-bound copy. It contained thirteen engrossed pages, but two or three of them were skipped in the reading, which occupied full twenty minutes. Before the reading, the bells of St. Peter's rang out together, and again at its close. The audience independent of the priests numbered, perhaps, three or four hundred—all who could get within sound of the reader's voice. One clear "Viva Leo!" or something like it, was heard from the lips of one of the audience at the conclusion of the reading, but there were no other demonstrations. It

was then, when all was finished and the robed priests returned into the Cathedral through the bronze doors, that I had the opportunity to walk through them.

Multitudinous are the things to be seen in this old, old city, and a month is none too long for a single visit, if one desires to obtain, either for a first time or a tenth time, a real insight into the marvels of historic associations that crowd into every spot where the imperial eagle once had sway. I cannot linger on them further, for books and books have been written about them, and will be, while men travel and the world swings on its course. Only two great memorials more, both outside of the city walls, must claim attention in this chapter; for the rest let the reader take up the works of Crawford, Story, Dennie or Hare, and in them he will catch the marvelous meaning and glamour of the Roman city as it is to be viewed to-day.

It is a little beyond the ordinary avenues of the hurried sightseer to turn from the old historic paths to a plain and unconsecrated cemetery outside the ancient walls, to find who might be buried there. It is strangely in contrast with the scene just beyond the high stone fence that separates this lonely and lovely spot from one of the ancient arterial roads leading into Rome. Along that way had traveled all who visited the capital from the port of Ostia, and it was a way which led out to the finest basilica outside of Rome. The spot is close beside the Pyramid of Caius Cestius, which was a tomb, and is as intact now as it was before the birth of Christ—the only pyramid in Italy. That pyramid guards the beautiful and quiet English, or Protestant, cemetery as a sentinel of the Cæsars. Do you remember how in Shelley's "Adonais" is described this spot:

"A slope of green access
Where, like an infant's smile, over the dead,
A light of laughing flowers along the grass is spread."

Is it any wonder that on this very slope lies Shelley's buried heart? "Cor Cordium," is the record, "8 July, 1822.

"'Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea change
Into something rich and strange.'"

The grave of John Keats is within sight, in an adjoining plot of ground. The two poet-friends should have been lain side by side. Keats' death-date is February 24, 1821, and the words engraved by his desire upon his tomb are these: "Here lies one whose name was writ in water." The sculptors Gibson and Story, a co-author of "Guesses at Truth," and John Addison Symonds, are each to be found resting here under the cypress trees and the violets. A shady, solemn, quiet, beautiful spot it is, its surroundings breathing the air of the classic ages that have preceded.

Passing out of Rome by another way, one enters upon the ancient Via Appia. It should be in or after midafternoon, as the breeze will then be springing up, and the high west walls along the way will cast cool shadows over the road. That was the very hour, in fact, when of old the crowds went forth on the same road on Roman holidays. Then they left the Colosseum, forsook the many temples, deserted the Circus Maximus and the Forum, and idly mused at the tombs of their dead friends, as they proceeded toward the great Baths of Caracalla. On this Via Appia we press the very stones which a greater than an Emperor once trod, the Apostle Paul, with his associated band of faithful friends, whose teachings one day were to overturn the whole earth. That Via Appia, after the Via

Capitolinus and the Via Sacra, was the most sacred way to the Romans in all their dominions, for along it their household dead were buried. And it was the longest straight road, the best also, in the world. Its paving stones of lava blocks are still *in situ*, though almost all its mausoleums have been pulled down and destroyed, while the human ashes within have gone to mix with the gray, warm earth, out of which now blossom the daisies and bloom the corn.

No matter from whence the Via Appia first started, we are sure we are upon it as we pass by the site of the old Porta Capena—formerly the great door which led out of Rome to the south, now not even a ruin—and discern before us that straight road leading on and on and up, over the Alban hills and out of sight. When blind old Appius Claudius, Censor of Rome 312 B. C., laid out this road a hundred and twenty-five miles in length, and two chariots wide, he founded what became later one of the mightiest forces of Roman power and splendor. When the Cæsars took it on to Brundusium, the seaport of Eastern Italy, three hundred miles away, it was in straightness, length and general beauty the most renowned road of the world, and was entitled to its early honorable name of "Regina Viarum" (the Queen of Ways). It still stands there, straight as an arrow, two carriages wide, and, in places where men have taken the trouble to uncover it, with its original pavement of lava blocks intact. You could not mistake it for any other way out of Rome if you wished. Whence did those lava blocks come? Or, when not lava, where were the stones quarried? The adjoining country has no lava beds and no quarries yielding such stone. Wonderful engineers those old Romans; none like them before or since.

Yet here are but few of the monuments and

mausoleums of which we read in Horace and Ovid, Martial and Cicero. Those tombs, with marble encasement and deep-cut inscriptions, helped to beautify the fashionable drive out of the Eternal City, and also to glorify the revered dead. One can see, now, walking over those very stones, the weary prisoner who had appealed to Cæsar in his defence, and whose long journey was about to terminate. How his eye took in the long reach of monuments which lined the roadway, white and shining in the sun; how he read the more prominent inscriptions, the names unfamiliar to his ears, but with panegyrics such as Roman citizens had used even in ancient Tarsus; and how he saw in those inscriptions not one word referring to God, or to Immortality! As Rome has thrilled us, so a hundred times more the Rome of the Cæsars must have thrilled him. It was the world's capital and in the height of its glory.

As we go pursuing our way, we soon discern to the right those tremendous ruins known as the Baths of Caracalla. Massive, picturesque, suggestive. Nearby, to the left, various little churches; churches named after the martyrs; churches named after John the Evangelist and Peter, whose lives are supposed to have been somehow connected with scenes which were transacted on those very spots. Now the Tomb of the Scipios, and chief among them the renowned Africanus, who conquered Hannibal. Here is the Arch of Drusus, who died in his campaign on the Rhine. We are now by the entrance to the Catacombs through the Church of St. Sebastian! What a world of thought surges within as we think of what those caverns of the dead were in the time of the living! Off to the east the long reach of ruins of the Circus Maxentius. Next the beautiful and immense tomb of Cæcilia Metella,

"the stern round tower of other days," visible for miles in the distance. Happy the wife of Crassus, so rich in life as to deserve this splendid monument after death. The beauty of the Via Appia is distinctly increasing. We emerge from behind stone walls lining the roadway, and there are on either hand uninterrupted views of the Campagna. All the way to the Sabine and Alban mountains stretches out the Latin plain, of greensward mostly, and crossing it from the mountain springs the long and strikingly artistic Claudian Aqueduct.

Let us stop here. The fresh air invites rest. It is a mournful place if one's thoughts are given over to sympathy for old ruins, but a bright and eloquent abode if one mingles with his reflections the breath of the fresh atmosphere which surrounds the New Rome and the New Italy, of which Emmanuel and Garibaldi were the fathers.

XII.—THE HOME OF SAINT FRANCIS.

THERE MAY have been men braver of heart than St. Francis of Assisi; more conscientious in their humility, more devoted to acts of mercy, more thoroughly natural in simplicity, more whole-hearted in an obedience to the inward Voice; but, if so, the records of earth do not disclose them. We may not penetrate into the ledgers of heaven, but, so far as the books of this world go, one of the brightest names on their pages is that of the model ascetic, Francis Bernardone. Rich man's son, troubadour, fashionable youth, folly-clothed knight, "instigator of evil," lover of worthless companions, until he passed his twenty-fifth birthday; then, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, as it were, like Paul on his way to Damascus, he saw his Lord athwart his pathway and was changed from sinner to saint. It took a severe illness to bring his Divine Leader before him, face to face, but, when he once saw the indescribable light of that marvelous countenance, his regard for the possessions of wealth instantaneously melted away, his own gay apparel turned into a single raiment and a cowl, and his soul began slowly, but surely, to shine forth as a new star in the firmament. As a feaster, idler, singer, or soldier—and in his earlier years he was all of these—he would never have been heard of outside of Assisi. As a rescuer of men from the bondage of iniquity, a pattern of unselfishness, the founder of an order which revolutionized the religious irreligiousness of Southern Europe, he became the most

Statue of St. Francis, Assisi.

glittering light in the night of the darkest period of the mediæval ages. With his spouse "Poverty," he set an example for kings! For over seven hundred years the memory of St. Francis has been kept green by men who have tried to walk as he walked, though failing to attain to his humility or saintliness; and by women also, who, at the merest mention of his name, have shed tears and counted themselves happy to draw near to his hallowed tomb.

To understand St. Francis one must visit Assisi. To understand Assisi one must know fully the life and labors of St. Francis. The two are inseparable. Beautiful in situation, Assisi would stand little show of being honored by travelers in comparison with its once-hated, stronger and more enticing neighbor, Perugia, except for the fact that St. Francis gave to the plainer town the renown that will never desert it "while grass grows and water runs." Related so closely to, dominated and transfigured so gloriously by, the life of that wonderful character, who was too great to be counted a mere monk and too humble to take the name of bishop, Assisi is, to-day, one of the most interesting religious centres of Italy, and none visit it save in reverence and affection. In art it has little, save in one convent church, to arrest the attention; yet what are paintings or statuary when the actual life of a real, heroic saint gives forth such supernatural color and glow? Even Perugians go up to Assisi. So the Romans of Cicero's day went up to Athens, not that Rome was less great in power and wealth, but that it had no gods like those in and around the Acropolis!

It is a four-hours' railway ride from Rome to Assisi, in the summer a hot but yet an attractive journey. It goes by Borghetta, Narni, Terni, Spoleto and Folig-

no, each spot having much to interest, aside from the natural beauties of their localities. At the beginning the railway follows the valley of the Tiber until beyond Borghetta, where it parts company with it, and pursues its way a while by the river Nera, past Narni (where the Emperor Nero was born) to Terni, which claims to have given birth to the historian, Tacitus. It is only four miles from Terni to where may be seen the Marmore cascades, formed from the waters of the Velino valley and among the most entrancing falls in Europe. Of them Byron says in a bit of his immortal "Childe Harold," fourth canto:

> "The roar of waters!—from the headlong height
> Velino cleaves the wave-worn precipice;
> The fall of waters! rapid as the light
> The flashing mass foams, shaking the abyss;
> The hell of waters! where they howl and hiss
> And boil in endless torture; while the sweat
> Of their great agony, wrung out from this
> Their Phlegethon, curls round the rocks of jet
> That gird the gulf around, in pitiless horror set."

Spoleto has nearly eighty thousand people. Illustrious in the days when Hannibal found it invincible to an assault (B. C. 217), Spoleto is most famous now for having the tomb and the masterpiece of the painter Fra Filippo Lippi. Michael Angelo's visit there in 1556 was thus recorded in one of his letters: "I have just been visiting, with no small fatigue and expense, but with great pleasure, the hermitage of the mountain of Spoleto. I have scarcely brought the half of myself to Rome, because one only finds true liberty, peace and happiness amid such scenes." Spoleto is in one respect like Assisi; it is on a hillside, not crest, and above it on the summit stands a castle. Foligno comes next, with little more than a tenth of the population of Spoleto, but it was an important station on the

Flaminian way in Roman times and is yet of commercial and especially of military importance. For two and a-half centuries it contained one of the greatest works of Raphael, the Madonna del Foligno, and this of itself makes one wish to see the Convent of St. Anna, which was long honored by the presence of this masterpiece.

On arriving at the railway station at Assisi, in the valley, the walled town seems to be rather distant, and, in fact, by the windings of the road it is at least two miles or more away. Its great double church and monastery of San Francisco stands up and out against the sky like an impregnable citadel, at the extreme end of the city. Far above it on Mount Sebastio is the castle, not defiant now as formerly, because shorn of its strength, but well-preserved in its ruin and full of Middle Age history. Shall we go directly up the hill and penetrate into the compactly built city, now of less than four thousand people? It had probably five times that number in the Twelfth Century, when in its glory. Or shall we first turn aside to see the magnificent structure in the valley, built over the little Portiuncula chapel, where St. Francis first started his brotherhood; where he cut off the fair locks of Santa Chiara, gave her the brown habit and the black veil which separated her from the world, and "set in order" her life, destined to sweeten all Umbria for years after; the spot where he died, in absolute poverty, while in the full flood-tide of his fame, at the early age of forty-four. Perhaps it is well to follow the years of St. Francis backwards; go first up the hill and spy out the grandeur of his tomb in the monastery-church; visit the place of his labors at the Convent of San Damiano on the southern hill-slope; then go to the humble Portiuncula in the valley, within the massive structure of the

church of St. Mary of the Angels, and there muse over the little chapel, which he loved first and loved last with such unspeakable devotion.

Say what one will of the inspiring genius of St. Francis, he left off his ministry where he began it, in the humblest possible surroundings. If the great white convent and church now above his bones in Assisi overtop in situation the gorgeous but vacant valley Cathedral that surrounds and hides from the sunshine the little bit of a chapel where he felt nearest to heaven, these were not of his doings. He desired no marble mausoleum, no canonization, no pretentious basilica, but received all these after his death, in spite of his known wishes, because of the devotion of nearly the whole world to his superabounding goodness. Few men created so much enthusiasm in life, and fewer still after death, as this epoch-maker in Christian living and Christian thinking. Had his wishes been followed, Assisi would to-day be without the building which is its pride, and the valley below it would not have a temple, whose elegance testifies to the riches that so easily flow into churches in Italy from the innumerable gifts of both wealthy and poor.

I do not know of anything prettier than the view of San Francisco as one ascends the Subasian hill. It is a monastery, within which is a double church, an upper and a lower. Above the church lifts a huge, square tower. But it is the colonnaded monastery itself which gives chief grandeur to the whole foreground of Assisi. Its front reminds one of the Claudian Aqueduct on the Via Appia, but it is more massive and more picturesque. Its irregular base-lines just fit in with the indentations of the hillside. In its western portion an upper tier of arches is superimposed upon a lower. It is not white, as monasteries so

often are, nor red, like the brick of which it is in part composed, but a warm orange hue, or "flesh-color," in some hours of the day, and at all hours it is mellow, tender, inviting, lovable. When it first came into my vision it looked like a sturdy giant, asleep; strong as a rugged Trojan, but asleep. Uninhabited save by a few monks, who are permitted to remain there until they die, it is now a solitary mausoleum to its saint. Yet in its day—and that day was one of six long centuries—what monastic history was enacted within its walls! Then suppressed as an ecclesiastical domicile and power, it became a relic; a gloriously beautiful, but dead relic, resting on its well-earned laurels, as quiet and self-contained as the Pyramids. Immense in its frontage to the plain, it swings its circling walls over against the valley with an air of majesty that commands the august reverence of even the heartless as a splendid memorial to St. Francis and his fellows, whose lives were wholly devoted to seeking out the lowest and most outcast of earth and making of them men. It is not known who was the architect of San Francisco, but he deserves a monument higher than the Eiffel Tower, for his work, from a merely architectural point of view, was as unique and interesting as any ruined or unruined building in the whole history of mediæval Italy. We do know this, that to "Elias, Brother," as he was called in his day, the survivor of St. Francis and real master of the order after the saint passed away, we are indebted for this immense memorial to the gentler St. Francis. The monument was strongly in contrast to the humble spirit of the one to whose memory it was erected, but what Assisi would have missed if Elias had not persevered and brought to a conclusion his ambitious end! Now all day long "the varied group of church,

arcaded convent and terraced gardens is showing its beauty to the sun. In every light it is beautiful. . . . When the winter mists of early morning wrap round it like a mantle, or the stars form crowns above its roof and bell-tower, there is always some new loveliness which thrills us, some fresh note of color not noticed there before, making us again and again feel grateful that Elias forgot or ignored the teaching of his master."

The hotel at which one naturally seeks quarter is the "Subasio," kept by Signor Rossi, who is himself an enthusiast upon whatever is historical concerning the sleepy town. It is a good hostelry. The view from its back windows and from the steps that lead to a terrace below is as fine as any to be had except from the top of Mount Subasio itself. I shall never forget the evening on those steps, when the full moon swung over the valley of the Tiber, and the lights came out here and there one by one in the early twilight, like fireflies, and then as quickly disappeared; for the natives of Assisi and neighborhood go early to bed in the summer days, and are as early to rise in the cool of the morning. Yet one fascinating, bright row of quivering arc-lights to the west did not disappear; they were on the crest of Perugia, where, long after Assisi and its environs were asleep, the busy multitudes in the main piazza were wandering about as if it were noonday, gossiping and promenading like modern Parisians. The difference between the two communities does not show plainer than at eleven at night, when in the one spot stillness reigns, and in the other, fourteen miles distant, on a hill of the same altitude, everybody is awake to enjoy what is called "life." The one place seems scarcely of this world; the other

is wholly of it, though in location equally far up toward the heavens.

The " Subasio " hotel directly adjoins San Francisco, so that it is but a step from one's breakfast room to the interiors of the monastery and the double church. There being worship in progress in the upper church, I visited the lower first. It is a beautiful building within, with entrancing frescoes and inlaid marbles. Tombs of a queen of Cyprus and of dukes and other important personages are to be seen, while every chapel is full of interest. Frescoes abound that are famous, all of them. But the Tomb of St. Francis himself is the chief object of curiosity and veneration. It is in the crypt beneath the high altar. One is permitted to descend into this crypt, and to see the overwhelmingly rich shrine, with its sixteen columns of jasper and marble, that encloses a part of the solid rock in which his sepulchral urn was found in 1818, and the stone sarcophagus in which his remains were then placed, after their secret hiding for six hundred years. When St. Francis died his body was hid, lest other towns, especially Perugia, might discover and remove it. It was hid so deeply in the bowels of the lower church after it was constructed that not one of the Assisans, unless he were of the few in the secret, knew where to find it. The proof that this was true is that during the centuries preceding the Nineteenth many vain efforts were made to find his tomb. Galleries were driven in different directions in the rock below the basilica, but all attempts failed. But in 1818 it was determined by the ecclesiastics of Assisi to make sure that the body was within their keeping; accordingly they labored for fifty nights, secretly, below the high altar, removing first many blocks of travertine, taken from the early Roman walls of the city, and fi-

nally the body was found. " Round the skeleton," says the latest writer on Assisi,* " were found various objects, placed, perhaps, by the Assisans, who in this seem to have followed the custom of their earliest ancestors," (the Etruscans), " as offerings to the dead. There were several silver coins, amongst them some of Lucca of 1181 and 1208, and a Roman ring of the Second Century, with the figure of Pallas holding a Victory in her right hand engraved on a red cornelian. . . . Bishops, cardinals, priests, archæologists, even one king, came to see the sight. And then the bones were reverently put to final rest in a sarcophagus, and round it lamps were set burning, and the joy was great that the treasure had been found."

As one returns from this dark crypt into the lighter edifice above, he finds the high altar is not set about with adornments, such as may be found in any similar church. Instead, he finds a groined vaulting, whereon Giotto, head of the Italian school of painting, matchless fresco-worker, with superior skill and wonderful mastery of his subject, had depicted those four scenes illustrative of the vows of the Franciscan order, which show his abilities were at the zenith. Giotto, " first and strongest painter of his time," and quite as great in architecture as in painting, had not known St. Francis in the flesh, nor had his master, Cimabue, but both knew well men and women who had talked with him and had loved him, and none could be better fitted to depict his life and character on the cold walls of this remarkable double church than were they. Cimabue had wrought work here which was painted over later and is lost, but of what remains there is a Ma-

*Gordon's "Story of Assisi," (1900), a most charming work and by far the best guide to the Franciscan monuments of that place.

donna as sweet and inspiring as any to be found in any fresco of that early age. Says Ruskin: "To this day, among all the Mater Dolorosas of Christianity, Cimabue's at Assisi is the noblest; nor did any painter after him add one link to the chain of thought with which he summed the creation of the earth and preached its redemption." Strong language, but the work stands there to-day, admired by all who love high Christian art, and far will be the years when this Cimabue ideal will be surpassed for beauty or meaning.

Yet Giotto was greater than he. In this lower church and also in the higher are frescoes that would enrich forever any artist of the present who could conceive and execute them. I shall not undertake to catalogue them—any guide-book will do that—but among them are those so well-known that merely to name them is to recall their wonderful outlines to every casual student of high art; for example, "The marriage of St. Francis with Poverty," "St. Francis giving his cloak to a poor knight," "St. Francis renouncing the world," "St. Francis preaching to the birds," etc. One of the most beautiful of the series in the upper church is that of Santa Chiara taking her last look of St. Francis, in which she stoops to kiss his dead body, while a small child has climbed into a tree and throws down branches to strew before his bier. Independent of these wonderful frescoes, both the lower and the upper churches are marvels of art. Everywhere in arches and friezes, in colorings and figures, are high ideals put in concrete stone and pigment. One hardly knows which church is the more attractive; they are both perfect, and so curious altogether, especially in the very idea of superimposing one great basilica upon another equally great church edifice,—as if one were not sufficient to honor the God who so honored St. Francis

as to call him from his low estate of riches and selfishness to his later high estate of poverty and charity. There is something of interest also to be seen in the solitary monastery itself; but let us hie away to San Damiano, to the south of the town, far outside from the city walls and half-way down the hill.

San Damiano is a chapel, small and so lonely! Not a habitation near it, as I remember. There is a steep pitch of hill to reach it, but, when reached and entered, there is the quiet of a tomb. One or two caretakers are there, but that is all to show that life still hovers about this tender habitation of Santa Chiara.

Let us pause at the threshold long enough to get a clear idea of what San Damiano is. How old it is as a chapel site, no one knows. But it stood there before St. Francis' day, and he it was who repaired it, by begging bricks wherewith to do it from door to door in Assisi. These repairs he made in order that the first woman to join his society, whom we are calling Santa Chiara, (Chiara Scifi, her name was, the daughter of a noble of Assisi), might, with her few companions, have a centre for prayer and holy living. It is of burning interest, the story of the conversion and dedication of Chiara Scifi to the cause St. Francis had espoused. She was destined by her father to marry a wealthy young man, and she was a woman not only of talent and sweetness, but of unusual beauty. "Her face was oval, her forehead spacious, her complexion brilliant, and her eyebrows and hair very fair," said an early writer. This was when she was twenty, and it was in the same year that she first heard St. Francis preach, or at least first listened to him with all her soul. The year was 1212. He was thirty years of age, had just been received at Rome by Pope Innocent III. and commissioned to carry on his lifework in

peace, and he was preaching Lenten sermons in the little Assisan church of San Giorgio, which the Scifi family attended. Chiara and her sister Agnes were pricked to the heart's centre by his eloquent appeals to return to the true paths of Christian humility. Chiara, first, and her sister afterward, sought out St. Francis, and begged him to permit them to follow his new mode of life; to be espoused to Poverty and to Christ for all their days. No threats of the titled father were availing; he could not draw these sisters back to the world. St. Francis had not provided for an order of women in his scheme of work, but now he accepted at the hands of the Benedictine monks, from some of whom he was securing recruits, and from all of whom he was receiving brotherly aid and good wishes, the present of San Damiano chapel. He rebuilt it. And so it came to pass that for forty-one years Santa Chiara —she was soon so saintly that it hardly needed her death to give her the title of saint from all who heard of her —lived there, founded an order of women, called the "Poor Ladies of San Damiano," but afterward "Poor Clares," which was the astonishment of the religious world, and died there, August 12, 1253, the noblest character of her age, and one of the purest and noblest of all ages.

Let us enter San Damiano and tread lightly. It seems as if it were vacated by Chiara's gentle spirit only yesterday. It is said not to have been changed since that evening hour when her sweet soul went out with those exquisite last words, so often quoted. She was speaking softly with some one. "Mother, with whom are you conversing?" said one of her companions. "Sister," she replied, "I am speaking with this little soul of mine, now blessed, to whom the glory of Paradise is already opening." It has not

changed, indeed, since that day when some detestable Saracens were marched through the country to pillage, and when, from the window over the round arch, facing a little court, (the same with the ledge above it), she raised the Sacrament up as the soldiers were on a ladder to enter her room, and " they fell back blinded." It is just the same, we may be sure, as when St. Francis himself was borne by brawny men, his dearest companions, up from the valley of the Portiuncula, where he had died, and by a path just below the city wall, to this convent, when Santa Chiara and her religious sisters, in their moment of deepest grief, had the iron lattice opened and the body of St. Francis held up by the friars, so that one by one the nuns could kiss his helpless hands. That window was then closed, " never again to be opened upon so sad a scene."

The part first entered is the chapel proper, black with age, and with at least one fresco attributed to Giotto. Four relics of Santa Chiara are preserved here and are very touching. The one is her breviary; another her bell; another the alabaster pyx (containing the Host) which she used when she repulsed the Saracens; and the last a cross which had been the property of S. Buonaventura. A little room called the " Choir of Santa Chiara," in which the forty-eight nuns of her order worshiped during her lifetime, is even more interesting than the church itself, for here are the same well-worn desks, and the plain wooden seats used by these good sisters, day after day, for nearly half a century. The refectory, with a low vaulted roof and worn oak tables, is also absolutely unchanged. Here St. Francis once dined with the nuns, in order to comfort, encourage and advise them. He was not a priest and could not receive their confessions, but he could—for he was a law unto himself in such

matters—at least visit them once in awhile to help them and be helped by them. Upstairs is the dormitory, where in one room all the nuns slept, and out from it is the one tiny room where Santa Chiara died. I went also into the "garden," which she called her own, and where roses and other flowers are yet found, planted by faithful hands who do not forget her. It is so small; only a yard or two square; and is shut in by walls, except at part of one side, but it speaks volumes of what love her heart contained for some of the fragrance that, in her childhood, must have been distilled from the roses about her father's door.

Some base men or women in the world have impugned the motives of St. Francis in visiting Santa Chiara and her sisters at San Damiano, and have likened his regard for her to that of Abelard for Heloise. But those of their time knew better. They knew, as we know, by unmistakable evidence, that it was one of the sweetest of friendships, used wholly to promote the service of Christ, and that the commonplace elements of earthly love never entered into it, even as a semi-conscious factor. It is perfectly clear, from all the testimony of those competent to know, that he was a brother and she a sister in a cause infinitely more dear to their hearts than either as an individual was to the other. When will the world come to understand that it is possible for men and women to work together with such masterful ideals that they even forget each other in the processes that are working out some masterpiece in the loom of life?

Back again into the city. The Church of Santa Chiara, as it is called, naturally comes next. It is her tomb. Not a wonderful edifice, but with the chapel of San Giorgio (which was a church until it became included in the larger edifice of Santa Chiara) containing

much to impress, and, most memorable of all, the one relic of Santa Chiara's own serene face to venerate. San Giorgio was where St. Francis preached when he converted Santa Chiara. To it his remains were brought and interred in a stone urn until San Francisco was ready. Accordingly, when the "Seraphic Mother," as Santa Chiara was often called in her life and after, also passed into eternity, the Pope, who was in Assisi to attend the dedication of San Francisco, decided she should be buried in San Giorgio, and, notwithstanding the protest of the nuns, who desired to have her body remain at San Damiano, there was a removal of it to San Giorgio. The procession was long and the tears numerous, and the burial, like that of St. Francis, was temporary, in a funeral urn. Soon a new church, to be named after her, began to arise around San Giorgio. In a few years it was finished and San Giorgio, of sacred memory, was allowed to remain within it as a chapel. A reëntombment took place, and this time the body was securely hid. No one knew where to find the body of Santa Chiara until 1850, six centuries after her death. Like that of Saint Francis, it seemed as if the angels had carried it away to some unknown Pisgah. One day a search disclosed it. How pretty the story of the finding is: "Five bishops, with Cardinal Pecci (the late Pope Leo XIII.) and the magistrates of the town, were present at the opening of the sepulchre. The iron bars which bound it were filed asunder, and the body of the saint was found, lying clad in her brown habit, as if buried but a little while since; the wild thyme which her companions had sprinkled around her six hundred years ago, withered as it was, still sent up a sweet fragrance, while a few green and tender leaves are said to have been clinging to her veil." A procession was formed and to the joy-

The Body of Santa Chiara, Assisi.

ful pealing of bells, because of the discovery, the body was borne, " little children dressed as angels strewing the way with flowers," to the Cathedral of San Rufino, to San Francisco, and then back. The present sanctuary for its final disposition was made, and the body was placed where it could be seen and " venerated by the faithful" in after ages.

" Venerated by the faithful! " I could hardly put myself in the category of the " faithful," but I looked with almost moistened eyes at the fair, waxen face, the saintly sleep, of this godly woman, lying in a glass case, upon a bed of satin—her head propped up, as it were, so she could be the better seen, with her two veils thrown back, and her brown garment in folds close to her body. No one doubts—there is no reason to doubt—that here is the real Santa Chiara; the identity of her person has never been disputed. In one hand she held a book, in the other an artificial lily, with small diamonds shining on its stamens. Ordinarily there is a curtain before the tomb, which is in a crypt, with gratings to guard, and Italian marbles and Egyptian alabaster to adorn, the spot. Only one attendant, a nun, stands behind the grating when it is desired to see the fair, dead face. She gently draws back the curtain, and a dim light shows the wan and beautiful countenance of her who in life was so pure and so noble, "as the very angels of heaven." I have often stood by " relics," even of bodies of centuries-old men and women, in other churches of Italy, quite unmoved; but I cannot conceive of anyone being a spectator, untouched, before the sweet figure of Santa Chiara, she of " the oval face and clear brown eyes," whom the painters of her day had placed in fresco on the walls of this same church, but the original of which is so incomparably fairer and more lovely! Nor even

before the reliquary near, containing those long flaxen tresses, cut off from her by St. Francis when she first took from his hands the veil.

The Cathedral of Saint Rufino is large, striking, with delicate columns, immense rose windows, curious doors, the central one being greatly ornamented. The inside, however, does not compare in architectural worthiness with the outside. Its bell-tower dominates the central part of Assisi, and a statue of St. Francis in bronze without, a counterpart of one in marble within, both modern, presents him in a characteristic attitude of devotion.

Assisi has no great paintings now—scarcely a handful, indeed—though it attracted to it in the centuries succeeding the days of St. Francis great artists. It has the portico of the Roman temple of Minerva, with six Corinthian columns, utilized as a front to another church, and before it is the opening—in nearly the centre of the street—to the ancient Forum, dingy and roomy, but without anything remarkable about it, though always shown to strangers. There are other Roman ruins, but, except the places already described, there are only two more spots of real human interest in or near Assisi, and these are both connected with St. Francis.

The one is the Hermitage of St. Francis; the "Carceri," then called, not a prison but a lonely home; a building in a cleft between hills about two miles out of Assisi, amid the arid rock of Mount Subasio. Unfortunately, the extreme heat of a fierce July sun prevented my visiting it. It was where Francis retreated when, as a young convert, he wished to obtain absolute quiet and solitude in order to pray and become ready for his great mission. It is said to be a "hermitage" in the strict sense of the word, where, far from the

sound of any human voice, he could come and live a short time in isolated communion with God." Whenever he longed for unbroken solitude, here he walked and meditated and prayed. The other is the Chapel of the Portiuncula, mentioned at the opening of this chapter, where he gathered around him his friends, and established his order.

St. Mary of the Angels is the church that encloses the Portiuncula; a pretty name, and it is a glorious edifice. It is an immense church located down on the wide plain, built to enclose, "as a casket encloses a jewel," that small Portiuncula, which now seems but a toy within so great an edifice. The church covers much ground, and has a cupola and a bell-tower that may be seen for miles in every direction. It was not built until the latter part of the Sixteenth Century, but it is a vast and magnificent pile, without any large body of worshipers except on special occasions, when for leagues the peasants come to it and kneel on the cold floor in token of veneration to their much-loved saint. It has frescoes of genuine power, a charming altar-piece by Luca della Robbia, a court wherein bloom roses that are supposed to have miraculously sprung up where there were thorns, side chapels with much ornamentation, and, outside, green spaces, shade trees, warbling birds, and the warm sunshine. All these things prove that the spot is precious to the Assisans and to the Catholic Church, which recognizes its indebtedness to the one wonderful man who reformed Assisi and all Umbria in the few short years of his saintly life. The centre of attraction, however, is that little chapel in the church's centre, whose square sides are ornamented with paintings and blaze with many colors, but whose interior, black with age, of plain stones and old, carved, wooden doors, is a

unique specimen of very ancient architecture. When this tiny chapel was built at the first it was in an oak forest; its date is uncertain. Some say its foundations were laid in the year 352. In the Sixth Century it is known to have been repaired by St. Benedict, and was then first called "Santa Maria della Portiuncula" —Saint Mary of the Little Portion. It was half in ruins when St. Francis asked for and obtained possession of it in 1211, and from that date until his death it was, for him, the most sacred spot in or near Assisi. Close by it he died, in a tiny hut, now also enclosed within a small chapel of the big church. Here his heart was buried, because his heart was set on this ground and not on any spot in the city above, which looks down on the plain. One may see here his monastic cord, and a portion of his bed.

And so at this church, very near the railway station, let us take our departure from Assisi. The fields spread out on every hand filled with corn, vine and olive in abundance; there is a rustle among the leaves of the trees, as the soft midsummer zephyrs blow across the plain; there are colors in the clouds, and between them the wondrous blue of the Italian sky. As we leave the earthly hermitage of St. Francis, his own gentle voice seems to come floating down from the heavens above, in dove-like, pleading tones, as if from seraph lips, commending to us forever this humble chapel of the Portiuncula: "I will that for all times it be the mirror and good example of all religion, and as it were a lamp ever burning and resplendent before the Throne of God and before the Blessed Virgin."

The Portiuncula of St. Francis, Assisi.
(Within the Church of St. Mary of the Angels).

XIII.—PERUGIA AND SIENA.

SIENA, AT PRESENT with a population of twenty-four thousand, and Perugia, containing about eighteen thousand people, were once many times as populous, and vied with one another in the works of Art—chiefly of "Art upon canvas"—which each possessed. To this day the citizens of each municipality imagine their own city to excel all others in attractiveness of location and also in materials for studying the growth of local painters of the pre-Renaissance in art. Each city realizes, however, that the Philistines—popes, cardinals, emperors—carried off to larger capitals the best specimens of Duccio, Martini, Peruzzi, Lo Spagna, Francia and others of the lesser note, as well as those of the masters, Sodoma, Perugino, Raphael and Pinturicchio. Probably, at the first, Siena dominated in the quantity of its paintings, but Perugia (after Perugino was there) in quality. Perugia, as the student well knows, was the centre of the Umbrian school, and Alunno was its founder. That school, however, was short-lived. After Raphael—whose teacher was Perugino—learned from it and broadened it, it gradually died out, or, perhaps, it is better to say, it became merged into those of the larger schools. Neither the Sienese nor Perugian school had sufficient vitality in itself to reach a first rank, and both lost what individuality they had before the end of the Sixteenth Century. As to the pictures left to-day in the two places, I should say that now, as formerly, Siena has more canvas to show than Perugia, but in quality Perugia surpasses.

Quaint Perugia itself is to-day, as always, *facile princeps* in situation of any hill city in Italy. Its location is simply magnificent. As viewed from the valley below, or as furnishing a view of that valley, its location is of the first order, with few equals in the world. Although four thousand miles from it as I now write, I can see it there on its noble hill, regal and superb, queen on an emerald throne; an eagle in the empyrean; an angel, once of war, with her bloody sword of centuries unsheathed, and later of peace, with the same sword hanging harmless by her side, always gazing with fairest eyes over the valley known as the Umbrian paradise. The view of this same valley from Assisi is as charming as an imaginary Arcadia, but from Perugia one's eye has a grander sweep; it sees more beautiful harvest and orchard pictures; it is encompassed by wider ranges of historic mountains and monuments. And the hill itself, on which the city stands, is so rich in verdure! "As green as England and as bright as Italy," said a writer, and he knew the meaning of those words "green" and "bright." On this hill are such well-preserved, handsome, clean-cut, artistic buildings, that you feel, when you are there, that you are not in an antique capital, but in an up-to-date, civilized community. Some things remind you of the earliest, but more of modern, days.

Go out with me beside the "Brufani" (one of the most comfortable hotels in all Europe), or look out as I did for a long time from one of its upper windows, and what a "garden of God" is before you! I know of no finer scene toward the sunset hour. The Vega from the Alhambra is fully equal to it in the morning, but lags behind when the twilight of day approaches and the evening sun has not yet set. Then the panorama is as bewitching as an Arabian Night's

dream. Over yonder, a brief distance only to the eye, though a dozen miles in a straight line, is that sleepy, saintly city of the founder of the Franciscans. It lies on a high hill like Perugia, and what history of one man and his order is wrapt up in it! To the right of it, Spello; Spello, with its ancient walls and interesting, even fascinating, views of the Umbrian plain; Spello, mediæval, unspoiled Spello, where Pinturicchio left so much of his genius. A little more to the south is Bevagna, the actual town hidden from view, it is true; but who does not think of the locality as the trysting-place of St. Francis and the birds? What a love match that was, when this holy man held convocation with the birds as his listeners and talked to them on the plain—perhaps just where we see the hill pushing down toward the Tiber yonder—and called them "my little brethren." Books have few such gems, human speech has rarely reached such pathos, as came into literature when this wanderer from Assisi found there that day the troop of fluttering rooks, doves and bull-finches, and told them how much he loved them, and how in gratitude for living they should praise God. "Stretching out their necks, opening their beaks, and spreading their wings, the birds listened while they fixed their eyes upon the saint, and never moved even when he walked in their midst, touching them with his habit, until he made the sign of the Cross and allowed them to depart." So said the chronicler, and who shall say the legend has no truth? Then Foligno, with its towers sunk into the plain; despised Foligno, where Niccolo Alunno painted saints and angels so divinely fair. Behind Foligno, ilex woods, and hill upon hill beyond them, each tipped in the shimmering sapphire of the struggling mists that already begin to arise with the evening and make a curtained taber-

nacle for the descending sun. Next Trevi. One should visit Trevi, if only to drive out to that exquisite Temple of Clitumnus. Roman work, perhaps; perhaps semi-Christian; described by Pliny when in its glory, and then by Byron. Nearer, just beneath in fact, but extending on far past Foligno, is the rich, vivid green valley of the Tiber, into which a hundred mountain streams pour during the winter; their beds now dry as a desert, but those beds distinct as ribbons of brown on the larger patches of emerald. Patches, indeed; the meadow-fields and the impinging harvest-fields, waving with yellow corn and full of umbrageous oaks, are in lots and plats, none so large that every industrious laborer might not have one for his renting if he will; for there are no nobleman's estates going to waste in Umbria. All the shades of the yellows and browns and greens troop here into vision on this hot, late and now wind-sown afternoon. Hot though it be, the strong wind toys with the foliage and the corn, and who knows if a thunder-shower may not be near?

Now turn westward. Siena is to the far west, out of sight, for the eye cannot make the long sweep of sixty miles over intervening hills. But there are ragged and rugged, seamed and scarred, towering and cloudless mountains girding its lonesomeness, and the spaces between exhibit every kind of lofty tumblings of earth-billows, in every conceivable position of tired restlessness, waiting for the night to give them rest and peace. Far to the north and east rise other hills, ascending and ascending to meet the serrated backbone of the Apennines, some portions of which are even yet in June white with unmelted snows, but most of which are dark with sullen pines and heavily-garmented chestnuts. How wonderful that, as the shadows of evening deepen, this entire panorama of moun-

tain and plain still holds its variegated charms! But the glorious Oriental colors are toning down: the browns becoming browner, the greens gray, and the gold of the yellows putting on coats of silvery alloy. The winds have become zephyrs and then hushed; the voices from the hills, of laborers and shepherds, grow fainter and have wholly ceased; the last rosy glow of the evening fades into dim starlight. One is ready to arise and say: 'The vail of Darkness, and also of Silence, will rest here, not fitfully but finally, until the sunrising.' Not so. Wait an hour; wait two hours. From out the little round window on the upper floor of the "Brufani" look with me again upon the same panorama which the Darkness had seemed to cover at the curfew bell's call. The pall has lifted. There, again, is the fascinating Tiber. There are the numberless adjacent hills, the meadows, the oak trees, the harvests, the olive groves, the vineyards, the far-and-near patches, not revived to green but distinct and velvety. There are the storm-stained mountains. Above them is a sky as unflecked as the waters of the River of Life; as soft and purple as the Mediterranean of the Riviera before Eza; and in the midst of it the round, white, peaceful guardian of the night's scene, the "silver-footed moon." High up it walks over the Apennines, lighting all the miles and miles between us and the farthest rim of space. Here and there are the brightest of the stars, her sweetest sisters, shining with a brilliancy that proves we are in the land of song and story, in far, fair Italy. How soft the night air is! How deliciously cool after the palpitating, furnace-heated day! The zephyrs that were put almost to sleep are roused again, and toy with the curtains of the windows, and grow yet stronger. Soon they blow like an autumnal gale, awaking from their sleep every blade of grass;

bending as nuns' heads the delicate flowers in the pretty gardens. Perhaps there is a thunder-storm arising in the distance. Anyhow a miracle has been wrought and the landscape is awake again. Can one ever forget the moonlight revivification of this enchanted ground? Lights in the valley, lights in the heavens; waters scintillating in the strangely weird moonbeams; the beds of worn-out streams twisting about as black serpents; fields showing anew every division of verdure; hills growing into giants; mountains putting on colossality and piercing anew the sky! Can you wonder I could scarcely go to my night's repose for the prospect? And this was Perugia, the home of Perugino, the tutoring-place of Raphael, the foe and conqueror of Assisi. Etruscan capital once; capital of Beauty now; always the unique, the incomparable!

Perugia was one of the twelve ancient cities that formed the Etruscan Confederation until its surrender to the Romans, B. C. 309. So its continuous history has been much over two thousand years. There is little in it to-day, however, going back of the Middle Ages. The gateway, called the Arch of Augustus, from Augustus Cæsar, but partially Etruscan, is almost the sole relic of very early times. That gateway has towers on each side of it, the lowermost portions of which are also ancient, but the upper parts modern. As that arch is of travertine, uncemented, some of the blocks being four feet by eighteen inches in length and width, and as, with the later additions made to it, it stands up seventy feet above the pavement, it is a most interesting relic. Almost all the walls of Perugia are intact. Some parts of them are perhaps three thousand years old; all melancholy monuments of sanguinary days. Perugia, as the reader knows, was

always a fighting place; a city where frequent and most bloody massacres occurred; and its armed men usually knew how to do battle bravely. The term Perugian was never synonymous with the word "coward."

Near the "Hotel Brufani" is the Piazza Vittoria Emanuele, as it is now called, by no means the centre of the city, and yet the centre of its evening life. Everybody goes there in the light of the sunset hour, and later, to hear the news and to enjoy a promenade. The main street, called the Corso, runs out from it to the north. Upon this street are the main buildings that interest a visitor, including the old municipal building, the picture galleries and the Cathedral.

The Cathedral is famed, but does not compare in beauty with that of Siena. Being upon one side of a square, with the old municipal building upon the other side, both battle-worn and full of stirring associations, one naturally loves to linger around the spot and drink in memories of stirring historical events. The municipal building (the Palazzo Publico) is much the better preserved of the two great structures. Indeed, that must look now precisely as it did when it was the palace of the popes and the rendezvous of the nobility. For five hundred and fifty or more years it has stood, impassive to the most interesting events of which this Umbrian capital was the centre. What occurred within its walls and without on this square reads like fiction rather than sober prose. One who studies over Fabretti's "Chronicles" of Perugia's inner history leaves off the perusal as in a dream, or a nightmare, and wonders whether it is a work of the imagination or is solid fact, so strange and thrilling are the events. As the more recent "Story of Perugia" describes it: "It was here that the people of Perugia fought and judged, preached and repented, loved maybe, and most cer-

tainly hated. It was in this little pulpit above our heads that S. Bernardino preached, and saw the books of necromancy and the false hair of the ladies burned; here that the Podesta and the people received ambassadors with deeds of submission from terrified neighbouring towns. On the spikes of the railing round the fountain one set of nobles stuck the heads of others whom they hated, whom they slaughtered; and down those steps of the palazzo opposite the great procession of the Priori came on days of solemn ceremony, and up through the dark gateway of the Canonica the Pope and all his cardinals passed in when they arrived from Rome. Truly the spirit of the past history is not dead. It is painfully and supremely living. The Piazza di S. Lorenzo on a December night, with windstorms hurrying the sleet across its great grim walls, is more absolutely filled with the *terribilita* of humanity than anything we ever realized."*

Singularly enough, the Cathedral in times of war was the fortified spot, the barricade, the heart of defence, rather than the palace. It is simply now peaceful and ugly. Naked brick work is never artistic and such is the general outside appearance of this historic monument. It was intended to face it with marbles, but prosperity did not last long enough to enable the Perugians to carry out their design. Within it has a little more presentability; a few good tombs, some beautiful wooden choir stalls and a fine altar-piece. But no one can deliberately fall in love with the Cathedral of San Lorenzo as a work of art.

It is in the old Chamber of Commerce, adjoining the Palace, where the celebrated frescoes of Perugino are to be seen. Perugino's name was Vannucci, but,

*Symonds and Gordon's "Story of Perugia", p. 109.

when nine years of age, he was apprenticed to the trade of an artist in Perugia, near which he was born, and from this city he took the name by which even his contemporaries knew him when he achieved his fame. I was at first somewhat disappointed in these frescoes. Yet it is apparent that, considering the time in which he worked and the originality he exhibited, he made a bound beyond his immediate early contemporaries, as is easily seen by comparison with other painters of his day in this very city and also at Siena. There are also over thirty more works of this same master in the regular Pinacoteca, which is not far away from the Chamber of Commerce, at least three of which have great reputation: the "Nativity," the "Baptism of Christ," and a Madonna. Raphael was a student of Perugino's at Perugia, but the city seems to possess no important work of his, executed either in his younger or later life, if we except his earliest fresco in the convent of S. Severo. What he performed here is now scattered over Europe.

Of the Pinacoteca, containing perhaps two hundred separate paintings, I can only suggest that artists will find it more interesting than the general public. For Perugia it is a most worthy collection. But after Rome, Florence, Venice, the Louvre, it seems tame, perhaps because mostly removed from what is modern taste. As a study of what was contained from the Thirteenth to the Sixteenth Centuries in the churches and suppressed monasteries of Perugia, and as exhibiting the beginnings of Umbrian art, it is of great, if not transcendent, importance. But the ordinary visitor turns away from it fatigued with repetitions of "flat" surfaces on the canvases; of Madonnas, saints and angels, who were, as a rule, neither handsome nor intellectual, and he sighs for the "gems" which are in

the larger capitals of Europe. The fact is—and this remark applies to various other collections of paintings in Europe—these altar-pieces, which most of the better class of paintings are, were never intended to be wrenched from their original settings behind oratories and in tiny chapels, where the "dim religious light" of day, or that of many candles, made them fitting, expressive and tender representations of gentle reverie and pious worship.

There are some fine convents, smaller churches and chapels within and just outside the city limits of Perugia, well deserving of a visit and of careful study; especially the Church of San Pietro, erected about the year 1000. But, after all, it is not these, nor the so-called house of Perugino, nor the interesting Museum of Antiquities, nor the paintings, frescoes and antiques which make Perugia such a delightful spot in which most travelers like to spend, not days, but weeks and weeks. It is its wonderful views and its equally wonderful atmosphere, and, added to these, its cleanly dignity as a city. It is a place full of quiet nobility. You feel at home in Perugia, as if on classic ground, and it is a thoroughly civilized place. So far as it is antique, it is rather Greek than Italian, reminding one of the heights of Athens, but without ruins and lacking no good thing for comfort. Its atmosphere is as pure as the summer breezes, or the warm winter sun, can make it, full of glorious translucence. There is said to be no wind of heaven in its vicinity that passes Perugia by; no opalescent beam of sunshine that does not descend straight upon it and kiss away its morning mists and nightly chill. Be this as it may, I found it as a city altogether charming; a rose among many Italian flowers; a coronet of ever-varying atmospheric and architectural colors.

If I have not called attention to the Etruscan sepulchres, which are near to Perugia and which deserve from every traveler a personal visit, it is because I could not see them. Time, but especially the sun, forbade. I happened to be in Perugia in July, when a wave of intense heat was breaking records on the thermometer and it was unfit to drive out of the city, even for two hours.

It is a long railway ride on a hot day to Siena, which is at least eighty miles from Perugia by rail. The route contains, as I remember it, only one solitary spot where there is plenitude of bloom and beauty, such as would cheer a passing traveler on this lonesome way. That spot is Lake Thrasymene, where fifteen thousand Romans were slaughtered by the army of Hannibal, B. C. 217. While almost uninhabited on its shores to-day, it is almost as beautiful as one of the fair Lombardy lakes in the region of Brescia. Its still, placid waters do not look as if they had ever been witnesses to one of the most bloody engagements of ancient times. Well has the poet mused:

> "Is this the stream, thus gliding soft and slow,
> That, from the gushing wounds of thousands, grew
> So fierce a flood, that waves of crimson hue
> Rushed on the bosom of the lake below?
> The mountains that gave back the battle-cry
> Are silent now; perchance yon hillock's green
> Mark where the bones of those old warriors lie!
> Heaven never gladdened a more peaceful scene;
> Never left softer breeze a fairer sky
> To sport upon thy waters, Thrasymene."

Arnold's "History of Rome" tells the tale in the perfection of concreteness and precision. Here the railway skirts the low shore and, indeed, runs directly through the spot of slaughter. There are two little fishing hamlets near the water's edge, but otherwise

this large lake, seven miles broad and twenty-six miles round, has a desolation of reeds for its close environment. There are three islands in the lake to add to its picturesqueness, and on a warm summer day the mirrory surface, pale green because shallow, beckons hard for a plunge in, or for a sail across, the placid waters.

Siena is in Tuscany. Like Perugia, it rests high up on a hill, or, rather, on two or three hills closely joined together. It is not so well situated as Perugia for protection in time of war; not so conspicuous from the valley on the side where the railway runs. And one sees much less of it before climbing into it than after, for, while less elevated—Perugia being nearly four hundred feet higher above the sea—its back is turned away from the approach. All its surroundings are melancholy. The typical Italian vineyards and fruit lands are absent. I can scarcely describe in words the impressions the surroundings of antique Siena made upon me as I journeyed to it from bright Perugia in midsummer. It was as if I had suddenly plunged from sweetness and beauty into a region of sterility and a desert. It is just so as one continues beyond Siena northward until the valley of the Arno is reached, where, as in the case of the valley of the Tiber, fertility reasserts itself, and the vine, the olive, and the corn make glad the eye again. A "champaign" country it is called; which means that it is low, flat and unprofitable for agriculture. There are hills, here and there, however; chalky, mean, arid hills, bearing some scattering stone-pines, cypresses and acacias, but generally desolate. Nobody who can help it lives in this waste. On many of those hills, it is true, there are villages, perched there like the domiciles of the American cliff-dwellers; hamlets which have a brown, weather-beaten, mediæval look, as if storms, wars and

earthquakes had shaken all life out of them. Tombs of living people, I should say, and one wonders why such sepulchres were ever inhabited. But from time immemorial they have been occupied by somebody, and we must presume their descendants do not know where else to go.

The same sort of steep ascent which takes one up to Perugia and Assisi forms the winding roadway to Siena. Not until the last turning is made do you feel you are really in an inhabited place. Then compact rows of stone buildings line the streets, and these are as crooked as if they were originally but cow-paths. Yet you see at once that Siena has life. It is not petrified, but breathing. It is not as trim and clean-looking as Perugia, but it has more of an air of business, less of pleasure and ease. It is a walled town, with palace towers, campanile, city hall, many churches. On the whole, the first impression of it is not over-flattering. But it covers much more ground than Perugia, and its size and virility grow on one hour by hour after he enters it.

After getting comfortable for the night at a good hotel there, the " Royal," next morning I went out on a tour of inspection, and soon began to marvel at the magnitude and stability of the public buildings. Not only so, but those buildings were as artistic as imposing. One may speak in unbounded praise of the two grandest structures, the Palace (the Palazzo Publico), and the Cathedral, the latter being one of the wonders of Italy. And as Siena also had St. Catherine, what more need it possess to make her pride swell and her soul grow brave! Within and without the Palace has strength, repose, regality. Not marvelous, but simply splendidly strong and heroic looking, a triumph of permanency and genius. Its exquisite small chapel

contains fine frescoes of Sodoma. The building abounds in works by Fredi and Manetti; its hall has charming paintings by Lorenzetti, Memmi, Bartolo, Niccolo, and even by Fra Angelico, and are full of objects of interest otherwise. But its greater claim to public favor is that immense, massive, striking exterior, flanked by the one tall, square, slender tower, higher and grander than the tower of the Palazzo Vecchio in Florence, itself one of the tallest palace towers in Europe. This Siena tower—del Mangia, as it is called—is extremely tall, and so attractive from every point of view that in looking at it one grows happy over the thought that no destiny of war or time has changed it a particle from the day it left the hands of its Fourteenth Century architect. This del Mangia, finished in 1345, after twenty years of labor, may have been in its earliest days chiefly a watch-tower, like usual campaniles, but, whatever its original purpose, it stands there unrivalled as an artistic triumph, as perfect as when its builders came down from its summit and received the plaudits of the hundred thousand citizens of the city, who then moved on to the construction of a grander edifice near by, one in which to worship God.

There is an immense square before this palace, long called the Piazza del Campo. Now the modern spirit of sycophancy has changed its historic title to Piazza Vittoria Emanuele. This is the actual centre of the present city, which spreads out from this square in three sections, like a starfish, with extending bodies to the north, south and west. This piazza was once, but is not now, the promenade spot of Siena. You can see it is grass-grown and desolate. One can judge of its size from the fact that horse-races are still, or were until recently, held within it. Here once gath-

ered all the popular assemblies; here were observed the many festivals of the ancient republic. One has a sense of almost boundless immensity about this open ground, especially in the night season. And the buildings that girt it round are so royal that the mind is awed and thrilled. What has happened here? What has not happened here? This identical spot was Etruscan once, Roman once, the forum of a Republic once, but strangely Italian now. And may one not suppose it is intensely Christian, for are not all those public buildings and the city gateways marked with the cabalistic letters, "I. H. S.", as the result of the preaching of S. Bernardino?

That fountain yonder, what is that? Not pretty; a poor copy of a sublime original erected in 1419, almost five hundred years ago. What a splendid specimen of art that fountain was we know from what is left of its original in the museum and from its present reproduction. Its marine animals in the basin, bearing on their backs happy children, and its dolphins and wolves, from whose open mouths flowed such cooling, sparkling water, made it celebrated throughout all Italy. The water still flows, after its long meandering in underground pipes for eighteen miles from the outside higher hills; the children still slake their thirst from the Fountain of Gaja as did the children of the earlier prophets, builders, preachers and painters of far-away Tuscan days.

The Cathedral of Siena, standing on the highest ground in the city, still an incomplete production according to the designs of its founders, is the most finished of any thing north of Rome. It is not large, though it impresses one as being twice its real magnitude, but it is inexpressibly beautiful. "Glorious and glowing," says Mr. Hare. Exuberant with surprising

delights, I should add. It is so unexpectedly handsome! Siena, as has been indicated, is a browned old town, with little of real modernness about it, and with serpentine, narrow streets and a general plainness of things that would indicate no such superb structure near the heart of the place. But here this building stands, marble-clothed, in a fascinating habit of black and white; intermixed, too, with some red; so new in its lustre; so barbaric withal. What a facade it has! That was designed by Giovanni Pisano, in three gables, decorated with prophets and angels, rich in recent mosaics. Like the front of the Cathedral of Florence, wrought by Giotto, the curious intermixing of black and white polished marbles has a most peculiar effect.

Of the two cathedrals, of Florence and Siena, both so similar, the front of the Siena Cathedral is the more beautiful. One glance at this facade—even a ten minutes look at it—is not sufficient. There is too much to study from summit to doorway and even down to the foundation stones. Our own Hawthorne was mightily impressed by it, for he wrote with intensity of feeling, when he said in his " Marble Faun " this: "But what I wish to express, and never can, is the multitudinous richness of the ornamentation; the arches within arches, sculptured inch by inch, of the rich doorways; the statues of saints, some making a hermitage of a niche, others standing forth; the scores of busts, that look like faces of ancient people, gazing down out of the Cathedral; the projecting shapes of stone lions—the thousand forms of Gothic fancy, which seem to soften the marble and express whatever it liked, and allow it to harden again to last forever. And this description gives no idea of the truth, nor, least of all, can it shadow forth that solemn whole, mightily combined

out of all these minute particulars, and sanctifying the entire ground over which this Cathedral-front flings its shadows, or on which it reflects the sun. A majesty and minuteness, neither interfering with the other, each assisting the other, this is the true charm of Gothic architecture. . . . How much pride, love and reverence in the lapse of ages must have clung to the sharp points of all this sculpture. The Cathedral is a religion in itself—something worth dying for to those who have an hereditary interest in it." And Hawthorne, as we all know, was only given to sublimations of deep feeling " when the hour struck twelve."

It is within, however, where the real intention of Sienese art during the long period of its building shows to chief advantage. There it is, carved out of stone, one solemn, strange, quaint, harmonious gem; a rare and distinct pearl among many pearls of ecclesiastical architecture in Italy. When one is told that the whole building is but the transept of what was intended to be the church, we can believe what some one has stated, that the edifice the Sienese architect had in mind when he planned this colossal place of worship was to outrival St. Peter's. It never was half finished, yet it is enough as it is to make the worshiper within its walls feel conscious of the beauty of a perfect specimen of " architectural holiness."

Mrs. Browning once referred to the Cathedral as " tiger-striped." There are heads of popes running around the interior, and it is to them she alludes when she speaks of—

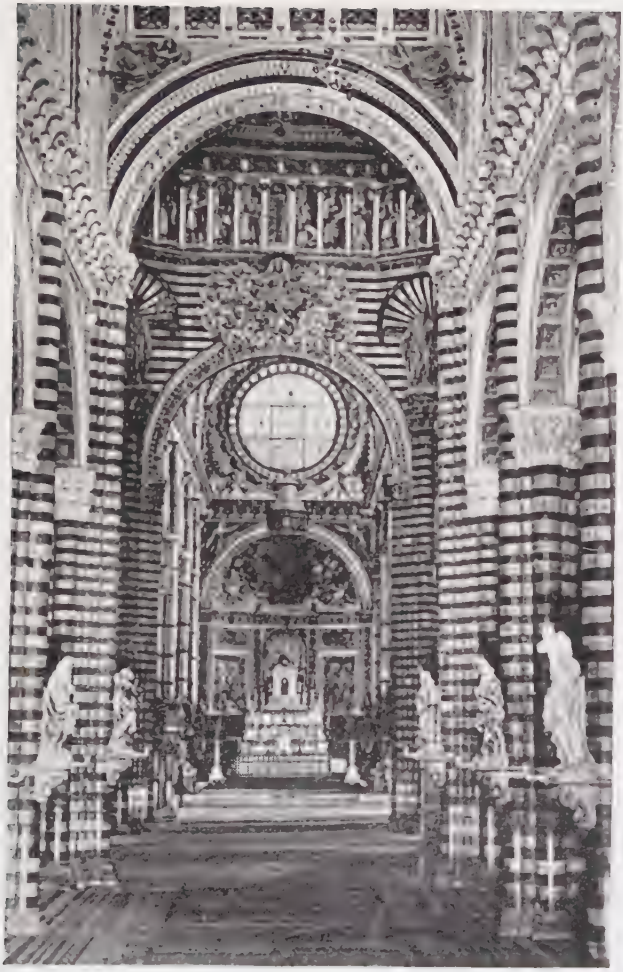
> "the popedom's hundred heads of stone,
> Which blink down on you from the roof's retreat
> In Siena's tiger-striped Cathedral."

Mr. Howells thinks that the nickname of the " Holy Zebra" might apply. While the effect of the alternate

stripes is peculiar, especially in the interior, where every column as well as the four walls is alike in this particular, it cannot be said that the impression made is unpleasant. On the contrary, it is religious and uplifting. It is an impression like that received in the still stranger Moorish temple in Cordova. One can never forget it. In my case, this Sienese Cathedral has haunted me ever since I saw it as something of unusual uniqueness and almost superhuman skill.

To one who knows the history of this Cathedral, it will appear to be a vast, rich, gorgeous monument to the slain of the days of its building. The plague came while it was in process of erection, and so severe was the death-rate that it bereft the city of three-fourths of its people. Out of a hundred thousand inhabitants, eighty thousand were swept away! This was in 1348, in the very heyday of Siena's fame. Is it any wonder that this wonderful work of art, which had been destined to outrival any church south of the Alps, but which was only beginning to show its true magnificence in transept and facade, came to an unwonted end? All that the Sienese had heart to do was to finish up what was already enclosed; and so they let it stay forever, a memorial to a dire catastrophe and to "what might have been."

What force of beauty and strength of will, what praiseworthy ardency of hope, those grand architects and painters must have had, to have begun so vast a work of art in which to worship Jehovah, we can scarcely realize in this more practical age of ours. And what they accomplished, spite of the decree of that Fate that overturned their fondest expectations, is a church of such richness that, as our Mr. Howells has well said in his " Tuscan Cities": " Trust me that if we had a tithe of that lavish loveliness in one structure in



Interior of Siena Cathedral.

America, the richness of that one would impoverish the effect of all the other buildings on the continent."

I have neither power nor inclination to go into any minuteness of description as to the interior of this one masterpiece of Sienese art. The guide-books do that. The pulpit by Niccolo Pisano, the various grotesque ornamentations, the fine paintings, the beautiful marble sculptures, the curious terra cotta busts of the popes, were less to me than the harmonized colorings of the whole. It is the *tout ensemble* that captivates one most. There are two things, however, in this Cathedral, which I especially mention as worthy of more study than is usually given to them. One is the library room, whose frescoes are by Pinturicchio, assisted by Raphael, and wherein there are sixty of those monastical choir books, illuminated and bound in vellum, the work of the Fourteenth Century and earlier, unsurpassed by their like in the world. To a lover of missals this room is like a holy place, to be entered reverently. The other is the Cathedral pavement; that inlaid work in umber and black on a white marble ground, which is now kept covered by a special flooring to prevent its destruction from the tramp of many feet, but which will be shown here and there by the sacristan when visitors desire to see its wondrous figures. Some of this work is as old as the Cathedral, and some of a later date, but it is all curiously effective. The figures themselves represent the history of the Old Testament. First, sibyls meet us at the doorway; then come the Jewish heroes—Moses, Joshua, Samson, Solomon, Judas Maccabæus—each performing mighty deeds; and then follow special incidents in the lives of Adam, Abraham and the prophets. Both men and horses are drawn in the most difficult attitudes and always with precision and vigor. The oldest pavement

is of white marble filled with black stucco; later there were laid down gray and colored marbles, but all harmoniously blend into an incomparable whole.

Not very far from the Cathedral, down a steep hill, is the house of St. Catherine, now turned into a chapel with accessory rooms. Over the doorway are these words inscribed in Latin, in letters of gold: "House of Catherine, Spouse of Christ." I saw the room she occupied; her veil, staff and lantern; the stone on which she placed her head at night when sleeping; frescoes picturing the chief events of her life; and, near by, the church in which her head is inurned, the same which is now shown as a relic once a year, on the sixth of May. Some of her bones are supposed to be scattered far and wide in other churches in Europe. The best, and certainly an authentic, portrait of her, painted by Vanni, who knew and admired her with almost passionate devotion, shows St. Catherine to have been a thin, fair woman, with small but charming face. In fact it is so realistic that one can almost pause before that picture and expect to hear her speak, as, with a lily in one hand, she gently stoops over and extends her other hand to a nun kneeling before her. The painting is in the church of S. Domenico, and is not to be missed on any account. We are told it agrees perfectly with the head itself, which is said to be so well preserved that there can be no mistaking the fact, when one gazes upon it, that he is looking into the very face of the dead St. Catherine, on whose eyebrows still rests the unutterable calm of a sleep into which she might have fallen but yesterday. In this same church, in St. Catherine's chapel, are some of the finest frescoes of Sodoma, representing her life as history and tradition picture it.

St. Catherine was a remarkable woman in more

ways than one, and to this day no biographer has arisen who can explain the phenomena of her life. The leading events are perfectly well-known, though so mystical in many details and bearings. She was so noted at her death in 1380, when only thirty-three years of age, that at once her house, as her name, was enshrined in the hearts of her countrymen, and there seems no reason to doubt the genuineness of most of the relics connected with her shown in Siena. But was she sane, or insane? Had she delusions? Were her visions genuine? She could not write, yet she dictated stirring letters, and was a power in politics and church scarcely second to the Pope himself. She mediated between cities in their quarrels, induced Gregory XI. to make a reformation in a most important church policy, preached a crusade against the Turks, won over mobs, as an angel of mercy toiled among men dying of plague, and attracted to her saintliness the attention of all Europe. "Alone and aided by nothing but a reputation for sanctity, she dared to tell the greatest men in Europe of their faults; she wrote in words of well-assured command and they . . . could not treat with scorn the voice of an enthusiastic girl." Her life was a drama of devotion, of duty and of passion for Christ; but always melodramatic, strange, Joan-of-Arc-like (yet she never drew a sword); no wonder it has always been *sui generis* and incomprehensible. She lived a hundred years and more after the remarkable age which saw St. Francis, and she was utterly unlike him in a dozen different points; yet, with less education but equal sanctity, she made almost as much of an impression on her time as he did in his. These two persons, more than any others who have ever lived south of the Alps since the days of the early martyrs, moved levers that upturned

the Italian world, and powerfully affected the spiritual aspirations and actions of millions of people throughout the whole of Christendom. Both first alike stripped themselves of everything that might be called a possession, and then built up for themselves in the lives of others monuments that will never perish. None of us may be a St. Francis or a St. Catherine, but from them we can learn lessons concerning poverty and riches, which, rightly employed, may serve to lift up human souls toward the highest heights.

The Fine Arts Institute of Siena is where so many altar-pieces, painted during the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Centuries, are to be seen, and a few of them are paintings of a high grade. Nevertheless, of the five hundred pictures there exhibited, I should speak of them in praise chiefly as being early incentives to better things. Sodoma's "The Flagellation" fresco is there, easily ranking first among his works, but even that, while a masterpiece, repels; that age was too gloomy for Twentieth Century praise.

While all these pictures and the Cathedral and the palace front, tower and square, have passed through the eye and mind, the traveler, ere he leaves Siena, will sigh for a change. He will desire green fields and fresh air. These he can secure, together with lovely extraneous views of the city, on the Lizza, the chief promenade by day and night, and the one place for driving at the close of the afternoon. It is, indeed, almost the only level spot in the city. Here the populace gather afternoons and evenings rather than in the piazza before the palace. It was not always so; it is a modern idea, perhaps, for the people to get away from grim walls out into the sunshine and freer oxygen. From this vantage ground, one can walk still further to the Fort St. Barbera, and there view gardens

in profusion, red walls and arid summits in the distance, until the impression is almost overpowering that the spectator does not stand in Siena, but somewhere in the Holy Land, where natural drought has consumed the vegetation of the hills, and where the hand of man can only by indomitable perseverance plant groves and flowers amid the rocks, and make it possible for bare and beetling cliffs to be the dwellings of civilized men.

Siena, like Perugia and Assisi, must ever remain wonderful because of its natural site and its adornments in Art. Each city, when viewed from the right point and with a reverent heart, is a perpetual miracle.

XIV.—TORCELLO—"MOTHER OF VENICE."

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, who died so recently that the flowers have not had time to bloom above his revered ashes, a man of great insight into what was mystically ornate, but withal not a poet of the first order, once stated that "the most poetical place he knew of was Fleet Street." "It differs very much," he continued, "from the slopes of Fujisan and the beautiful open sea, but there is nothing so interesting as humanity." In the last analysis Sir Edwin was right; "there is nothing so interesting as humanity;" but the humanity of Fleet Street or of the Rue de Rivoli is scarcely poetical. At all events, for some of us other mortals there are far truer and sweeter poetical notes in that "beautiful open sea," which Arnold puts into the background; the multifarious, sparkling, billowy, untamed, endlessly-musical sea, which, whenever it comes into the vision, links itself with peculiar delight, if not tenderness, to the strings of the human heart.

Perhaps the reader and I may not have the same point of view concerning the "vasty deep," which we or our friends are so often crossing in leviathan ships, but to me it embraces the most wonderful scope for thought, and has within its checkered folds the most perfect rhythms in music, of any mundane thing. I cannot express the unutterable joy I feel every time I embark on that great, unmastered, Jove-like sea, that haunts our coasts from Labrador to the Florida Keys, and that stretches out to the east to the Pillars

of Hercules and far beyond, until it girdles the whole world with its azure and seamless robe. Indeed I feel a pity for the one who, from symptoms of mal de mer or otherwise, cannot throb with the same emotions.

> "There is no music that man has heard
> Like the voice of the minstrel Sea,
> Whose major and minor chords are fraught
> With infinite mystery—
> For the Sea is a harp, and the winds of God
> Play over his rhythmic breast,
> And bear on the sweep of their mighty wings
> The song of a vast unrest."

But what has all this ecstacy over the common, every-day ocean to do with our subject? Ah! You can never put your mind in sympathy with an early Venetian if you have neither knowledge of nor love for the paths of the sea. To him the watery expanse was everything, especially as it brought to him food from its depths, and prizes and honors from its commerce, such as made his little nation famous. What the sea then was, say when Altinum was burning and the sky along the Isthmian coast was blood-red with the devastation of human habitations; when a new dwelling-place had to be carved out from the ooze and slime of the sands of the lagoons, so it has been ever since, something to inspire men's hearts to courage, men's brains to great thoughts and men's aspirations to lofty actions. Great nations and great peoples have sprung from close contact with the vastness, and from perpetual battle with the enforced commercialism, of the sea. High inspirations have been born amid the poetry and the dangers of the unknowable, eternal waters. Hence the Vikings and the Danes; hence the Angles, and after them England and Holland; hence the Venetian Republic, whose life of eleven hundred years was as remarkable as its end was pathetic.

Once upon a time, many years ago, I made my first afternoon's jaunt—it seems now such a little thing to do, but then it was an event in life—from the Venetian Piazzetta, by the rear of the Doge's palace, under the charming and melancholy Bridge of Sighs, by the Formosa church, out to the Fondamento (the borderland or border-sea of the City of Venice), and then, with two gondoliers, in gay sashes and with sharp, strong, even strokes, pushed on, like a navigator looking for the Indies, over the miles of glassy waste toward Torcello. I had seen the one fairest "Bride of the Sea," and she had come down to me as from heaven. Some of her celestial beauty was gone, it is true; it could not have been otherwise: but there was so much of it left that I was in raptures from the earliest dawn of day to the latest hours of midnight. Whoever has been to Venice knows or ought to know just what that means. And now I wished, before turning my face homeward to the prosier land of America, to see the original Bride—dear, careworn, almost effaced Torcello. Ruskin's apt phrase, "Mother and daughter, . . . both in their widowhood—Torcello and Venice," had made it imperative upon me to see the "Mother," and so deeply attached did I become to this lonely "Mother," with her robes of royalty the salt marshes and her diadem the venerable Cathedral, that again and again since I have traveled the same trackless road and repeated that unique experience. But before proceeding upon our way, let us look a little into the strange history of Torcello.

Just a thousand and forty years before the eye of Columbus swept the palm trees on the island fringes of this New World, a sorrowful people fled from burning homes, which had been located on the lowlands of the extreme north end of the Adriatic Sea since before

the days of the first Cæsar, and took shelter on those groups of islands that now go to make up the lagoons. These lagoons, as they are called, on some of which so fair a city afterward built itself upon the sands, were not always as they are now. The great God who moulded the continents fashioned them as He has many of the smaller things in Nature, by the processes of centuries. The insweep of the Mediterranean, pushing back with the might of a lion the sediment that came rushing from the Dolomites into the sea at the mouths of three rivers, each of them colossal in the winter and early spring, though insignificant in midsummer, formed bars of sand just where the islands now are. The outermost reach, now known as the Lido, was the earliest permanent barrier set up by the sea; within it, one by one, there grew the islands, at first wholly covered over with water at high tide and beds of slime at low tide. Nature robes her own children with garments whenever and wherever they come into being; even the rocks have their mosses, lichens and pines. And so these lagoons grew into marshfields, the birds sang in the tall rushes, there came up grasses and flowers, and every century there was more land and so more foundation for an imperial Republic.

When the doom of the lowland cities was struck, there must have been only a few prehistoric fishermen's hovels of mud, with rush-roofs, amid these lagoons. But the hour had come when Providence had a mission for the tiny islands and the people for the mission, and the two came together. That mission was the establishment of a civilization whose power could withstand even that of Byzantium and Genoa; a civilization which, considering its comparatively few cruelties, and, on the contrary, the large ideas of

world-power it fostered, the masters in art it encouraged, and the palatial structures and religious temples it reared, was in many respects an anomaly in the earth. The men who came in, hounded and persecuted, from the shore and inland towns, were among the bravest of the brave; they were heroes modelled after those of old Troy. If you doubt this latter, read the accounts of their naval successes, and your faith will come to you again suddenly, like the bloom of the crocuses under the March sun, and it will be, as was their faith, radiant with holy beauty. Your eyes will sparkle if you have within you any elements of enthusiasm for humanity, as you read how these simple-minded but not unlettered folk, with souls aflame, ambitions rekindled and hope new-born, left Aquileia, Heraclea, Corcordia, Altinum, and even Patavium (in Italian, Padua), and the villages between, plunged out into the lonesomeness and despair of the few islands within sight, and began to build them a habitation and a home, even a country! Was there ever before so large a population that was pushed out into and upon the waters of the sea to die, that resolved as they did to live, accomplished their purpose and constructed an unconquerable Republic? A miniature Republic, true, but one whose fame, like the sea at its feet, encircled the globe.

Torcello may or may not have preceded by a year or two the settlement on the island of the Rialto, afterward to be known as Venice. It is unimportant. As we shall see in the next chapter, Venice was settled at first chiefly from Padua; Torcello's inhabitants came from Altinum and from the cities toward the east. The punishment on the people of the mainland to which I have alluded came in 452 A. D., as the Huns marched from east to west, from Aquileia, a full hundred miles

to the east, a proud city of a hundred thousand inhabitants, near the present Trieste, through the cities I have named, to Padua, Verona and Milan. It was this barbaric march, marked by burning, plunder and massacre, to which Ruskin refers in his well-known description in the beginning of his second volume of the "Stones of Venice:" "Thirteen hundred years ago the gray moorland looked as it does this day, and the purple mountains stood as radiantly in the deep distances of evening; but on the line of the horizon there were strange fires mixed with the light of sunset, and the lament of many human voices mixed with the fretting of the waves on their ridges of sand. The flames rose from the ruins of Altinum; the lament from the multitude of its people, seeking, like Israel of old, a refuge from the sword in the paths of the sea."

How Ruskinesque and exquisite, like unto the best pictures of Turner!

There were probably 40,000 men, women and children, who fled from the avenging sword of Attila, to Torcello, Murano, Burano and kindred islands, including the Rialto, and there, without covering from the sun by day, or from the mists and chill at night, began to build up their curious *municipii*. Perhaps they did not soon call one of them a city; I doubt if they did. There were various islands, and the temptation was great to scatter among them and so give more room for bread-winning for the whole. They could fish, but they could also dig, for the soil was rich, and they could make salt. To this very day the soil of these lagoons is fertile, due, I presume, to the intermixture of alluvial deposits from the mountains with the sea's sands, to which decaying grasses and tamarisk for centuries have added fibre and virility.

Altinum was on the mainland, and from it came

the first blood that made up the young hamlets on Torcello and its neighboring isles. These people came in as paupers, and yet were peers of any in what had been the Roman Empire. Beside the Christian religion to a small degree—that was but in its infancy with them—they brought along the principles of independence, and in consequence they were never enslaved. The original names, which they gave to the islands where they sought a refuge—Torcellas, Maiurbus, Boreana, Ammiana, Constantiacum—were taken from the city gates of Altinum. These names in Italian became Torcello, Murano, Burano, Amiano and Costanziaco. With the tenderness of a mother for her children, it was not intended that there should ever be forgetfulness of the name of each babe in this bereaved family.

The largest and chiefest of these islands was Torcello; it was also in closest juxtaposition to the mainland. So that in this way Torcello, hamlet and then city, came to be. Dreary flats and ominous solitudes at first, but henceforth to be "home." For a time, I doubt not, its people and the people on the Rialto were too busy drying nets and marketing salted fish to plan for great things. They had been commercially a wealthy and high-strung people. Now inexpressibly poor, they knew what it meant to struggle for daily bread. Back toward the distant shadows of the hills they could see the sites of their once opulent homes, nevermore to be homes for them. Perhaps they hoped to return, but that hope melted like the snow crystals of April. How little they knew that at Torcello and thereabouts they were planting the germs of a new state, to rival in the number of centuries of endurance and in splendor of achievements most of the states of ancient or modern times!

Two hundred years passed along, their history unwritten, but, let us believe, full to bursting with human hopes, rising and crushed, with laughter by day and tears by night; and all the while the diverse elements of great character were being forged and welded into an heroic whole. The Roman blood coursing in their veins, intermixed with enough of the rugged strength of native elements from the foothills of the Alps, kept them allied to those central ideas of law and order, justice and equity, which had flowed in all directions from Eternal Rome; and so they started their separate towns, then cities, then a state, as if they were aiming to reproduce a City of the Cæsars on the shores of the Adriatic. But they could not have thought so far ahead as this.

I have said that they had the Christian religion to some extent when Attila crushed their former homes and temples as so many eggshells. Constantine the Great had been the Emperor of Southern Europe over a century before; at a word he had fastened a new religion on the Eastern and Western divisions of his Empire. He had seen the Sign of the Cross in the heavens and emblazoned it on his royal arms. Henceforth the Gospel was in constant conflict with paganism, and no corner of the Empire was beyond its influence. During, then, the first two hundred years of their career it must be those earnest fishermen, with the artificers who grew up with them, had some Pauls to come and sympathize with them and beg them freshly to espouse the Gospel to and for the poor. I doubt it not, for, behold, the greatest historical event that ever got down into the records of Torcello now happened. It was in 641. That year the Lombards overran the north of Italy, and in consequence there came in from the mainland some new peoples; those who had still

lingered behind for six generations, hiding themselves from occasional persecutions as best they could. They knocked for admittance at the little water-gate of Torcello (as they did at the Rialto) and with a real Paul (Paulus, still called Bishop of Altinum) at their head; and they came with relics and some treasures. Then the town had become a strong municipality, and it decided at once to found a worthy temple to the Known God. The first founders could never have dreamed of so glorious an outcome to their centuries of mourning as a Cathedral, the finest manifestation possible in art of an altar-spot to Jehovah.

One may suggest these men had no great architects among them, no master workers in mosaics, no vast amount of money. Perhaps not. But they had the true grit, which is what produces masters in any place or age. They were of the same class of men who put feet on Plymouth Rock; they knew how to develope the best that was in them in that era. They were not uneducated. Roman civilization intermixed with Greek blood and culture had penetrated, indeed had, centuries before, founded Aquileia, Corcordia, Heraclea, Opitergium, Altinum and Padua, which possessed schools, artisans, monuments to famous sculptors, refinement. Men lived in Aquileia whom Virgil, Livy, Gallus, Nepos, Catulus and Pliny had publicly praised for their knowledge of letters. Padua was the largest city in northern Italy four centuries before this inroad of the barbarians, and later, when overruled by Venice, it had the greatest University in Italy. When such men of cultured and heroic ancestry were scattered to the mountains and into the sea, their monuments, vocations and homes destroyed, be sure they carried with them what they had in their heads and hearts. They began anew at the bottom rung of life's

ladder; who can doubt they would ascend? Their descendants could do better, for they were to be richer in this world's goods. They could rebuild that temple, placing it over in Venice, naming it St. Mark's, and making it a gem for one's eyes to see and to wonder over even in this day.

When this Cathedral was finished and dedicated, and the first bell calling to prayer rang quiveringly out over the moorlands, everyone knew that for years to come—until a more bejeweled bride came to wed more publicly the imperial sea; until Venice and the Adriatic clasped hands in espousals—Torcello would be the principal home of religion among all those domiciles in the lagoons. From that day the ecclesiastical domination of all the lagoon outcasts centred in this Cathedral in Torcello. And almost as that Cathedral was then built, in 641, you may see it to-day, its alterations in no wise disfiguring the massive solemnity and artistic grandeur of a very perfect and truly wonderful House of God! There is scarcely in Italy a more ancient cathedral, save the slightly earlier and, naturally, richer and more beautiful basilicas in Ravenna, the very early home of the Christian arts, and before that time the capital of the Western Empire. The columns and altars of this Torcello edifice were brought, no doubt, from the home churches that had been destroyed; tradition says the people returned by their boats again and again to the mainland and brought whatever friezes, capitals and precious marbles they could with which to decorate their new house of worship.

From the acorn the oak. God's little providences are usually men's grandest opportunities.

And now let us go back again to the gondola that left the Piazzetta in Venice and notice with more open

eyes what we discern, as we are so noiselessly pushed along by the long oars of the gondoliers. Is there anything just like a gondola? No, but neither is there anything quite like the spot where the pulsations of several great rivers and the inflowing sea come together behind the long sand-bar known as the Lido, and, neither acknowledging mastery to the other, quiet down like a babe in restful sleep. Only in such a place of perpetual peace could a gondola find its true *habitat.* The absolute stillness of the surroundings, the noiselessness of the spectral barge itself, save the occasional plash of the gondolier's oar, make one wonder if he is on the earth or on some other planet.

We are hastening, now, in a direct line eight miles over the waste of waters. But not all a waste. Aside from the low guide-posts, which mark out the mariner's path, indicating where the water is less shallow than otherwise, and aside from the passers-by in all kinds of water-craft, chiefly of barges loaded with vegetables for the markets, there are various islands in view; you are never out of sight of all of them. On the right is the island of S. Michele, the cemetery of Venice. The dead must be buried there; there is no other place. It is an island surrounded by a high wall, sacred to those who sleep their last sleep. Lines of funeral gondolas with black flags are on their way to the place of interment and of mourning, almost every hour in the day. Next, to the left, Murano, whose settlement was doubtless of the same date as the other islands; once the wealthy suburb of Venice and also the home of the most noted glass factories in Italy. There are glass factories there still; factories which had been in Venice from the Sixth or Seventh Century, but were pushed off to Murano in the Four-

teenth. Murano's best treasure, now, is the church of San Donato, of the Tenth Century, strangely Byzantine, rich in mosaics and peculiarly unique on the exterior. Once of thirty thousand people, the population to-day is of less than five thousand. It has a so-called "Grand Canal," and many little ones. But on the whole it is an uninteresting manufacturing place, with many weed-grown wastes, and not a bit of charm in it save as its old stone houses have tumbled into decay.

Now, after passing Burano, with its tall campanile, lace factories and homes of more than four thousand people, mostly fishermen, we are heading straight for that bit of forsaken marshland known as Torcello. Only a flat island, overgrown with tall salt weeds, having a single canal, which looks at first like the only inlet, fringed with a few alders, and here and there a solitary stone house. Strange that it alone of all those island cities should have utterly passed away. In truth the city has completely vanished; grasses and tall canes grow over it, covering all possible ruins of former homes, if any, perchance, exist. Just desolation! No, not wholly desolation. Here and there are patches of gardens, and amid the grasses are delicate wild flowers. It is never complete desolation where buttercups and daisies lift their fair young faces skyward and throw kisses to the sun. Those little emblems of God's love, like the few warblers that carol daily in the bushes, have remained to give a cheerful aspect to what otherwise is singularly sorrowful.

As the gondoliers pushed up this tiny inlet I thought first of how much it resembled one of the small canals in the most uninhabited portions of Holland. And then I pondered over the great and strong men who once lived there and were contented and hap-

py. Then there flashed over my mind the poetical story of the "three mute brown babes" about whom one of our American poets had sung, only a year or two before this first visit of mine, in his poem on "Torcello." I recalled perfectly these few of many verses:

"How sweet the grasses at my feet,
The smell of clover oversweet.
I heard the hum of bees. The bloom
Of clover-tops and cherry-trees
Were being rifled by the bees,
And these were building in a tomb.

. . . . . .

"A sun-browned woman, old and tall,
And still as any shadow is,
Stole out from out the mossy wall
With massive keys, to show me this;
Came slowly forth, and following
Three birds, and all with drooping wing.

"Three mute brown babes of hers, and they—
O, they were beautiful as sleep,
Or death, below the troubled deep.
And on the pouting lips of these
Red corals of the silent seas,
Sweet birds, the everlasting seal
Of silence that the God has set
On this dead island sits for aye."

Could I expect to see "clover," "bees," "cherry-trees," much less the "sun-browned woman" and the "babes" at Torcello, or were they founded on a poet's imagination? As I drew up to the Cathedral square, which was almost the only piece of cleared ground then visible on that part of the island, it seemed as if I had come suddenly upon civilization. There was close-shaven, velvety grass. There were shade-trees and a caretaker's stone house. But, outside, only marsh-lands and a desert. Someone seemed to toil to keep in order a memorial of past ages, just to

honor the God of their fathers! Magnificent reverence, this, for things past. The square was as neatly kept and beautiful as if that day a Venetian Doge himself were about to appear to attend a festival service. Amid the greensward white clover blossoms intermingled and the busy bee was gathering honey. Up till now not a person had been visible. A place of infinite sadness because of inexpressible loneliness. Two churches there without a bishop, and having neither priest nor people. A watch-tower also, but without a watchman. Yet Bishop Paulus and his long line of godly successors were there, history states, from 641 to 1814, when at last, only the ecclesiastical edifices being left, and every inhabitant save a dozen or two having fled, the buildings were permanently abandoned to fate and to one caretaker. Think of the devotion exhibited to the principles of a self-sacrificing religion, for eight successive centuries, maintained long after all semblance of a population had vanished!

While meditating on these things the caretaker's door opened, and out came the identical mother and her three babes, spoken of by the poet. As she stood there in the doorway, the very little one nestled close up to her; the others ran forward and helped to carry the massive keys, hoping, perchance, they might receive a soldo from the stranger. They were "brown," but they were not "mute!" Sweet and tender sight; the children were just as joyous as the sunshine itself, which poured like gold out of the afternoon heavens. What did they know of loneliness when mother was near to caress and gather them under her wing?

There are now two churches and one baptistery, also a watchtower, at Torcello. Each stands close by the other. The one church, S. Fosca, probably dates from 1008, but I judge the baptistery must be almost

as old as the Cathedral. For all practical purposes both S. Fosca and the baptistery, perfectly preserved and interesting buildings, are venerable enough. But the other church, the Cathedral, dedicated to St. Mary, wherein are the Bishop's throne and the curious seats in rows, one above the other (of "the four and twenty elders" as some have stated it, really for the priests or presbyters, whose number would vary), is to all intent the very same that the Bishop of Altinum set up within this edifice in the Seventh Century.

The Cathedral within was all sunlight; great floods of it burst in through the large windows and irradiated every archivolt, pillar and capital. In this respect it is unlike nearly any other ancient cathedral. The sun brought out, too, with charming detail, the startling mosaics on the ends walls. These are so majestic, the impression they make upon you is so intense, that religious awe takes possession of your whole frame. Christ, the Virgin and the Apostles at the one end; Christ coming to Judgment at the other: those are the subjects; the beginning of Christianity, the end of the world. At this first visit I found some of the mosaics were dropping out and the children were offering them for sale to strangers. There are other curious things in this Cathedral—the delicately carved pulpit and its staircase, for example; but the reader must look over Chapter I of the first volume of Ruskin's "Stones of Venice" to learn of them.

Of course I then ascended the Campanile, put there later, say between the years 1000 and 1100, and looked off on the wide extent of seascape. The old door was first unlocked; the steps that go round and round a circle were then climbed; and at a hundred feet from the ground I found myself sniffing the salt air of the lagoons again. It comes over you all at once that

Torcello—Cathedral and Campanile.

while the tower stands—and you hope it will stand forever!—somebody could, if he would, enjoy on every single day from this crooning nest a spectacle rare in this world, and full of singular emotions; a spectacle of water, towers, sailboats, sunrises, sunsets: yet no one sees them from week to week, or month to month, save an occasional tourist. Exactly beneath are the churches, the baptistery and the museum (a small building which I had omitted to mention); they are huddled up close together as kine frightened by an approaching storm, as if the builders builded when in dire distress and sought comfort from proximity. Beside that greensward before these structures is the so-called marble "throne of Attila," a misnomer of course, for want of a better designation. It is the seat —located elsewhere, originally, but doubtless then as now under the blue sky—where the early Tribunes sat and held their court.

So much for what is left of the earlier ages. Save the few desultory, single-story houses along the tiny inlet by which I entered this square, the only other signs of life on the whole island were some straggling cattle, and a few reapers gathering salt hay. Here and there were some wee patches of Indian corn as if out of place. The fresh salt breeze brought up to the ear the sound of the sharpening of sickles, and of the voices of reapers. Otherwise only sea and desert. Here were peoples, homes, loves, marriages, deaths, laughter, tears, battles, centuries before Alfred the Great ruled Britain; and scarcely a handful of mementoes remain.

Let us look again from the watch-tower and look away from this desert island. What a waste of waters; as smooth as glass, not a ripple upon their surface. A yellowish, because shallow, sea. How the seaweeds

bend, as if weeping, o'er a score of barren islets! Here and there are seabirds looking listlessly about for food. To the southwest, see the towers of Burano, of Murano, and, far in the distance, of sweet and lovely Venice. To the north, the Dolomite Alps; the land where Titian was born, where he saw the Sinai and the Bush that kindled his genius into flame. Occasionally a bell sounds like a wailing voice of prayer. From this point on the Campanile, perhaps, the sun will go down directly over Venice, and seem to set that city on fire. How much I should have delighted to have remained and viewed that panorama of, first, the golden sheen, and then the unrolling of blood-red banners, beyond all those campaniles and domes of that marvelous city. I did see that sight when approaching Venice on the return, but not from such a vantage ground as the watch-tower of dear, forlorn Torcello!

XV.—"THE BRIDE OF THE SEA."

ON THE WAY back to the city of Venice everything seemed changed. Evening was approaching. More boats were returning from the Venetian markets; every tint of sail and every shape of canvas, the commonest-looking the embodiment of grace, met and passed us. The shallow waters, which are usually of a Nile green, tended toward grayish blue, and across them in the direction of the setting sun there was a broad band of deepest yellow. There were lovers on their way to their homes, holding each other's hands in the gondolas, with none to molest or make them afraid. There were the same long, crooked pathways of piles that mark out the courses of the deeper water in different directions toward Mestre, toward Murano, toward Port S. Nicolo. We passed fruit barges, hay barges, barges loaded to the brim with tomatoes, cabbages and the other vegetables of the season. Old men, occasionally women, or boys, were propelling them, wearing coats or dresses of many colors and divers patches galore. There were clouds in the west, gold-lined, the sun behind them illuminating the ermine and transfiguring it into ethereal beauty.

A half hour longer and the sun set just over Venice. What a sunset! Everything flamed red, as if the whole western heavens were on fire.

Hark, the evening bells from the campaniles on semi-deserted islands; the same delightful harmonies that have tolled out vesper prayers ever since these

lagoons were inhabited. Still yellow and brown and white lateen sails, but they are dusky spectres, for the night draws on apace. What inexpressible stillness! The vespers have ceased; the twilight is a reality. Now a cool breeze has sprung up from the sea, intoxicating, full of ozone, yet so balmy withal that one feels it would be a privilege to fall asleep and to sleep on forever. Here is the Fondamento at last; then the crooked canal, the electric lights, the inky corners, the "*stali!*" of the passing gondolier, the guitar, the empty melon barges starting back to the lone islands, the curious stone bridges, and then the Grand Canal.

Dear Venice, who can but love thee! Was ever an expression of the heart more true than that made by the poet who transliterated the words of the tortured son of the Doge Foscari into verse? It was Jacopo Foscari, who declared he returned from the distant province to which he had been banished, to Venice and to unmentionable cruelties, "feeling it would be worth while to undergo torture a third time to breathe once more the same air with his parents, his wife and his children:"

"My beautiful, my own,
My only Venice!—this is breath!"

Surely the world in its day did not have its like; the world in this day does not have its like. Roam where one will, breathe what air one may, when you desire to enjoy a few days or weeks free from all care, from all noise, from every burden, go to Venice. If your soul knows not only the beautiful but the really picturesque, this is your ideal. Here you may imagine your dreamed-of paradise by day, and view it in fuller glories by night, where every prospect will please and none disappoint. When the evening lights are on, and the music, and the full moon, and myriads of gondolas go

up and down the canals in startling silence, you will understand how Venice alone is the imperial centre of whatever is bright and bewitching. I am aware that some travelers have not liked this city, but they are the few. The Huns did not care for Rome except to destroy it.

I have said in the previous chapter that Venice dated from about the same period as Torcello. The latter in its beginnings eclipsed Venice by having the first cathedral and the first bishop, and was the only ecclesiastical seat for several centuries. Why Venice soon became the larger city is plain enough. It had room for growth. Torcello could hold several thousand people; Venice was builded on a better site, on a conglomeration of one hundred and seventeen islands, so close together as to be almost one, and could contain, as it eventually did, two hundred thousand persons. Venice, too, had better means of security; its natural position was stronger. In time it developed stronger men than were at Torcello, and so became great while Torcello dwindled.

It is almost surprising to learn of the sturdy character of many of the early settlers of the lagoons. Descended from a race which, in the days of Pliny and Virgil, were renowned for their attention to letters, they had among them those who would in Athens have adorned Athens and in Rome have honored Rome. But they had first to begin life at the very beginning; to delve and build; to make salt; to catch and dry fish; and afterward to grow expert in navigation. As soon as the regions of the Rialto became the focus for merchandising, and commerce spread its wings to far-away shores, mud huts gave way to stone buildings. These were erected on piles brought from the foothills of the Alps. They were usually of white

poplar, and are there to-day, most of them as sound as the year they were hammered deep into the sand. It is only because here and there some have yielded to the great weight which the heavy palaces had put on them, that these palaces are sometimes toppling toward ruin. The piles of the overthrown Campanile were a full thousand years old, and not one of those examined in 1902 was found to be unsound.

The first Doge who governed all the islands was installed in office in 697, on the mainland, at rebuilt Heraclea, a city now totally extinct, even as to its site. Forty-five years later a Doge was elected from a nearby large island, Malamocco. In 809 all the islands repulsed an attack by King Pepin, son of Charlemagne. By this time Venice was looming up into real power and began to prepare for its after-glories. It had not only achieved full independence as a municipality, but it had united the free neighboring islands into a new and powerful confederation with itself. For a while the Doges continued to rule from the one island of Malamocco, five miles distant, but this did not suit the growing pride and temper of the Venetians. They wished to transfer the pomp of state to the Rialto. Consequently Doge Agnello, in 811, was installed there and began to build a Ducal Palace, where the present one stands.

Soon after this, in 829, a Venetian fleet brought the body of the Evangelist Mark from Alexandria, or claimed they did. This act gave the Winged Lion of St. Mark preference as the patron saint over St. Theodore. It also gave in after years the excuse for the construction, upon the site of the church erected to contain the saint's body, (which edifice had burned down in 976), of one of the most beautiful edifices ever erected by man to the worship of his Maker. The

first St. Mark's had been plain and was built of brick in basilica form. From that date until the Fifteenth Century not a decade, probably, but witnessed added glories to the wonderful new creation, and also to the adjoining Ducal Palace.

The Doge Orso (864-881) had improved Venice by building palaces and reclaiming soil for its growth, and he was about the only Doge thoroughly loved by everybody through all his reign and entirely happy in his authority. In his day began the period when the city grew rich. Out of two hundred years of poverty there emerged plenty, and with it pride, and with it an aristocracy, and with it the power for great acquisitions, and, of course, there came a fall. But there were to be six hundred years before it touched the zenith of glory, and three hundred years more of decadence, and then a loss of all its heritage, save of such portions of its transcendent charms as even yet stand out so rich in their desolation.

In the year 997 a somewhat broad conquest was made by Venice of outside territory. Before then various expeditions had gone out and exploited Venetian valor, but now came a rare chance to show that the Republic had two hundred armed galleys and great fighting qualities. Duke Orseolo was reigning. He had built up a marine of daring proportions and manned the vessels with heroic crews. He led forth in person the new navy. He clearly foresaw that naval supremacy meant everything for Venezia; it could never hope to conquer by land. The test was brought about by Dalmatia—a country north of Greece, which had been in Augustus Cæsar's day so strong that it gave him immense trouble to subdue it—imploring the Doge's aid against the pirates. Doge Orseolo went to Dalmatia, conquered the strong fortress-

es of the pirates, in addition annexed a small island or two to his domains, and so became and was called the "Doge of Venice and Dalmatia." From that decade Venice began to feel the strength of its power.

When Ascension Day was at hand in the year 1000, the fitness of a grand ceremony to commemorate the chief victory over the pirates appealed to all. The Doge had sailed away on Ascension day: so Ascension day was chosen for the ceremony of the Bucentaur, known as "The Espousing of the Sea." Can you not imagine the thrill of the populace and the pride of even little children in this great municipality, as the procession went out from the Piazzetta to the Lido, and through its northerly gate to the sea, to witness the first espousal? A full history of that celebration has not been preserved to us, but in after years we know it was as follows:

An elaborate barge, the Bucentaur, with its two decks, the uppermost covered with crimson velvet and gold, having ninety seats; with dignitaries galore under the glittering canopy; with the Doge's throne at one end and a small window near it from which he was to throw the ring into the sea; with rowers, one hundred and sixty-eight in number, on the lowermost deck; with double-beaked prow, covered with carved ornaments and allegories,—led the way out to the Lido, followed by myriads of small gondolas and barges; and there, in the open sea, where the Adriatic is always so "deeply, darkly, beautifully blue," met the bishop's barge, covered with cloth of gold, on which were all the bishops, prelates and priests. Here the ceremony was performed. "We wed thee, O Sea, in token of true and lasting dominion," exclaimed the Doge, as he cast his ring into the sea; and the people shouted, banners were flung to the breeze, and music and song

filled the air. The celebration then closed, but only to be taken up for the rest of the day and evening on the Grand Canal. You can have some faint idea of what this festival, continued for hundreds of years, was, if you can once be in Venice now on a genuine fête day, say when some great feast like that of Corpus Christi occurs. The colors in dress and sashes, the gay gondolas, the barges loaded with flowers, the decorated palaces, make a sight Asiatically picturesque and yet purely Venetian.

So much for the early history of Venice, which is quite sufficient for present purposes. What now of the Venice of the Twentieth Century?

To-day, if you would see Venice aright, you must enter it for the first time aright. It makes a world of difference how you first view it as to the chords of harmony that will vibrate in your psychological make-up. On a dull day the finest Alpine scenery is tame. Much more so Venice. It is a pearl of the sunlight. The warmth of its stone colorings, the glow and glitter of its mosaics, the delicate curves and traceries of its art of the Renaissance, the exquisite sparkle of its waters, cannot possibly be seen when the skies are leaden, or Nature is getting ready to weep. As well visit Paradise amid the stress of an Arctic winter. Yet there are gains as well as losses if you are first propelled up that Grand Canal in the early evening, when the moon is full, or when myriad artificial lights glimmer from lampposts and crafts, and when there is sound of revelrous music in the air. I once entered it by the sea, from the port of Alexandria; entered it just after sunrise. As we broke through between the slim barriers of the Lido, and came up before the Public Gardens, the Church of San Giorgio Maggiore, the Ducal Palace and Piazzetta, the domes of St. Mark's

and the Campanile, the Dogana and the Santa Maria della Salute, there was a panorama of color as rare as it was enchanting. Even Cairo, from which I had just come, with all its manifold Orientalisms, satisfied me less than this Venice, with its peculiar show of aristocratic pride inwardly humbled, but to outward appearances still haughty. From this vantage-ground, under the clear morning heavens, one takes in at a glance many of the great things which once made this selfsame spot the most beautiful city of the ages, and a dream of poets and artists.

But, more than likely, you will come in at the railway station. You will cross in the steam carriage one of the largest bridges in the world, sniff the salt air as you proceed, and see, rising up out of the waters, towers and domes, and all around the little islands of the lagoons, inhabited and uninhabited. You will feel strange and a-shiver with the approach of elfin-ghosts, and the spectres of murdered Doges; and then will follow the ecstacy growing out of strange emotions that cannot be defined, but that send the heart up to the throat and moisten the eye. For the traveler is now nearing a goal, and such a goal! Fourteen centuries of history wrapped up in it, and all of them, save the last two, such of which any Republic might be proud.

You will get out at the railway station; porters will carry your luggage. You will see no water, for all is *terra firma*. Suddenly you are pushed through a large doorway, and stand face to face with the real "Bride of the Sea!" You will discern no roads, horses, cabs, nor carriages; no dust; no trees; no grass; no sidewalks (there are sidewalks, but you do not observe them); no push-carts; no newsboys; no shops; no children, save here and there one diving in the water to

cool off his sun-browned body. At once it appeals to you as a dreamland, and yet scarcely a land at all. Everywhere tremulous, shimmering water, with buildings rising out of it, apparently on no foundations except a placid sea. The cry of the gondoliers as they pass one another—none of them sing; it would seem as if everyone in Venice can sing except a gondolier—and the lapping of the gentle tidal waves against the many colored piles in front of the buildings, which are "hitching posts" for the gondolas, are all the noises you will hear as you are pushed down that Canal. It is the silence of sleep; can it be the placidity of death? Stay now close to the windings of the Grand Canal, even though it take you longer to reach your destined haven.

What power moves, what sprite impels, as you glide along, past curious, old, vine-covered corner walls; by palaces that once were inhabited, but now are vacant and crumbling, each one bearing within the frescoes of some great artist, perhaps a Tiepolo, perhaps a Palma—frescoes that may be faded, but are still possessed of inextinguishable beauty; around unexpected turns, where you should meet the ghosts of dead Contarinis or Dandolas, but see only quivering lights and dark shadows; by seeming prisons, without prisoners; by untenanted shops of former artificers, said to be haunted; by a bit of garden, where once a poet dwelt, or an artist, whose name comes up unbidden; by the spot where Richard Wagner lay down for his last sleep, with who knows how many unuttered harmonies in his soul; by the handsome palace of the Pesaro who was the architect of that transcendent bit of church architecture in Venice, the Santa Marie della Salute; by the "Ruskin charm," known as the palace Ca' d'Oro, otherwise

called "The Gilded House." Now you are where Shylock lived, close to the Rialto. What visions of the halcyon days of the Golden Age of the Republic of Venezia, when its commercial supremacy was recognized by all the world, float in upon the mind as you move along in almost perfect stillness past the Rialto, with its curious shops; and then by the palaces of Marini, Bembo, Dandola and Loredan; by the former home of Henry Layard, who uncovered Nineveh; by Byron's abode, where he wrote a part of his "Don Juan," and also "Sardanapalus" and "Beppo," and where Tom Moore came to visit him. Amid continuing beauty, you see on the right the plain brick front that disguises the Academy of Fine Arts, one of the treasure-houses of great paintings, where Titian's masterpieces, and Bellini's too, and the opulent drawings of heroic figures by Paul Veronese, are kept. One look at that Titian's "Assumption," and how all other Assumptions pale into nothingness! Now you look full into the fair, grand front of the Rezzonico, home of Browning, still the property of his son, on whose walls, on a square of marble, may be read those tender lines:

> "Open my heart, and you will see
> Graved inside of it, 'Italy'."

And soon the House of Desdemona, and the former Giustinian palace, where George Eliot once lived. Then the lordly domed Church of the Salute, the Custom House, the Royal Garden and the Ducal Palace!

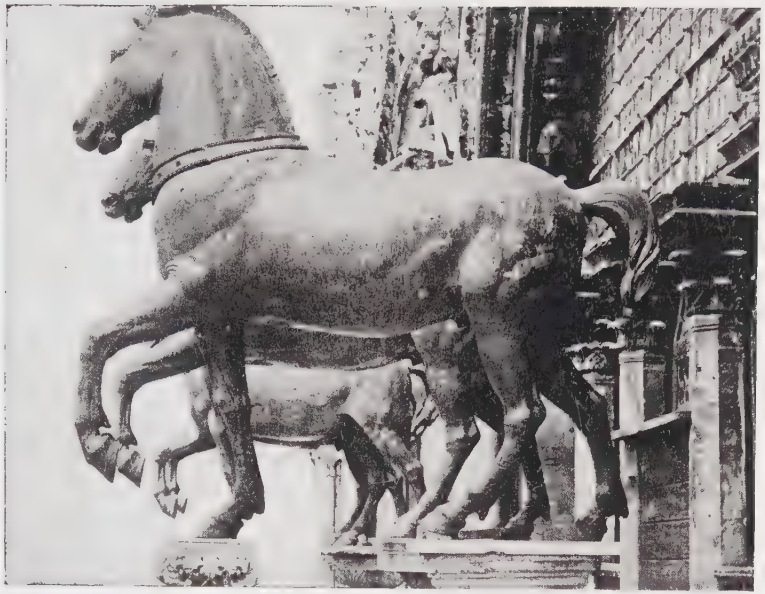
Is it a dream or is it not a dream? Alas, it is a dream, for the actual, living spirit of all these exquisite creations of the Renaissance has departed. Yet it is not a dream, for Venice is still a reality to be loved. All the dearer now are those battered, crumbling walls, because each facade mirrors to the mind

what was behind it: a history, a tragedy, the song of a singer, the passionate tale of an artist's brush; maybe the aspirations of an heroic soul or two, who braved death for country, or who sought the sweet things of this life just because his soul longed after them. Pietro Orseolo, the Giustinian family, Mocenigo, Francesco Foscari and others of the Doges; Tintoretto and the two Bellinis, Titian and Paul Veronese, Carpaccio and Giorgione, Palma and Bassano, of the artists, and a host of famous leaders of smaller ilk, may not appear in the real flesh, but they are transcendently present everywhere in the spirit, hovering in and around the sculos, the loggias, the palaces. Without them, their treasures, their arms, their talents, their inspirations, what the world of art would have lost; with them, how rich is Venice and all Italy!

This is one picture: an arrival picture, and I have painted it in colors all too pale, or you are neither poet, nor idealist, nor dreamer, nor a lover of the charming. The next color scene you will take in will exceed this, at least in details of picturesqueness. By pursuing one or another narrow alley, lined with pretty shops, you are likely to reach suddenly, without warning, the *cor cordium* of Venice, the Piazza of San Marco. Whether it be in the evening, when myriad lamps set the huge square ablaze with light, when every shop window looks like a palace of Aladdin, and when music and ices, well-dressed men and women by thousands, and everything that is attractively human, are there; or whether it be in the daytime, preferably at two-thirty in the afternoon, when the blaze of the descending sun full on its front makes a Moscow of the Cathedral, there is a brilliancy, a dazzle, a bewildering gorgeousness about the whole display that startles and enraptures you. It is so much more

than you anticipated! It is so palatial on every hand! The Palace of the King; the similarly constructed Procuratie Vecchie; the clock tower, gleaming with blue and gold, on which the bronze giants strike the hours; St. Mark's; the people; if in daytime the pigeons, which have been there without a break in their daily habits of gregariousness and domesticity since the year 877, make up a marvelous *ensemble*, radiant with splendors. Those ancient mosaics of real gold; those glittering stars on a blue field; the divers colored and exquisitely rich marbles from all quarters of Africa and Asia; those lordly bronze horses of Nero, perhaps of the days of the Greeks of Chios; the many domes and turrets, canopies and angels; traceries the most delicate; the elaborate balustrades; the bannered staffs in front; then, at the side, the Piazzetta, with the Lion of St. Mark, and with St. Theodore and the Crocodile, and the Ducal Palace; could only that famous and garrulous Venetian traveler, Marco Polo, have seen all these works completed when, in 1296, he returned from the Indies, would he have exclaimed over the wonders of Cathay more than at the startling doings of his countrymen! To me any first view of St. Peter's or of St. Paul's, any outlook upon the battlemented fortress of Edinburgh or of cannon-sown Gibraltar, even the wonderful spectacle of Moscow from Sparrow Hill—and that is almost ethereal—is not comparable with a view of St. Mark's Square under the full blaze of the afternoon sun. For in this unique spot (at least until 1902) everything has remained as perfect as it came from the hands of the master builders, while the Athenic Parthenon and Temple of Jupiter, the Roman Colosseum and the Forum, are the merest shadows of what they were.

I have alluded to the Piazza of San Marco as being,



Bronze Horses of Nero, St. Mark's Cathedral, Venice.

till recently, perfect from the hands of the master artists. Alas! the one tall, lordly Campanile is not there. When that fell it broke the heart of every Venetian, aged or young. I was in Venice at the time, and count it one of my good fortunes—though it might have been a singular misfortune—that I sat near its base, and heard the last piece of music played before it, the night preceding that terrible disaster. It was on Sunday evening, the thirteenth of July, 1902. There was nothing in the conversation or appearance of the people to indicate the unusual, although the music suddenly ceased and the band left before it had more than half finished its announced program. We knew afterward—on the next day, when the crash had come—that the band had been asked to quit the spot, for a crack discovered in the tower was widening and was dangerous. No one else seemed to know of it or to care, for the people talked and sauntered and iced as heretofore. They did not realize their danger. Next morning, soon after ten o'clock, there was a fall: and such a fall! The citizens felt as the men of ancient Ephesus must have felt when their Temple of Diana was overthrown by an earthquake. If there was any one treasure which the city valued, it was their great Campanile. It had pointed its summit toward the everlasting heavens and the beckoning stars for a thousand years, and no native dreamed it could be less immortal than were the gods of Greece to the old Athenians. It was the tallest tower of Venice, the most venerable, the most graceful. No one since the days of the Doge Domenico Morosini, under whose reign in the Twelfth Century it had been substantially completed, had entered or left this phantom city without having fastened in his memory, as a wondrous picture, the marvelous Duomo, the Ducal Palace, the

Square, and the Piazzetta, and then that superb, graceful and lofty watchtower three hundred and twenty-two feet in height. Venice without its chief Campanile now looks like a Samson shorn of his locks, a Venus de Milo without her arms, Rome without its Colosseum.

But to return to the account of the catastrophe from my own experience concerning it. I had been to visit the Browning Palace, and was on the way to the Rialto when the collapse came. To those in or near the Piazza of San Marco there was first a rumbling, then a continuous crash as of thunder, then a cloud of white dust, and all was over. I heard no sound, though perhaps only a quarter-mile away, but, on reaching the Rialto, men, women and children were hurrying over the bridge as if frantic. Inquiry as to the cause met with the laconic response: "The Campanile has fallen!" It seemed beyond belief. Why should it fall? As well might the sea open and let down into it the whole city. But there could be no mistake, at least in the popular belief. There were pale faces, blanched cheeks, hurried exclamations of sorrow, while more and more men and women pushed and jostled each other over the Rialto and down to the Merceria, the chief footway to the Piazza. As soon as possible some friends, who were with me, were summoned together and a retreat ordered. We must make the Piazza quickly; our gondoliers were told to hasten by the shortest cut.

Arriving behind the Doge's Palace, crowds of people were visible. We could not land there, so we proceeded to the Piazzetta. Another enormous crowd, behind which lay the ruins of what was no more beautiful, and no more in existence. A heap of rubbish, white as a bed of salt, because covered with pulver-

ized cement, lay there, some thirty feet in height—and that was all. The mighty had indeed fallen; the giant was prone. I shall never forget that picture: the mound glittering in the sunlight, the crowds, the look of despair on every face, the constrained silence as at a sepulchre. Getting into the Square itself a little later, the pavement everywhere looked as if snow had fallen. By that time a board fence had been hastily constructed about the ruins, and curious people peeped at the rubbish through the fence or over it. The pigeons were absent (they had fled, it is said, to other portions of the city in terror); the shops were closed, as if the funeral of some old Doge were being celebrated; yet crowds were everywhere. It is said that descendants of the Venetian nobles shed tears as they looked upon the pathetic scene. This I can believe, while not being a witness to it.

That old Campanile had so much history wrapped up in it that one cannot wonder its downfall caused consternation and regret wherever civilized travelers heard of its destruction. Begun in 888, with bricks of Roman age brought from various earlier settlements, practically finished in 1056, really in about 1150, and still more perfectly finished exactly as all moderns had viewed it, with a top in the Renaissance style, in 1510, it showed no traces of its slow evolutions to the one remarkable, picturesque, perfect and noble tower, that dominated the lagoons. How often I had been on top of it and enjoyed the beauteous view of the sea, the Lido, S. Michele, Murano, Burano, Torcello, the long bridge to Mestre, the Euganean Hills, the heights of Istria, the snow-clad Alps! Sunset from its summit was a glory which, visible once, was never to pass away from memory.

One year after the fall I visited the city and

found that a higher board fence had been erected; new foundations had been constructed; the rubbish had been carted out to sea; the shops were as brilliant as ever; life was going on as before. Yet there was ominous silence when I asked if the new Campanile subscribed to by nearly the whole world would ever arise and bring back the former scene. It was a sad tale that was told, of how the Emperor and the present Pope (then Cardinal Sarto), and a host of local dignitaries, had been present at the laying of the new corner-stone; how architects had afterward disagreed; how jealousies had crept in; how doubts of the foundation had again arisen, and how all labor on foundation or tower had ceased.

No one must expect to find in the Venice of to-day the Venice of yesterday. But she is still, in a unique way, a "Bride of the Sea;" she still possesses charms to the poetic eye in every winding of her canals and in every decaying palace. Every year brings her into more poverty; the lapping of the tide against her pilings is, as it were, the music of her requiem; her palatial homes are more and more deserted; her grass-grown squares are more and more silent; not a new building is being erected. Nevertheless, in her poverty as in her glory, she remains a city of enchantments. The procession of the Doges; the "Espousals of the Republic and the Sea;" the tournaments in the Square of St. Mark's, with Petrarch and others interested spectators; tragedies like those of the "Moor of Venice;" the bequests of fortunes of half a million of ducats to carry on campaigns with the Pisan or Genoese Republics; shipbuilding in yards that employed thousands of skilled workmen: in a word, all her old-time pomp of greatness and pride of power have gone forever. One must go back to former ages to realize the

actual existence and the intense vitality of a people cradled in water, whose every architecture was an idyl, whose domestic songs were of love and hope, at whose word other nations of the earth trembled, and whose permanent collapse as a Republic, after exactly eleven hundred years of vigorous life, was due not more to unreasonable ambition and to the want of great leaders than to circumstances in the general world's affairs wholly beyond her control. The discovery of America by other nations; the development of great military leaders like Napoleon; the power (in numbers alone) of their deadliest enemies, the Turks, and other Providential causes: all these combined to pull down one of the fairest and brightest, most plucky and most successful, of all the independent states of the earth.

Sweet Venice! You are and will be a golden treasure-house for all who are weary and need repose, or who love the magic of an enchanter's wand. Lord Byron expressed the gravitations of the natural human heart, as well as of his own soul, toward such a perennial magnet, when he penned in his "Childe Harold" those oft-quoted lines, which have appealed to thousands of travelers since his day:

> "I loved her from my boyhood; she to me
> Was as a fairy city of the heart,
> Rising like water-columns from the sea,
> Of joy the sojourn and of wealth the mart;
> And Otway, Radcliffe, Schiller, Shakespeare's art,
> Had stamped her image in me; and even so,
> Although I found her thus, we did not part;
> Perchance even dearer in her day of woe
> Than when she was a boast, a marvel and a show."

XVI.—THE PASSION PLAY OF 1900.

USUALLY THE cool uplands south of Munich would not be placed in the category of "Sunny Lands," for they are subject to all the varieties of a mountainous climate, from extreme, though clear, cold to plenty of clouds and dampness. Yet they are so near the divide between northern and southern Europe, and are so accessible from the Adriatic, that I think I shall be forgiven if a visit to "The Passion Play of 1900" is incorporated in this volume; especially as I saw this wonderful production twice under absolutely pellucid skies and the brightest of sunshine. Besides, the Play made a tremendous impression upon me. Perhaps on "the palimpsest of memory"—as one of our home poets calls it—nothing of a serious character growing out of travels in foreign lands is so deeply and permanently engraved, as the faces, deportment and song of those thoughtfully religious villagers of Oberammergau, who acted the parts of Christ and John, of Peter and Judas, of Mary and "the other women," of Pilate and Caiaphas, in that tragic drama of the Passion, in the sweetest of Bavarian valleys.

The subject, as everyone knows, is the most beautiful story of history, whose Supreme Character was as faultless and natural as the purest snow of the Alps. Its treatment at the hands of those Oberammergau peasants, amid actual mountain scenery for a background, was so reverent and so true, embodying such high ideals of humanity, that it became before my

eyes a type of the highest genius, the loftiest religion and the holiest soul-life. In the possession of a handful of plain village people, there seemed to be a key to unlock the one most prodigious of Mysteries, the one most stupendous of Sorrows. That key was childlike, inaustere, uncritical and boundless Faith.

The story of the centuries-old enactment of the Play is of profound interest; yet, if it were rendered less efficiently and less beautifully, few would care about its origin. How far its beginnings may be accurately told, I do not pretend to say, but the story is at least correctly stated that in 1633, when the villagers were stricken with the plague, and in thirty-three days eighty-four persons had died, there was a solemn assembly held, doubtless in the village church, and a vow recorded, that if the hand of the good Lord would stay the progress of Death, all the people would perform a Passion tragedy. "From that time on," says an ancient narrator, "although a number of persons were suffering, not one more died of the plague." The Play was certainly performed the very next year (in 1634), and we are told that its production on the even tenth year of the calendar dates from 1680. Some too curious historians have endeavored to overturn the inference from the story that the Play thus originated. They declare that in nearby towns it was well-known previously, and that it only gradually became a permanent institution in Oberammergau about the third decade of the Seventeenth Century. Probably the historians are correct in that the Play was not unknown to the villagers, but that when they suffered from the plague, and by prayer or vows had witnessed its cessation, they took that opportunity to incorporate in their village customs a performance of the greatest of sacred dramas, which they had seen elsewhere. As

a matter of fact it had been enacted in other parts of Germany, centuries earlier.

And it must not be supposed that the drama enacted every ten years with regularity since the latter part of the Seventeenth Century, in this little village among the mountains, is just the same to-day in its music, monologues or dialogues, as it was at the first. Its present form is an evolution from the cruder and simpler drama. Like the Bible itself, it is a mosaic, thought out through two centuries by men of fine emotion and high culture. We find, in fact, that the history of the development of the whole series of tableaux and acts, especially of the accompanying music, is a most instructive one. Enough to say now that the exact words of the songs are those of Father Weiss, of a Benedictine monastery, who wrote them between the years 1810 and 1815, in which last-named year it was given under his personal direction, and of his pupil, Joseph Daisenberger, who finally fixed the text. The music is that of one Dedlar, who was also a musician, improved to a slight degree by Ferdinand Feldigl. So what we now have is less than a century old. Father Weiss died in 1845, and Daisenberger some thirty-five years afterward. It is to Daisenberger—a faithful preacher and teacher, but better known as a composer, who adapted from the best old German authors the splendid religious chorals which are now inseparable from the Oberammergau Play—to whom the present fame of the symphonies of the Play are due. He loved music almost as he loved his soul, and, above all, he was inspired with enthusiasm for the religious drama. It is said that his energy years after the time of Weiss, at the *great* Play of 1850, knew no bounds. That gave to it its distinctive character. Then, for the first, it met with such mer-

ited success that all the nations of Europe learned of it, and began to travel regularly on a decennial pilgrimage toward the foot of the Kofel. He founded at Oberammergau that peculiar form of the dramatic art which is now as natural to the villagers as to draw breath or to attend the town church.

Father Daisenberger laid well the foundation for a whole village of geniuses; and, as a result, the difficulty is, not to secure proper material for the chief parts in the Play, but to winnow what is at hand and to select only the best. The training school for these artists was then and is still the village church, and the trainers have been its successive preachers and choirmasters. In that church there are musical festivities, processions and tableaux year after year, some of them being, practically, parts of the Passion Play itself. So it happens that at the end of each decade the churchgoers constitute a large company of dramatists. When the time comes for the villagers to prepare for this event of events, a town committee of forty-five householders are appointed, and they, together with the priest and choirmaster, meet and select the coming actors. They first attend divine service and have prayer and praise; then ballot, and from the decision of that ballot there is no appeal. "Influence" is said not to count in the ballot, but merit only, based equally upon careful discussion and anxious prayer.

To reach the out-of-the-way and peaceful valley where this famous decennial tragedy is performed, has recently been made an easy task. While the town is nestled in the high altitude of the Ettal and Kofel ranges of mountains, it is now accessible by railway from Munich in about four hours. Such a modern mode of getting there contrasts strongly with the method of coaching to that vicinity a few years ago.

One then saw to better advantage fine natural scenery. But even by rail the route is crowded with glimpses of rural beauty, and especially so along and beyond the idyllic waters of Starnberg. Everywhere is redolence; everywhere are sweet scents of buckwheat and barley fields in the harvest season. Not only in the spring, but all summer long, the roadside is gorgeous with daisies and bluebells, old-fashioned dandelions and anemones, and similar wild flowers common to the Bavarian hills.

Before 1900 the railway stopped at Lake Starnberg. In the latter year for the first time it was continued directly to the Ammerthal, which is the name of the valley where the quiet, white village of Oberammergau nestles, as a babe in its mother's lap. The route starting with Lake Starnberg is, historically, of considerable interest. In one of the valleys, known as the Muhlthal, tradition declares that Charlemagne was born. On Lake Starnberg King Ludwig II. had a royal residence, and there in the blue waters by the lakeside he met his untimely death, by drowning, in June, 1886. Lake Starnberg is a large, placid, lively sheet of water, dotted here and there along its banks with tiny villages, with a background of forest-covered hills and a few snow-crowned peaks. The outlook from this point is one of unexpected charm and beckons us on with the hand of anticipation up toward the mountain summits. Murnau is a good-sized place; once it was Warmau, "the valley of the Dragon." Another lake lies near it, the Staffelsee, sacred in the vicinity through a tradition of St. Boniface. We still ascend to Oberau, following up a peaceful, pretty valley; the trees becoming more scanty, the vegetation continuing green as emerald. The Zugspitz, the highest peak of Bavaria, has long been in the background,

but the valley hems us in from extended views. At Oberau a separate piece of railway begins, and carriages must be changed. It is still six miles to our destination, with a grade of over six hundred feet to overcome, but it is delightful climbing. On foot, or by carriage, it used to be "a way of penance," for the hills were severe and the road rough, and many lives are said to have been lost in the ascent. The last valley gained, there lies before us the historic place, white as milk, beautiful as a child, to appearances as quiet as the still, delicious air, which envelopes the surrounding peaks, the valley pastures and the patches of pine.

The late afternoon sun poured a flood of mellow rays over the summit of the Kofel as I neared the village, illuminating the church spire and kissing a farewell to the huge cross on that granite peak, which stands eight hundred feet above the vale and is its most commanding guardian. Father Daisenberger's words well befit the lips of any pilgrim entering this valley:

> "Let God be praised! He hath this vale created,
> To show to man the glory of His name!
> And these wide hills the Lord hath consecrated,
> Where He His love incessant may proclaim!"

That good Father partially wrote a poetical drama (one of many others), of which the lines quoted constitute one of the closing verses, to commemorate the long-before "Founding of Ettal," an abbey and church of that name at the very portals of the valley. Built by sons of St. Benedict in 1330, the monastery has disappeared. So have the successors to the monks who kept their long vigils within its quiet cloisters. Abbey and church were destroyed by lightning and fire in 1774, and the monks were forced to seek temporary

refuge elsewhere. But for three centuries those buildings stood, the centre of the statue-shrine of a miracle-working Madonna, a retreat for disabled knights, who looked upon the spot as connected with the legend, especially the literature, of the quest of the Holy Grail, and as a monument to the great Bavarian king, Ludwig I. To-day another church stands upon the spot, and has an organ of which the locality is justly proud, but the Madonna still exists. Ettal is interesting, now, chiefly because there, long before Oberammergau existed or had an historic name, the Passion Play, it is said, was actually rendered.

One ought to walk from Ettal to Oberammergau. It is like journeying across the Judean hills to Bethlehem, the city of David. The heavens seem so near and the sins of earth so far away! Like Bethlehem of ancient days, this vicinity may be now—who knows?—the home of some child who shall be quite the equal of any earthly king. As I approached Oberammergau I felt that, were more kings cradled in such healthful surroundings, where there is virtue in every waft of wind, and where parents are living simple lives without cruelties or cares, the products of royalty might be of finer edge. Mountain ash, with scarlet berries, line the roadway from Ettal, and there is a marble group of the Crucifixion on the spur of a low hill just before entering the village, which was a present from Ludwig II. in 1871, when the fame of the great Play had fairly begun its march around the world.

In 1900 the train dropped travelers at the outer edge of the town, amid a scene of animation and great confusion. Temporary wooden platform and sheds had been erected to receive the crowds of people; omnibuses and vehicles of all kinds and descriptions stood

The Village of Oberammergau.

near to take one to his pre-arranged boarding-place. Woe to the man or woman who had not previously engaged board; there was no chance for such, except to be taken to some neighboring and not very near village. I had put my case in the hands of Mr. George Lang, the village postmaster, and keeper of the chief hotel, (cousin to Mr. Anton Lang, who played the part of "Christus" in the drama), and found him to be a whole-souled, genial, honorable, educated man, to know whom was an open key to the curious book of the village and the Play. He knew everything one desired to know and was a host as delightful as he was hospitable. His charming wife was said to be even superior to himself as a manager, and many delightful memories of the kindness of both will long abide with those who were fortunate enough to become acquainted with them.

As to my own room, the hotel being already filled to overflowing, I had habitation in the house of Joseph Albrecht, who was "Matthew the Apostle," and who lived at No. 17. There were one hundred and eighty-four houses in the village, each numbered from "1" onward. A plain man, in winter a carver in wood, Albrecht wore his hair long, as did all the "twelve Apostles," and had the heart of a woman. He was waiting for me at the station, in dress as simple as a fisherman or a day laborer, and on a push-cart conveyed my baggage to his home. I could have believed him to have been an humble fisherman of Galilee. His was a face that the Play and its love-messages had subdued to delicate tenderness. When he spoke his whole countenance lighted up as by an inward flame. His voice was low and gentle; his carriage modest and shy; his words artless. He was a common man, but honored with a high mission. Was he conscious of

that mission? I do not know. If so, he concealed his thoughts, and I am sure he did not possess one particle of vanity because permitted to act in the Divine Tragedy. His home was a model of Bavarian cleanliness; plain, yet scrupulously neat, having all the necessaries for a comfortable existence, and even some luxuries. The bedroom was on the ground floor, in the rear of the dining-room and beside the street, so that one could have stepped directly into it from the sidewalk, as the window extended to the ground. The ceiling was frescoed. The sidewalls, newly painted, contained several framed chromos—excellent ones, too—of Christ, the Virgin, and St. John. The floor was painted and varnished, and partially covered by two pretty rugs. The bedstead was of native wood, grained dark, and glistened with new shellac. The bedding was as white and clean as in any American home, and it included a silk comfort, quilted by his wife's hand, of beautiful colors. A small bureau was surmounted with a white marble slab, on which stood a large mirror. There were strong, neat, cane-bottomed chairs about the room. I instantly felt at home in this tidy place, and knew that here, at least, I was safe from either robbers or the smaller pests of travel. We soon had dinner, for the hour to dine during the months of this solemn season was at the close of the day. The meal consisted of a plain soup, fricasseed lamb, roast beef, potatoes and hot biscuit, and was cooked well enough for a king.

That evening I spent roaming about the main street, chiefly to obtain glimpses of the people who were there. This street was irregular, macadamized, and had some show of sidewalks. Evidently the visitors not American were from all quarters of Europe: from Austria, Germany, England, France, but chiefly

from Germany. They were variously dressed, yet uniformly well dressed. There were peasants not a few from the adjoining valleys and from the Engadine. One could readily distinguish the latter by their soft, greenish, wool hats and feathers, indicative of a race of woodsmen and musicians. The sidewalks were crowded; even in the roadways men and women jostled against each other. The little shops, which sold carved woods and pictures, were full of customers. The native population spent their winter days and long nights making, in wood, scenes of the Crucifixion, Madonnas, images of saints, elaborate toy houses, and other articles to be placed on sale at Munich and elsewhere, and they had put at these shops an unusual supply of those commodities. The houses looked German-like. On the gable ends of many were large paintings, either of Madonnas or of Gospel scenes; for example, Peter Fishing, Peter Drawing in the Net, etc. It was not dark until past nine o'clock, and then the chilly air gradually came down from the mountain summits; by eleven o'clock everybody was indoors and asleep in preparation for the morrow.

That morrow was Sunday. It was the one day of the week when the Passion Play was certain to be enacted. On no other day did it fit in so well with the surroundings. The morning broke with a cloudless sky. The Kofel, overshadowing the town with its noble summit, was as fair and commanding as the splendid rock that lifts its lordly head above the fortress of Gibraltar. The air was cool and crisp, yet the bright sun brought out a variety of birds, which carolled their sweetest songs from tree-top and from flowering bush. Precisely at five o'clock the village cannon, from the meadow at the foot of the Kofel,

reverberated in a score of echoes; it was the sign that the great day had actually begun!

I confess to have arisen early and eaten breakfast with a good deal of suppressed excitement. At last the time had arrived when I was to witness the wonderful spectacle of the Passion and Death of Christ enacted by a whole village of unlettered peasants; by just such men as had been selected out of Galilee, nineteen hundred years before, to serve the Son of God, when He trod the byways of Palestine. Indeed, I almost shrank from the day's performance, as if from something which must be irreverent, and so to my soul abhorrent. Yet overhead was the unclouded sun in its splendor, pouring benedictions of joy upon the earth; and below were the guileless birds, singing in jubiliant chorus the anthems taught them by their loving Creator. At least Nature had put its seal of approval on the *day*, if not on the performance of the Immortal Tragedy.

All around, pursuing their way in one general direction, I saw the earnest, thoughtful faces of men, women and children hurrying along the street toward the auditorium. Surely in those faces were no signs implying that something was to happen which was irreligious or desecrating! It could not be, I thought, that thousands of people were here assembling to witness some irreverent act on the part of those reverential villagers.

The structure known as the Passion Play theatre was at one end of the town, quite near to the railway station, and so tall and large that it was easily visible for miles around. In previous decades, this building was only part covered, and was much smaller. But for 1900 it was rebuilt, at a cost of fifty thousand dollars, and now comfortably seated four thousand spectators.

None too large for the season for which it was intended, as there were many days in July and August when crowds were turned away, and were obliged to wait until Monday to secure admission. The Play was repeated on any Monday when a certain number could not be accommodated on the Sunday. The theatre was covered, to keep off rain from the spectators, and the chair seats, home-made, of plain, painted wood, were entirely comfortable. One end was open, so that the sky could give plentiful light, and so that the outlook to right and left might be of the "everlasting hills." Before the centre of this opening was the stage, beside which, and leading up to it by broad stairs, were raised platforms, before the "Palace of Pilate" and the "Palace of the High Priest, Annas." In the rear of the stage was the enclosed space used as the "Hall of Caiaphas," and also as the spot where many of the leading events occurred, such as the "Last Supper," the "Trial of Christ," the "Crucifixion," etc. On each side of this extended proscenium, and running back out of sight, were what represented the streets of Jerusalem, and these, with the stage and proscenium, permitted of the disposal of large bodies of people. In fact nine hundred villagers were to act the drama. The curtain separating the proscenium from the stage contained a charming painting of Christ surrounded by poor people, those to whom his looks were a perpetual benediction, and who were hanging on these gracious words, painted thereon in German: "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." An inner curtain was faced with a painting of Moses and the two prophets, Isaiah and Jeremiah.

At eight o'clock precisely, when everyone of the four thousand seats was occupied, there was sudden-

ly a profound silence. The cannon was again being fired, for the Play was to begin. At once the chorus of thirty-four singers, with their leader, known as the Choragus, filed in upon the proscenium, with the stateliness of the apostles and prophets of old. With dresses of various charming colors, over which were pure white tunics, having golden fringes, their appearance was scarcely, if at all, that of modern theatre performers, but rather of grave and thoughtful Greeks, who had journeyed, perhaps from afar, like the magi of the Orient, to witness the coming of the Wisest of Men. Solemn and majestic walked at their head that fine type of manly dignity, Joseph Mayr, the "Ecco Homo" of 1871 (not 1870, as the Franco-Prussian War disturbed that date), 1880 and 1890, now the figurehead of a band who might well be styled, from their past services in this Play and their venerable age, the Old Testament prophets. Erect of bearing, of noble mien, with flowing white beard, he seemed to be an Elijah of old, a Seer into the gates of the future, a weary-worn, indomitable earthly King on his way to the Heavenly City. Except that a younger man must needs represent the Christ, whose whole brief earthly ministry was spent in the flower of early manhood, Mayr would no doubt have continued to be to the day of his death the only person thought of in Oberammergau for the character of the Divine One. As this could not be, it was a happy thought which placed him at the head of the singers as the Choragus, where he could speak. He alone of all the singers was permitted to have a voice except in song. He, alone, could proclaim, as one crying in the wilderness: "Behold the Lamb of God!" He spoke, as soon as everyone was in position, with commanding voice, as follows:

Anton Lang as "Christus," in Passion Play of 1900.

"O human race! by sin and shame laid low,
Adore thy God: bend down and kiss the dust.
Peace then shall come, and grace from Zion flow;
Nor ever spurns He
The Offended One—although His wrath is just!

"'I will,' the Lord doth say,
'Not that the sinner die; forgive
Will I his guilt, and he shall live!
My Son's own blood for him shall now atone.'
Praise, wonder, tears of joy to Thee, Eternal One!"

This was followed by the first tableau, "Adam and Eve driven out of the Garden of Eden" by the angel with the flaming sword; and, as the audience looked upon it, the Chorus sang in the stately manner of the German choral. Each one of the eighteen "Acts," which made up the day's drama, was thus introduced by Mayr, the leader and Choragus, who gave in verse a description, or forecast, of the scene about to be presented; and each time, when his voice died away and a tableaux appeared, the Chorus took up the thought, and the rhythm of their song filled the vast auditorium with what sometimes seemed a funeral dirge, and sometimes a hymn of seraphic joy.

That which impressed me most about the Chorus, however, was not more the cultured music than the extremely beautiful colorings of the garments of the singers, successively graduated and modulated in their tones. There were no "loud" colors worn, no flashing reds and yellows, but soft, subdued tints, arranged in exquisite order by some master-hand. From the central figure these colors were paired off, one on either side, and, as I made a note of them, they may prove of interest to some readers. Beginning with the Choragus, to right and left, the colors were: scarlet, blue, olive, blue, magenta, green, blue, brown, red, green, violet, blue, brown, black, green, blue, pink.

Each color, where named above as like, was of a different shade from its counterpart. Each singer wore a gold crown. In their vocal music some voices were peculiarly pathetic and penetrating, and all blended with remarkable precision.

The words of the Chorus, following the opening of the Choragus, were also equally solemn and devotional. They began:

> "But in the distance, from 'mid Calvary's throes,
> Through the dark night the glow of morn appears.
> See! from the branches of the Cross there flows
> Sweet, balmy peace to all created spheres."

It was a grand prelude to a most sublime series of tableaux, recitations, acts, which lasted from eight in the morning until five in the evening, with an intermission of one hour at noon. All the tableaux were from the Old Testament; one, and sometimes two, of them, preceding each Act in the drama of the life of Christ. They were always fitting, usually entirely natural, sometimes so faithful to reality that it seemed as if the actual worthies of Israel of the days from Moses to Elijah must be upon the stage.

I shall never forget the opening Act: "Christ's entry into Jerusalem." Having seen "Ben Hur" upon the stage, I anticipated something of the same disappointment felt then in witnessing merely the casting down of the palm branches, without the actual sight of Him for whom these tributes were. He surely had trod the highway from Olivet to the city, yet what if after all one should not see His face? There was to be no such disappointment. As the procession came along the street, while there was neither Olivet in the foreground nor Temple in the distance, neither Valley of Hinnom nor city walls, yet, with and among all kinds and classes of the Judean multitude, the rich

and the poor, the well-dressed and the beggar, fathers, mothers and children, the lame and the blind, and even little babes without number, there appeared in the throng the Master Himself, seated upon an ass, and His disciples behind Him, just as imagination would have pictured it. He was there—humble, but alive; poor, but a King! As that vast concourse of murmuring and shouting humanity filled up the proscenium, the climax of the Act had been reached; for He, the central figure of the strange scene, the Matchless One, rode on amid the noisy multitude in silence and unspeakable dignity!

It is safe to say that not one of the four thousand spectators in the audience saw Anton Lang take his part in that opening Act, or afterward, and entertained a doubt of the appropriateness of the choice which made him for the occasion the "King of the Jews" and the " Saviour of Men." Inherent nobility and tenderest gentleness in actions and words combined to force the conviction that he was exactly suited to act the part of the " Christus " of 1900 at Oberammergau. Of tall stature—just a little taller than any of his " Disciples "—the lineaments of his fine face betokened purity of mind and perfect serenity of soul. His long, flowing hair of blond, falling gracefully upon his shoulders, (which had a slight stoop as if indicative of a load upon his soul), made at the first an impression which every subsequent Act in the drama intensified. He wore, appropriately, a robe of purplish fawn color, and over his left shoulder was a scarlet scarf, extending nearly to his feet. During the whole play I could not divest myself of the feeling that here was *almost* the very Christ of Nazareth.

I must not linger on the various scenes of the Passion, as depicted throughout that summer day. Some

few have been so burned into the soul that I shall always count it an untold fortune that my eyes saw and my heart felt their thrilling story. For example, the parting of Mary and Jesus at Bethany, as He goes on to the scene of His betrayal. There was the singular anomaly that His mother was younger than Himself (the real actress was only nineteen years of age); but this was following a Jewish tradition—and a beautiful one it is—which dowered her at His birth with eternal youth. "O dearest Jesus," exclaimed the Nazarene woman, in her tears wringing her hands, as only a mother can, "full of tender yearning have I hastened with my friends to see Thee once more before Thou goest away." "Beloved mother," was the calm reply, spoken with infinite tenderness, "I am now on the way to Jerusalem. Now is the time appointed from the beginning to give Myself up as a sacrifice according to the Father's will. I am prepared to consummate the work!" "I have forebodings," replied Mary; "my heart tells me what kind of a sacrifice that will be." The scene had in it that pathos of motherly love and filial affection which have survived the wrecks of time and the sin and shame of the ages.

Another example was the "Temptation of Judas." Judas was Johan Zwink, a plain house-painter; a man who had acted the part of Judas so well in 1890 that he had been retained for the same character in 1900. He was a consummate actor. I never saw a better on any stage. His agreement before the Council to betray his Lord, the subsequent betrayal, the holding of the bag of money, consisting of the thirty pieces, his despair; everything except the actual suicide (which was scarcely short of the ridiculous), exhibited intense guilt, horror, misery, which were in every movement, gesture, contortion, word. As scene after scene fol-

lowed in succession—the Garden of Gethsemane, the hearing before Annas, before Caiaphas, the denial and contrition of Peter—Judas again and again appeared, not as an image of incarnate wickedness, but as an embodiment of awful remorse. He had misunderstood the situation; he had supposed his Lord would reveal Himself as a King, punish even the Sanhedrin, and save Himself from His enemies: but, alas! Jesus had failed to care for His own life; he was now about to die through the betrayal. Such was the interpretation of the act of Judas as understood by the peasant actors, and in carrying out the idea the sorrow and chagrin of the betrayer were terrible to witness. His penitential rage was at times scarcely short of the sublime. There was a period of five minutes during one of the most dramatic soliloquies of Judas when a hailstorm came up, and, amid wind and darkness, great hailstones dashed upon him and upon the stage. It fitted exactly the scene and the words he was uttering, and it was the most effective intermixture of the elements of Nature and the performance of a great actor that I ever expect to witness.

I hardly know which of the eighteen long scenes was the greatest in point of merit. The street view in front of Pilate's house, when the crowd appeared, and Pilate came out again and again, finally to give up Barabbas to freedom, and permitted the mob to carry off Christ to Golgotha, was tremendous in its effect. So was the scene of the "Bearing of the Cross" by Simeon. But these events only led up to the more wonderful drama of the Crucifixion itself, when, amid absolute silence, a "silence that could be felt," the members of the Chorus, now no longer dressed in rainbow hues but in the black garb of mourning, sang a profoundly impressive dirge; and when one could

hear the nails being driven into the hands and feet behind the curtain. When the curtain arose and the Cross was uplifted; when the figures of Mary, and Mary Magdalene, and John drew near; when the Roman soldiers appeared, and to right and left two other crosses were seen, the minutest details of the vivid scene as carried out by the participants made the interest so painfully intense that tears came to hundreds of eyes. Mingled with the seemingly terrible emotions of the players themselves were the sobs of the spectators in the seats. As the death moment arrived, and the last words were uttered from the Cross: "It is finished! O Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit!" and the head sank heavily on the breast, while the darkness of hell overspread the earth, the lightnings played, the thunder rolled, and the earth quavered, every onlooker was wrought up to such a pitch of suppressed excitement over the natural and supernatural events, that to have uttered a word, one to the other, would have been the embodiment of irreverence and almost a public scandal. I see that scene now, the solemnity of it, the blackness of it, the terror and mightiness of it, and my mind refuses to find words of adequate description for it, even to my own soul!

The last scenes, those of the Resurrection and Ascension, were not as satisfactory as those which had preceded. They could not be. The tension of the audience had been too great up to the culminating scene of death; the climax was over. The earthquake before the tomb, the rolling away of the door, the terror of the soldiers, who were "like dead men," the blessing on Olivet, the ascension to Heaven: these were well staged, and the accompanying graceful music was gloriously jubilant, full of hope and gladness, inspiring. But they did not overtop, they could not

equal, the climax itself. They rounded out, completed, glorified, the whole prolonged history of the Life and Passion, but did not add one jot or tittle to the unequalled execution of the whole previous masterpiece of dramatic art.

Sometimes—before having seen the actual representation—I wondered how Canon Farrar, who saw the Play in 1890, could have expressed himself about the presentation of the character of Christ, as taken by Joseph Mayr, in this wise: "In his personation of the Christus he does not offend us by a single word or a single gesture. . . . His impersonation—it is something much higher and more sacred than acting—is the transference into a living picture of what the Gospels tell us." Dean Stanley, in 1860, and Dean Milman, also, had said even more in praise of what the Protestant world up to that period had supposed to be irreverent. But now their statements were proven to be actual truths.

When I came out of the tabernacle—a Holy Temple, as it suddenly seemed to be—I was not sure, until I saw the crowds jostling and pushing in every direction, that I had not been upon some mountain top, apart, witnessing a new revelation of the whole wondrous Story of Old. The sun was still shining in his strength; the birds were yet warbling in the boughs of the linden and the fruit trees, and all Nature was in the divine garb of quiet beauty and heavenly serenity. I saw, indeed, that the actual Gethsemane and the real Golgotha were not there, among these men of the approaching Twentieth Century; that I had not been in Jerusalem, nor on Olivet. But I could not push away, I would not have rolled back if I could, the tremendous thought that these humble peasants, not highly educated but touched by the spirit of God,

deeply religious in the truest sense of the word, had brought nearer to me a realization of the mission of Jesus to sinful man, and of the inherent dignity of His pure character and immaculate life, than all the essays in all the books of human wisdom that I had ever read.

Once again I went to see the Play; it was a month later. Was it now to be less natural and more constrained, less spiritual and more faulty? I wondered. Yet I was eager to go. Something fascinated me, drew me on, encouraged me to believe I should find more of the Divine and less of the human in it than before. Again I found in this sweet valley the same cloudless Sunday, the same earnest crowds on the street, the same atmosphere of expectancy, the same profound interest. At the usual early hour of eight in the morning everything was hushed to quiet, and again at the theatre the scenes came on, one by one, exactly as before; not an actor missing, not a mother or babe of the "multitude in Jerusalem" away, not a singer less; and the wonder of it, and the dramatic power and tenderness of it, grew and widened in my soul, till I wished—hopeless wish!—that I might miss no future acting of the Passion Play for all that summer. Beside me sat an American who had gone to hear it once, as a critic. He spoke to me during a moment of pause—which rarely came during the hours of the performance—and this is what he said: "This is my eighth Sunday; I cannot go away, for I am learning more of true acting from these peasants than I ever knew in all my life."

His judgment was not in error. Beside those valley peasants, our American, English, or French, not to say German, painted men and women, who uniformly desecrate every true drama rendered in our vari-

Crucifixion Scene in Passion Play of 1900.

ous cities, shrink into pigmies. At Oberammergau I began to believe that great acting can only be performed by men too humble to sham, and too sincere to practice the average stage frauds. Such actors were to be found among the best of the old Greeks; and such were those humble folk who took part in the Passion Play the last year preceding the opening of this Twentieth Century.

XVII.—GLIMPSES AT SOME POTENTATES.

THE OPPORTUNITY has never come to me to be "introduced" to royalty, and the loss of it has never been felt. But there are those who would give a share of their earthly fortune to bend the body low, in a "profound" bow, before some of the sovereigns of the courts of Europe. For such readers of this book there may be an interest felt in the few "glimpses" of sovereigns recorded in the following narrative.

My first sight of a "real, live king" was over a quarter of a century ago. Then for the first time I found myself in what was known as, and is sometimes still called, the second Paris of Europe. It had then, as now, elegant residences, broad streets, a charming park and the general air of a cultured French city. Its chief architectural glory was its City Hall, almost five hundred years old, of remarkably pure Gothic architecture, with a tower on it 370 feet high, such as shames any structure known by such a name in New York city, or Chicago, or Philadelphia. Surely the Hotel de Ville of Brussels was and is peculiarly a "thing of beauty and a joy forever." There was a Cathedral nearly seven hundred years old, with some of the choicest of stained glass windows and well-carved oak pulpits. With a friend I had just been admiring these two magnificent specimens of new and old Flemish art, when the cry came up from many thousand throats on the boulevard: "Vive le Roy!" And there came by in an open barouche, drawn by

four horses, leisurely enough to permit him to raise his hat to the right and left, to acknowledge the greetings of his subjects, King Leopold II., ruler of Belgium. He was simply out riding, as was his daily custom (although his preference has always been for horseback), perhaps going toward his summer palace, about four miles away, in the country. He was a real king, and yet he looked like many another well-dressed, intelligent man who may be seen any day in a carriage or on foot in any other city. He was tall, rather slender in build, had a full, straight, long, black beard—glossy black; wore a high silk hat and a plain black suit. He was alone, save a driver and an attendant.

King Leopold was then about forty years of age; now he is sixty-nine; so that he is getting to be one of the more aged of the rulers of Europe. He was not exactly a handsome man, having narrow eyes—yet they were keen eyes—and a too-prominent nose; but he sat so erect, bowed so gracefully and had such an air of business dignity, the strength of a man who knew what he wanted to do and how to do it, that it gave to the onlooker a feeling of genuine satisfaction. Surely he could not inspire fear, but confidence, respect, and, if one were only a Belgian, affection.

I have since then learned to admire many of Leopold's best qualities. Except for him Stanley would not have founded the great Congo Free State in Africa, because he alone of all the Continental rulers seems to have had the good sense to see that Darkest Africa could only become Brightest Africa by founding an independent kingdom there, governed in a Christian spirit, by Christian white men, that, like leaven, it might leaven the whole lump; and so he opened his purse and spent his enthusiasm carrying out his en-

lightened views. He interested all the foreign powers at a Conference which he called together, and, nine years afterward, in 1885, he firmly established the Independent State of the Congo, with himself as its ruler, and with the free consent of all the powers of Europe. It has continued to be his hobby for all these succeeding years, and he gives a vast deal of time and money to the project.

Those who are old enough to remember Maximilian's freakish attempt to become ruler of Mexico, and know the story of his ill-fated queen, Carlotta, will probably call to mind that Carlotta is Leopold's sister.

Leopold loves peace and lives in great simplicity. He sleeps in a camp bed. He rises at six, and, after a light breakfast, takes up his state papers for several hours. He signs no document unless he knows all about it. He is so much opposed to bloodshed that he will not allow any man to be hung, quite contrary to the usages of kings. He does not care for amusement, and is said to absolutely hate the theatre. He knows nearly everybody and never forgets a face or a name. He often goes over to England as a plain citizen —*incognito,* the press say—to study in the British Museum, or to see some famous sights. Of course he speaks English perfectly and likes the language. Until her death, it was not known generally that Queen Victoria was very fond of this Leopold, for his father's, Leopold I.'s, sake, and that for years the two had corresponded weekly. It is not too much to suppose that at some future date a portion of that correspondence will be given to the public.

Leopold's country residence at Laeken, near Brussels, is in fine, large grounds, where he indulges to the extreme his great taste for horticulture. He has the biggest glasshouses for plants in all the country, where

the azaleas and geraniums, the camellias and the fuchsias, are superb, and an orangery and all manner of tropical plants. His royal palace in Brussels has the usual ball rooms, dining rooms and chamber suites, but, as it is not so fine as some others on the Continent, let us pass it by to look at a somewhat different picture.

It was years afterward before I had a second chance to see royalty. Then it was in a city as unlike Brussels as Constantinople is unlike London. It was in the most romantic spot by day and the loveliest by night one may hope to visit this side of Paradise: in Venice. I stood up with a crowd of people in the Square of St. Mark's. From the palace balcony there was, suddenly, a real Chautauqua flutter of handkerchiefs. It meant that King Humbert (Umberto, as his subjects called him) of Italy and his beautiful wife, Queen Margherita, were about to announce themselves. There was a moment of pause and then, as they appeared, both bowing to the public, the cries of the excited Italians were like the bursting of a storm. In the days when I went to hear Edwin Booth in Julius Cæsar, there were these same hurrahs of the so-called Roman populace, but that, manifolded, was the strange babel of noises now heard in St. Mark's Square. Every night of the four or five days during which their Majesties remained in Venice, the same scene was repeated; the same multitude, handkerchiefs, huzzas. The following day the great Broadway of Venice—its Grand Canal—was ablaze with colors and enchantments from end to end. There were thousands of gondolas and tens of thousands of peoples. Surely an old Roman holiday in new settings. Some of us enjoyed all the scenes of that afternoon from the balcony of a hotel which was formerly the

Palace Giustinian, where George Eliot once resided, and where Wagner wrote one of his famous operas; and, everything considered, the outlook made up the finest water spectacle I have ever had the pleasure to look upon. The chief sight was a regatta race in honor, and under the auspices, of the King. For a time I tried to believe I was in Egypt of old, when Cleopatra's barges were on the Nile, or in Greece, when Alexander's fleet was at Piræus. Ancient Roman gladiators and Persians seemed inextricably mingled, as they raced down the Canal. Every brilliant flag in the world and every luxuriant costume was displayed. There were private gondolas without number, all painted black, of course, under an immemorial law, but each gaily decorated for the fête. The King and his Queen, and "little Victor," Prince of Naples, then five years old (now the King), and the gentlemen and ladies of the Italian court, went early over the course, took their stations and awaited the racers.

King Humbert was not then handsome; he had not the dignity and grace of Leopold. He was a spare, rather short, undersized man, with a deeply bronzed face and a striking mustache. Like Leopold he was in perfectly plain black dress. His hair was combed directly upward and backward. As is well-known, he was the son of Victor Emmanuel, who, with Garibaldi, was the Liberator of Italy. On the whole he was not an unworthy successor of that once beloved King. Margherita, his cousin, was daughter of the Duke of Genoa, own brother to Victor Emmanuel. She was at the time of which I write a lovely woman of just twenty-four, thoroughly handsome and as thoroughly good. There were stories about King Humbert not being altogether good, but everyone knew that Mar-

gherita was as lovely in character as she was bewitching in manners. She was a full blonde in complexion and strikingly fair, too, for a blonde, with eyes of deep blue, and her every movement was grace. This grace was not by the accident of birth. Real grace comes only through perfection in art, based on naturalness. If you are thoroughly yourself you are wholly at ease; when wholly at ease you can study the art of always appearing well. A queen must appear at her best when in public, but Margherita, it is said, was always at her best. The Italians fairly worshiped their Queen and she deserved all the homage she received.

One story has been told before, to show King Humbert's fondness for playing tricks, when he did not desire to yield to the Queen's judgment in any matter. It is said he invariably had his own way, anyhow; no doubt a bad thing for him, for no man—unless a king—can afford to be stubborn when his wife puts forth a wise influence. But this time her wisdom was in fault. His hair had become prematurely white. The Piedmontese officers, as they grew aged and had white hair, dyed their capillary covering black. It was the fashion. The Queen asked Humbert to dye his hair, but he refused. To persuade him more gently than by continued words, she caused a quantity of fine hair dye to be sent from Paris and put in his dressing room. He said nothing, but one day the Queen's large white poodle, of which she was extremely fond, came running into her room with his locks as black as a stovepipe. Humbert had used the dyes, not as expected, but on the poodle! Another anecdote: Humbert could not sing a note. She sang beautifully. One day he desired her to remove her glasses, a recent acquisition which he did not like. She did not at once obey, and he promptly said: "Margherita, if

you don't take off those glasses, I shall sing." The glasses dropped.

King Humbert all his life was up with the dawn and defied all weather. When out in the rain he would not raise an umbrella, but would get wet to the skin. The middays are very hot in Italy, but he would stand out in the sun during public occasions for hours at a time. He was a democratic king; no aristocracy about him, as there was none about Emmanuel. Unfortunately, his education was comparatively limited; he did not care for it. On the contrary, Margherita called around her men of letters and could discuss with them literary, as well as political, themes. Her private sitting-room contained books in many languages, stacks of music and quantities of fancywork, finished and unfinished.

The last time I saw Humbert alive was in 1899. He, on horseback, marched at the head of his troops on the Via Nazionale in Rome. A gray, weather-beaten man; much stouter than formerly and more like a general. The people were not profuse in their applause, and what was given was tendered, rather, to the Queen, who rode in an open barouche close by him. She had lost the freshness of youth, but had gained the serene dignity of middle life. Poor woman, her husband was assassinated one year later, on July 29, 1900, near Milan, and now her home is to be in Venice, while Victor Emmanuel III. reigns. I saw, later, the wonderful display of offerings, wreaths and flowers, which filled the Pantheon, when the dead King lay in state upon a tall, symmetrical catafalque, under that great, round dome, open above to the tranquil sky. The poor and the rich passed in and out day after day to pay tribute to one who was well-liked

in life, but who was better appreciated when it was too late to give him praise.

Of Humbert's four palaces—at Naples, Rome, Florence and Venice—none was as elegant as palaces are supposed to be. The chief was the Quirinal, in Rome. That stands on a hill, one of the Seven Hills, on which probably was an ancient temple to Mars. Pope Gregory XIII. started to build it three hundred and thirty years ago, and six later Popes tried their hands at improving it. They fancied that hilltop healthier than the Vatican and so lived on it in summer. There is nothing outside worthy of attention; simply a big, stone building, not exactly homely, not handsome. It became the King's residence in 1870, after the Pope's temporal power was abolished. As in all palaces, it is entered by a great stairs, having some forty steps of marble, very broad and attractive. On the first landing is an immense fresco of Christ surrounded by angels. At the top of the staircase one enters a large hall, a hundred and fifty feet long, with the coat of arms of all the Italian cities around the frieze and with a heavily decorated ceiling. On the sidewalls are enormous paintings. The floors, like all palace floors, are either of marbles, or highly polished, hard woods.

One enters, almost first, the Pauline Chapel, its walls lined with gobelin tapestries. Then room after room, for receptions, for dancing, for state occasions and for pictures. As I remember, I went through twenty-one rooms, and then reached the King's private drawing-room and the suite of rooms for the Queen, looking out into the Quirinal gardens. In one room the Queen had a collection of rare birds. Perhaps, after her apartments, which were homelike notwithstanding their elegance, the prettiest was the

King's big banqueting room, where he gave state dinners.

Speaking about palaces, although I have been through fifteen or sixteen in various parts of Europe, I have found that, with one or two exceptions, when you have seen one good plain one like that of the Quirinal, you have almost seem them all. The chief palace of the late greatest sovereign, the good Queen Victoria, was as poor as any, which means that most are disappointing. Of the order ranging below Victoria's are, perhaps, those mediocre ones of Holland, Norway, Sweden, Belgium, Greece. The Quirinal and those in Berlin are better. Those at Versailles and Fontainebleau, France, and at Potsdam, Germany, certainly rank still higher. Head of all are those of Russia, the land of the Czar and of historic tyranny, the country of densest ignorance but also of most unparalleled royal and churchly magnificence. In St. Petersburg the Winter Palace and the Hermitage, which Catherine the Great left as a picture gallery, are, within, everything that the imagination pictures palaces ought to be. The Winter Palace, especially, is grandeur itself. It contains suite upon suite of splendid halls, full of rarest works of art, of malachites and precious stones, of vases and pictures. Each room grows more magnificent than the last. Each cut-glass chandelier, each vaulted ceiling, each wonderful decoration, is more rare and beautiful than the preceding, and when the guide brings you into the Hall of St. George and into the great white-and-gold hall for the court fêtes, you think of the tales of the Arabian Nights and wonder if this is a building upon earth or in the skies. In Moscow, four hundred miles away from St. Petersburg, is another palace, in some ways equally bewitching in richness, and when one has seen that also, with its

throne-room's carpet of cloth of gold, and then Moscow's cathedrals, he can only go to the Taj Mahal of India to see anything more grand. Fabulous sums have made the Russian palaces and Russian churches rich in gold, jewels and gems beyond calculation.

It was on a glorious July day when cool and delightful Russia opened its seemingly inhospitable doors to a few of us Americans, on pleasure bent, and, if possible, to see the Czar. We had scarcely dared hope to view His Imperial Majesty, and perhaps were afraid that, if we did, it would be to hear a sentence to Siberia. Nevertheless it came about that we were to see two sovereigns and their wives, the Czar and Czarina, of Russia, and the Emperor William II. and his Queen, of Germany. These two men wield more power than any potentates on the globe, always excepting Edward VII. of England, whose dominion runs "from sun to sun." We took a train to Krasnoé Seló, forty miles from St. Petersburg, where the Russian army was to be reviewed by the German Emperor, who arrived the day after we did. This visit of William to the Czar Nicholas on the date when we were at the Russian capital gave us an opportunity, not possible otherwise, of seeing their Imperial Majesties inspect the Russian soldiery, and also the famous Russian nobles and women of the Court, for all met at Krasnoé. We went to an open field and had seats on a platform, built solely for the occasion. Each seat was sold for four dollars, and the proceeds were to be for the poor of St. Petersburg—a most laudable charity. Opposite was, first, a band of a thousand pieces. What stirring music they did make! Next, beyond, was the royal tent, with a dozen foot-guards pacing around it. Back of the tent were soldiers, extending for miles up and down, a long line whose ex-

treme ends we could not discern. The nobles and their ladies came riding to the tent in that royal Russian fashion, which made us feel the thrill and the dignity of the occasion. Three horses abreast, the centre one with the high overyoke—on they came, apparently from every direction, though really over the one road; it was a grand spectacle. Some looked like Persians, some like Tartars, and the women had dress and figure, poise and manner, such as Russian women of the higher classes usually possess. This was a display of the nobility as you read of it. Here were the varying touches of chivalrous attention to the sovereign and of personal ornamentation that counts with the plebeian, and they were both novel and interesting.

Now came the Czar and the Emperor, on horseback, with a company of cavalry behind them, receiving and returning the military salutes of officers and men of the army. As they reached the tent, or, perhaps, a few minutes earlier, the Czarina and the Empress Augusta arrived in an open barouche, the former in a white, the latter in a pale green gown, with ample cloaks of ermine around them, which they handed to the footmen as they left the carriage. These footmen, dressed like East Indians in red apparel, took the Empresses' cloaks, and, standing motionless, held them for an hour, until the return journey was begun. For thirty minutes our opera glasses brought these four crowned heads as close to us as if to speak, and we observed every movement, both of them and of the court.

The Czar is a small-sized man, in appearance mild-mannered, rather effeminate. He has sandy beard and mustache, attractive eyes, short-cut hair, and would be considered by no one a merciless tyrant, or "monster," as, in fact, he is not. The Czarina's face

is, like his, long, and, in repose, sad and thoughtful. She has had much to make her mourn, for her first lover, brother to the Czar, was killed in a rough play by her present husband, and she has had other things to mar her peace. But she is, as is he, free of any breath of scandal, and they are perhaps the most happily mated royal family in Europe. He is frail, nervous and pallid; so is she. He has a high temper, but she is never the victim of it.

The Emperor William is now forty-five years of age, fourteen years younger than Nicholas II. He looked, at Krasnoé, to be a big, sunburned, headstrong boy of twenty-five. One can never forget Gladstone's scathing letter on the late Grecian war, in which the "Boy King" was held up to withering sarcasm. Still, it is hardly fair to predict so early what this wiry sovereign will do. He may determine the destinies of other nations than his own. He may plunge all the world into war. He may be the means of promoting the world's peace. The Empress Augusta Victoria is a stout, able-bodied woman, of the good, sturdy German type, who doesn't figure in the sovereign world much. He does it all; she looks on.

Will the reader be more interested in another and simpler scene, viewed about twelve days later than the one just noted? I was at that modest little capital of Holland, so trim and so suggestive of intelligence—The Hague. There is no city of more quaint dignity than The Hague: just the spot where the gentlemen of Holland may retire, as they do, when they have earned a competence. I was standing in front of the Royal palace, a poor, third-rate structure, clean and tasty within, but hardly deserving of the title of palace, and was solicitous of finding out when Holland's sweet new Queen—she who, the following September, on

her arrival at eighteen years of age, was crowned at Amsterdam, and who, on a later September, was married at The Hague—took her daily drive. The answer of the palace doorkeeper was: "Wait a few minutes; it is now time for her to come in." Within five minutes her carriage came along. Her mother, Emma, Queen Regent, and Wilhelmina, sat side by side. There were two men on the box seat, one driving, and two footmen behind. Simplest simplicity; no ostentation whatever. She was dressed in plain white, in pleasant contrast with the red-lined landau in which she sat, and she bowed gracefully to all passers-by. After alighting, when the palace doors were thrown open, she entered, but before doing so faced about, looked at the dozen or two of her subjects and the few strangers who stood there, again smiled, bowed and passed in.

Pretty Wilhelmina: how can we wonder that you early in life captured praises from many outside of your beloved Holland! In your peasant costume, you were just the winning kind of country Dutch girl which pleased the simple folk of your native land, and in your present charming conduct in every-day life, with smiles and good-will for everybody, should one not much rather be under your sway than that of any of the male monarchs of Christendom?

Of her three palaces, at Amsterdam, The Hague, and, what is called "The Palace in the Wood," near The Hague, I have visited the two latter, and of them the last named is the more interesting. Her father's, William III.'s, first wife, Sophia, lived rather apart in this "Palace in the Wood," and there used to be many stories told of Queen Sophia's "queer" ways, and of her husband's taciturnity; and of her never visiting the town palaces, while he rarely went to her palace. I do

not know about its truth, but three visits to that "Palace in the Wood" have revealed to me many and many little touches of homelikeness not to be found elsewhere. It is a quaint and charming spot. The Rubens paintings there must have seemed all the brighter and more gorgeous when Wilhelmina's wedding ceremony with a Prince, whom Holland felt to be quite unworthy of his bride, was conducted within its walls a few years ago.

The Queen is tall, clear in complexion, has fair hair and blue eyes, and is wholly free from dullness. Some of the Holland girls do not look bright but dull; she does not, but fresh, calm, sweet, interesting. She early learned to run a kitchen and keep house. She rides the bicycle, is a skillful rower, is passionately fond of pigeons and other birds and animals, and has superintended gardening. She writes and speaks—besides Dutch—English, German and French; sketches and paints; is especially fond of history. When she came to the throne she found a little Kingdom to govern, but one whose history is second to none in Europe.

King George I., of Greece, has been on the throne of the Hellenic Kingdom for about forty years, and by this time ought to look somewhat aged. On the contrary he is very tall, erect in bearing, and, while fifty-nine years of age, shows no signs of overwork, nor are his youthful forces abated. I happened to see him, with nearly all his family, disembark from an ordinary railway train at Piræus, when they were going on board his yacht for a day's outing. All the family were dressed plainly, Queen Olga, his beautiful wife, a Russian lady, being in mourning. Queen Olga is a few years the junior of King George, and is even more a favorite with her subjects than her husband, because

of her religion. She belongs to the Greek Church; King George, as a Dane, is a Protestant. It was only by the will of Queen Victoria that her second son, Prince Alfred, did not ascend the Hellenic throne, when popular feeling tendered him the position, but his mother would not let him take it. King Christian, of Denmark, always seems to have a boy or girl about to supply a vacant throne on the Continent, and so, to fill the gap, he was looked to, when, in 1863, the Greeks, having deposed their hateful King Otto, were searching around Europe after an able and willing prince.

Probably the plainest crowned head in all Europe is that of King George. During the summer season twice a week he opens the door of the Royal mansion, which is as plain as that of the Queen of Holland, and invites to it all the reputable strangers in Athens, so as to shake hands with them and make them feel at home. His eldest son, the Crown Prince Constantine, who is more portly than his father and looks every inch the picture of good health, as well as the other sons and one daughter, are all plain, every-day people, who have a host of friends in Athens and have their hours of relaxation the same as the common people. The Queen, on the whole, has one of the most attractive faces of any of the members of the various royal families in Europe. Noted for charity, she unites with the King in giving bounties to the poor, and in laying the foundations of noble institutions which will far outlive these two exemplary human lives.

And now I must next mention—for I saw next—the good, great Queen, whom we Americans especially delighted to honor: a friend to this country and to the world as well as to England, Victoria Alexan-

drina. When she died she had been queen over sixty-three years, the longest period of any single ruler in England, the next to it being that of George III., who reigned sixty years, from 1760 to 1820. While her life had been shadowed by domestic griefs, she had an extraordinary amount of quietness and peaceful home-rest, such as is denied to most sovereigns. Victoria's descent was, of course, not through all the royal lines of England—thrones descend in very queer and angular ways sometimes, and rarely go for several generations straight down from parent to child; but she counted among her direct ancestors the great Alfred, Henry II., King John, the first three Edwards, Richard II., Henry VII., Mary, Queen of Scots, James I., and others nearly as renowned. Her own father, however, Edward, Duke of Kent, was not a king; she took the throne upon the death of William IV., her uncle.

Everybody now knows of that memorable night of June 20, 1837, when the Archbishop of Canterbury, who was at the death-bed of Wiliam at Windsor Castle, twenty-five miles from London—the death occurred exactly at midnight—took the King's physician and the Lord Chamberlain and drove at breakneck speed to Kensington Palace in London to inform the young Princess Victoria that she was queen. No telegraphs or telephones in that day; only bad roads and jolting coaches. They reached the palace as the clocks were striking five. They knocked long and loud, and no one answered. Finally they secured admittance, and insisted on personally seeing Victoria, who was asleep. She came in consternation to them, hurriedly throwing around herself a shawl, with her eyes full of tears and her loose hair in masses around her shoulders. A picture for an artist! Next morning

the great officers of state, the Lord Mayor, the Lords of Council and hundreds of others came to proclaim her Queen. They found her dressed in deep mourning, and she gave her hand quietly to each official to kiss, as is yet the custom on such occasions. She was only eighteen, just the age of Wilhelmina of Holland, when she became queen, and the paintings of her indicate that, while perhaps not quite as lovely in features, she was bordering on it, and certainly she possessed the intrinsically lofty character now also ascribed to the Netherlands' Queen.

It was in this Kensington Palace where Victoria was born, at a time when the famous horse-chestnut trees, which to-day quite fill its gardens behind it, were "in snowy bloom." It is an ugly old building of simple red brick, and never was pretty outside or within, but it was always a dear spot to Victoria. William III., Queen Anne and also George the Second died there. Now Kensington Palace is the residence of the Marquis of Lorne and of broken-down members of the aristocracy, who have nowhere else to live on their government pensions; perhaps it would be pulled down except for its sacred associations connected with the late Queen.

While speaking of her palaces, she had, as residences, her regular home at Windsor, her summer palace at Balmoral in the Scottish Highlands, and Osborne, on the Isle of Wight, where she died. Beside these, her town residence was Buckingham Palace. Everyone in London has often seen Buckingham. Windsor I have visited many times, and familiar to many are the towers of Osborne, which is on the seaside of the Isle of Wight. As stated before, none of these buildings are of any great credit to the architects, although from a distance Windsor looks lordly, and

one can quite forgive the ugliness of its quadrangular courts because of the Great Park outside, which is the royalest thing about it. The oldest spot connected with it is the high, Round Tower, from which you can see into twelve counties of England, when English smoke will permit. Beside the Queen's private apartments, which were rarely visible, and never when she was in residence, there were at least sixteen state apartments readily accessible. The old Van Dyck paintings and the Rubens room obtained most praise; the Throne Room scarcely deserved the name. Perhaps the recent collection of gifts made to her at her golden and diamond celebrations by the sovereigns of Europe will interest one more than anything else, and, next, the Albert Memorial Chapel, where a magnificence of funereal art is profoundly touching.

When one goes to Westminster Abbey he sees in the Chapel of Edward the Confessor the "Chair of the Coronation." Every king and queen since Edward I.'s day—he died in 1307—has been crowned in that chair. It is just a plain, very large, oak chair, whose seat is a stone, known as "the Stone of Scone," because it was placed in an abbey church at Scone (near Perth, in Scotland) in 850. The legend is that this is the very same stone on which the patriarch Jacob pillowed his head when he saw the vision of angels and the ladder. The first authentic history of it places it in Ireland, much over a thousand years ago. In this same chair Victoria was crowned in 1838, one year later than her accession. At that crowning, custom decreed that the peers should kiss the sovereign's left cheek. There were six hundred peers. Do you wonder that a statement of this practice appalled her, especially as in England no custom is ever broken? However, she broke it, and the peers only kissed her

hand. It took five hours to crown her and kiss her hand, and the first thing she did in her enthusiasm at getting through such a tedious ceremony was to throw down her robes and sceptre, and take her favorite dog Dash out for his usual bath! From that day until her death, through all the blessed years of her married life with noble Prince Albert, her husband and consort, and the days of mourning after his death, Victoria was a noble Christian woman, attending scrupulously to every duty and making no personal enemies. A model wife, mother and queen; everyone in England, or out of it, was always glad to say, silently or aloud, "God bless her!"

My glimpse of her was during the year preceding the Diamond Jubilee Year, and at Windsor. Then I took station in the courtyard, where visiting strangers were wont to gather in those days to see the same spectacle; it was close by a tall iron fence, where one could have a view, at a distance of a hundred yards away, of the private door whence she was likely to emerge. Her little phaeton, in which she almost daily rode, and its pony, were there. In usual fashion, accompanied by one of her daughters or grandchildren, she soon appeared. She seemed like a shadow, or a small, black ghost. She was, as it seemed to me, such a wee bit of a thing that a stranger would hardly realize this was England's great Queen. She was in mourning, for that garb she had not removed in nearly forty years. A black bonnet and a heavy veil completed her simple attire. As she sat down in the phaeton, she came only a little way above the back of the seat. Her form was bent: evidently the best part of her life was in the past. Her companion (it was her granddaughter Maud) took the reins and off they

drove, two attendants on horseback following at a respectful distance, so as to assist in case of accident.

Any other woman ruling England might have made serious trouble for America in the Rebellion; might have delayed the war of liberty for Cuba; might have disturbed, oftener than was done by her Cabinet, the peace of Europe. But she has been and will be in history simply plain Victoria, England's best queen of the last thousand years, whose unsoiled life amid great tempests and temptations Time will write in letters of gold.

Probably the next reigning monarch to be mentioned, whom I saw for the space of ten minutes only, was the Shah of Persia, Muzaffer Eddin, who succeeded his father on the throne at Teheren in 1891. He is accustomed to visit Europe every few years, and in 1900 he went to Paris to see the Exposition, stopping on his way at other European capitals. It was at Cologne, when probably *en route* to Paris from Germany, that I unexpectedly had a glimpse of this exceedingly plain, dark-skinned and business-like looking ruler. He had arrived at the railway station, and had already entered an ordinary barouche, drawn by two horses, with one coachman and an associate, who were in the usual style of livery of drivers of the barouches of the wealthy in Berlin or in London. I should have passed the carriage and occupants anywhere under the supposition that they were merchants of the ordinary sort, not belonging even to the nobility, had I not observed the crowd looking on, and learned from a lady shopkeeper that the Shah had arrived. He was being driven to the leading hotel, the "Dom." He, with some other gentleman, a city notability, was seated in the vehicle, in plain black clothes, wearing the regulation silk hat, and with no marks

whatever of royalty. He looked tired; it seemed to be an effort for him to bow as the crowd cheered. It is said of the Shah, who is now fifty-one years of age, that he inherited from his father jewels and specie to the value of fifteen millions of dollars, and that he is otherwise the richest sovereign in the world, even including the Czar of Russia. However this may be, he has a great deal to learn in Europe of conveniences and modern progress, and the wonder is he is so slow in putting the knowledge thus gained into practice at home.

About one year later a sovereign, who is not a king in the usual sense, was before the people in the largest court of the Vatican, and I was one of perhaps fifteen thousand who had the genuine pleasure of viewing for nearly half an hour the wan, white, peaked face of the greatest of modern Popes. I place him among the "kings and queens," because his authority overspread more territory and more peoples than that of any secular monarch. In any list of great modern potentates Leo. XIII. may not be omitted. His rule traversed all climes and his sway was over more than two hundred millions of subjects. I counted it a fortunate hour which gave me a sight of one whose years were so full of historic memories, and who, with one foot in the grave, still held on to life and papal authority with the vigor of a lawgiver of Old Testament times. Leo XIII. had about finished his earthly race; he was nearing his end; yet how much of vitality, virility and *bonhomie* he put into those last days!

It was a seething crowd. Everybody was admitted only by ticket, but the cardinals and prelates had so distributed those tickets, at about seven francs apiece, that the net income from them must have been at least one hundred and five thousand francs; for all that the

square would hold, and hundreds beside, held those little purchased pieces of white paper that gave admittance to the function. The occasion was the ending of the student year in, I believe, the College of the Propoganda, and the event was the distribution of the leading prize, or prizes, to the one or two students who had obtained the highest degree of merit for proficiency in studies. The young man—quite young, I should suppose not over fifteen years of age —who was the leading prize-winner, had given an oration in St. Peter's that same morning, and I had by merest chance heard his address. I had gone into the Cathedral to hear music and the usual services; instead, I found the various priests and functionaries gathered together under the dome, seated, while from an improvised platform a bright fellow, in ordinary dress, was gesturing and evidently making an oration. It was in Latin, but distinctly rendered and with a good deal of fervor. His theme concerned the Apostle Peter, and it was said by competent judges to have been dignified, learned and in excellent language. It was gratifying to see the same young lad, a few hours afterward, take his prize—I do not know what it was, perhaps a medal—from the hands of the Head of the Romish Church; and when he did it I could see his face flush and a natural pride well up from his heart as he bowed his most profound gratitude.

A large band, perhaps of fifty pieces, was stationed at the far end of the court, and rendered stirring music in advance of the Pope's appearance. This appearance was upon a balcony, high over the heads of the people, three, or perhaps four, stories above the ground. There were arriving from time to time on that balcony a number of cardinals, in their bright red garments, before the entrance of the Pope; indeed

they flitted hither and yon, talking and viewing the crowd below; and as the balcony was covered with an immense crimson velvet cloth, with gold figures and fringe, this spectacle repaid for all the crush and tiresomeness of the occasion. It was tiresome because the spectators had to stand jostled together at least an hour before the final exercises began. At the final moment, however, His Holiness was brought out on a chair, and "the welkin rang" with huzzas and with shouts of "Viva il Papa-Re!" while the band played and everyone strained on tiptoe to see clearly the face and form of the venerable Pontiff—the poet, the finished letter-writer, the master of many languages, the peacemaker, in a word the most famed head of the Roman Church in Christendom since the days of Gregory the Great. His face was precisely like his pictures. He had a narrow head, a prominent nose, small, bright eyes, a mouth that had the peculiar smile which in current thought is inseparable with Jesuitism, unusually large ears, and a distinctly pale, alabaster-like face. His dress was pure white, his coif white, and throughout his frame the weakness of age was apparent. His long and tapering fingers were at once raised in the Papal form of blessing, but he seemed unwilling to continue that posture in a sitting position lest his evident weakness should be too clearly visible. He raised himself from his seat, and repeated the blessing, while the multitude were overflowing with enthusiasm. Again and again he responded to the public cries by raising himself up and pronouncing the blessing, and, when the lull in the Babel of sounds permitted, his voice was distinctly audible, even two hundred yards away. He then gave the prizes, but the few words uttered to the young man and to other students in the vicinity were not

such that I could hear even a syllable of them. Surrounding the Pope were at least a dozen or more cardinals, all standing, two or three of whom were carefully assisting him to his seat after each rising, and who finally bore him back into the rooms of the Vatican.

Subsequently—less than one year later, on July 20, 1903—Leo XIII. died at the ripe old age of ninety-two. I was at the Italian Lakes when the news came, on August 4th, that the successor to Leo XIII., Gioseppe Sarto, of Venice, had been selected; and when, one week before I reached Rome, Pius X. was coronated, Leo had previously been interred with solemn ceremonies in a niche over the arch near the Chapel del Coro in St. Peter's. With a simple marble plate, on which the name "Leo XIII." only appears, the body of this great Pope will lie there until the time comes for its permanent interment in the basilica of St. John Lateran, in the place chosen by himself as his final resting place. Two Sundays after this interment I viewed the provisionary tomb in St. Peter's, and felt, as all the world still feels, that a great scholar and man had passed away. History will surely award him a high place in the pantheon of papal sovereigns.

King Alfonso XIII., of Spain, who is the youngest of the sovereigns of Europe, is the only king on the Continent who was born in the purple. His father, Alfonso XII., died about six months before his birth. His mother became Queen Regent until he was sixteen years of age, when, on May 17, 1902, he took upon himself the full authority of a king. A few months later I had an excellent opportunity to see his young face, and erect but rather boyish bearing, in his own capital of Madrid. He had gone with his usual retinue of attendants to open a charity fair in the Parque

de Madrid, and, as he came out of the building, entered his carriage and was driven away, I stood within a few yards of him, and saw his mother and himself for a number of minutes. He had the fresh face of a college lad; he was courteous to everyone who bowed or spoke to him, and the impression made upon me was that of one to whom the duties of a sovereign had already become irksome. I think he would have liked that very day to have been playing ball, or galloping off quite alone in the country, freed of all the etiquette of the court. His education is said to have been of the best; his will is resolute; and those who come in contact with him declare that his mind is unusually bright and alert. That he was popular was proved by the enthusiastic concourse gathered to see him on this mere trifling occasion, notwithstanding that he is in one place or another in Madrid, at functions or riding out, nearly every day of the year. His photographs show him exactly as he is, and they usually exhibit a military cadet rather than a king. He likes to drive a four-in-hand, delights in hunting, is a good shot, is nearly six feet in height, slender, walks erect, is quick in his movements, and, it is said, has his own way in everything. He dislikes bull-fights, which is greatly to his credit. What, if anything, he will do to advance Spain—poor, backward, idle, musical, lackadaisical Spain—among the more alert nations of the world, remains to be seen; it is too early yet to predict his future.

President Emile Loubet, of France, is sixty-six years of age, and has a face not unlike that of any thoughtful, cheerful Frenchman. While, of course, I had "almost" seen him upon the boulevards of Paris, where every day he takes an afternoon drive, it happened that the only real glimpse I ever had of him

was in London, when, in company with King Edward, he was driving about the city to receive the plaudits of the English people. He was dressed in "citizens' clothes," with white cravat, as a plain "President," just as a president of any other free country appears when driving out. He was but a peasant lad, raised on a farm halfway between Marseilles and Paris. He was sent to college, studied law, practiced his profession, became a deputy, (equivalent in America to Member of Congress), went to the Senate, entered the Cabinet of the Executive, and in 1899 became President of France, with a position not unequal to that of a sovereign of Europe. He is not a genius, not a brilliant orator, but a statesman, firm and of the highest character.

And now to the last, and, in some respects, most dominant factor in European politics and statecraft, King Edward VII., ruler of more territory than even that of the Czar of Russia. The Czar rules over 130,000,000 of people; the King of England exercises sway, domestic and colonial, over 300,000,000 of people. The Czar governs 8,000,000 of square miles of territory; King Edward's government extends to 11,000,000 of square miles of territory. On his lands, as now on those of America, the sun never sets.

When Edward VII. came up to London from his month's rest in the harbor of Cowes, after the operation for appendicitis which might have cost him his life, he drove from Victoria station by Hyde Park Corner to Buckingham Palace. It was a roundabout way to reach his home in the city, but he so journeyed to prove to his admiring people that he had wholly recovered, and was really fit to take part in the public ceremony of the Coronation. I stood near the Palace and saw him, with his Queen, pass into and

through the great iron gates in front, his face radiant with happiness, bowing to right and left in response to the hearty huzzas of the people. There remained on his countenance no traces of the weary days and nights of pain which followed the surgeon's knife. Apparently he was in perfect health. His cheeks were ruddy, bronzed a bit by the salt sea-winds. He was animated, as if conscious of the tributes of devotion tendered him by his loyal subjects, yet wholly at ease. A merry King, one might almost say, as why should not a ruler be, who governed so immense an empire, every portion of which was again at peace? The African war had ended, the soldiers were returning home, and hope and presage of prosperity were clasping hands, while the people once more uttered, "God save the King!" He had stepped into his carriage from the railway train with composure and alacrity, even surprising his attendants, and he rode down Constitution Hill as a conqueror returning from a victory.

The King wore a dark frock coat, and a white waistcoat underneath; over these, but thrown lightly back, was a thin, dark overcoat. He carried his black silk hat in hand, and had so ridden for the whole fifteen minutes of his rapid carriage journey. Rapid it was, for the two bay chargers that pulled the royal carriage were upon a stiff trot, and they paused not till the precious pair were safely within the inner court of the palace grounds. Alexandra, Queen, did not wear a face so radiant. While she possesses a most sweet and tender countenance, far younger than her years—she is fifty-eight, yet looks to be hardly forty—this day she appeared altogether thoughtful, serious, pensive. Her black dress and toque were sombre, only relieved in color by a few carnations worn at the bosom and in her head-dress. The two occupied

a black landau, not a coach. There were outriders on horseback, fine specimens of cavalrymen. The liveries of the drivers were no better than those often seen when English gentlemen are driving in Hyde Park or on the Embankment. There had been showers until the hour of the royal procession, when they ceased, but within ten minutes after it had passed there was again a prodigious downpour, which is something Englishmen always take at such times good-naturedly and as a matter of course. Through all the rain hundreds of people remained before the palace, hoping the King would show himself again from one of the balconies.

King Edward, as is well-known, came to the throne with the good wishes of all England and of all the nations. And the tidal wave of sympathy which swept over the British Empire and the Americas at the announcement that the surgeon needed to put his life at tremendous risk before he could be crowned, raised him higher in public esteem than any subsequent sovereign acts of his are likely to accomplish. It is true many feared that as sovereign he might prove weak, or not sufficiently conservative. But his sickness brought forth unflinching heroism, and his published thoughts at this juncture, which were first for his people and next for himself, overturned all suspicions and allayed all possible animosities. While I was not in England during the week of serious solemnity following the announcement of his grave illness—but in Spain—I read the English newspapers and heard Europeans talk, and the uppermost thought was, the sincere, the profound hope, that his life might be spared; and I am sure the world said, "Amen!" to the numerous public prayers for his recovery.

On the actual Coronation Day of Edward all Eng-

land was vocal with hymns. Every cathedral and church was the theatre of prayer. Every city was gay with bunting. Every store and shop, bank and manufactory, with slight exceptions, was closed, for the entire nation took in happiest mood an extra holiday. London for some days preceding began to put on, for a second time, bright colors, chiefly red and blue, especially where the line of march would be, and the trimmings were always gay, and sometimes costly. Unfortunately, although near at hand, I did not see, or endeavor to see, the Coronation procession. My friends and I preferred the beauties of the Isle of Wight instead. Nevertheless, I learned from other sources of it and know that it was a magnificent sight. Perhaps, after all, the long closing of Westminster Abbey to the public—from early in May until after the middle of August—was compensated for by the grandest regal display since Elizabeth's day.

I was at Ventnor on Coronation morning. Bunting on the streets and from hotel and private windows was as plentiful and as beautiful as poppies in the wheatfields of Spain, or as "the lilies of the field" in the uplands of Palestine. The mottoes most frequent were: "God save the King," "Long live the King and Queen," "Vivet Rex," and "E. R." The same exuberance of enthusiasm as displayed in decorations on the streets was shown in every place we passed that day—on a coaching drive—even to the smaller hamlets. In the evening at Ventnor there were colored fires on the hillsides and brilliant illuminations. An immense blaze of light on the side of St. Boniface Down read, "Edward VII.", and it could have been seen miles and miles out at sea, so large and bright were the electric letters. Special music on the pier ended with "God save the King," and at nine forty-

five o'clock from a score of hilltops over the whole island there were bonfires illuminating the sky. Ventnor was so deep down below the surrounding hills that we could not see the pyres, but we saw during our drive the great piles of wood ready for the conflagration, and the newspapers afterward recorded that the hills were everywhere ablaze in the United Kingdom from John o' Groat's to Land's End.

The next summer I saw the King again, this time in a carriage with President Loubet of France. The latter was being saluted by the people of London. The King looked hale and hearty, and not a person in the vast concourse of spectators lining the streets appeared to entertain other than the most cordial good feeling toward him and the Prince of Wales, who followed him. There are those who have predicted the downfall of monarchy in England with the end of his reign, be it far or near, but there are no signs of such a collapse. In fact constitutional monarchy, as it now exists in Great Britain, with liberty secured to the fullest extent to every individual, is in no more danger of wreckage than is what we call liberty in the United States.

Summing up, then, on the whole kings and queens are not different in private looks or public manners from other people of their age and country. If hedged about by an idealism which some suppose proclaims semi-divinity, they are in fact intensely and wholly human. The most of them are as approachable to friends as are other people, and as strong or weak in moral and mental qualities as the best and frailest of fellow mortals. The boy at school may fondly dream that to have seen Canute, or Alfred the Great, or even Edward VII., would be to have seen and to know a genuine hero, wonderful to look upon, or a giant,

bigger in brain and sterner in countenance than presidents or archbishops, or generals. The man who travels, however, and views them even occasionally, soon learns to surround them with no further halo than that of a title, which withers when it is not honored, and which at most is but a cloak, put on by day and as easily put off in the dark. The vast majority of all kings have been plain people; no better, sometimes much worse, than such of their fellows as were winning their daily bread by hard and honorable toil.

"What is a king? A man clothed on with power;
It may be for a decade or an hour.
Whate'er the time, howe'er the purple robe
Is worn, the emperor of all the globe
Shall wince and fall except for Virtue's dower."

XVIII.—DAYS IN HAVANA.

WHOEVER ARRIVES in the harbor of Havana before the morning stars have ceased to shine, and sees the innumerable lights along the shore, that glitter and twinkle as if they bade the stranger welcome by their radiance; and then, as the red-streaked dawn flares out with the supernatural light of the tropics, makes out, point by point, fort by fort, queer gray buildings, bits of sea-wall, ugly mouths of cannon, and, beyond them, green hills, sloping upward, discovers that he is in a new world, and is agreeably surprised and charmed. During the two or three hours required to pass through the red tape of quarantine he has plenty of time to grow familiar with the harbor, and soon learns that it is compact, pear-shaped, about three miles long by half a mile broad, and quite impregnable, because Morro Castle effectually bars its narrow entrance, which is only one-quarter mile across. In the harbor, indeed, could ride at anchor five hundred men-of-war, and still there would be room; the water is everywhere from thirty-five to forty feet in depth. He observes that Havana is an attractive city in its general appearance from the sea, and, if the wreck of the Maine excites him to some anger, he is obliged to concede that the United States was in possession of Havana quite long enough to have removed the obstruction, but failed to do so. Of course the Spaniards would not remove it, and there seems to be no good reason why Uncle Sam did not.

In the tropics, sunrise and sunset during February are apt to be equally gorgeous. Every day while I was in Havana the early mornings were of unusual splendor and the evening sun always set on flame the whole western heavens. While Havana was founded in 1519, it did not rise to the rank of a commercial capital until about the beginning of America's Revolutionary War, when the large expenditures then made by the Spanish king upon this port increased its population twofold. It never had, and does not now possess, good hotels, from the American point of view. The main hotels, both conducted by Spaniards, are the "Inglaterra" and the "Pasaje;" but I had far more satisfaction in making the journey daily away from the hot centre of the city, by way of the west coast, to the Vedado. The Vedado is the suburb, the American quarter, where the ground is higher and air cooler. There is always a breeze in the Vedado, especially alongshore, sometimes a strong one, and it cools one through and through just to take a seat on an open trolley-car and be whirled along at the rate of fifteen miles per hour, while the waves are dashing in on the coast, and the salt air penetrates to the lowermost part of your lungs. There is one fair hotel there, the "Trotcha," kept by a Spaniard of the same name, a man of sixty-five, who is evidently making money. No hotel kept by a Spaniard is as clean as it ought to be, but this one was rather above the average. The grounds were full of tropical plants and flowers, kiosks, fountains, trees with variegated foliage and curious designs in garden-beds, with walks of reddish sand. In the evening the bright lights and cheerful music of violin and harp made it an attractive spot. Of course the hotel had a man chambermaid, and he was a regular Cuban; for that reason he was of little

utility or consequence. I soon found out, indeed, that the Spaniards were the valuable people in Havana, and doubtless the rule holds throughout Cuba. The poorer class of Cubans are lazy, indifferent to sanitary matters, proud without any basis for it, incapable of success in business. The Spaniards are the merchants and property holders in Havana. They seem to have ambition, grit, intelligence, stick-to-itativeness and so succeed. The Cubans as a rule have none of these virtues. They are degenerates. This knowledge came as a great revelation to me, for I presumed the Spaniards were a proud, arrogant lot, who were unpopular and poor, and that the Cubans were the thrifty, bone-and-sinew class, who would in the New Republic "fitly constitute the state." President Palma, who has lived so many decades in America, is an exception (I believe he is a native Cuban), but he must have learned how to dare, to do and to be, through his personal contact with American life. His race is not one to engage much sympathy from those who know it intimately. Ask any resident American in Havana, and the foregoing will be corroborated by his saying: "Cuban—no good; do business only with a Spaniard."

Of course the streets and the street life most interest one in Havana. These are novel from first to last. Besides being narrow and with scarcely any sidewalks, except on the Prado, the streets are always lively, especially toward sundown, and the senoritas who are then visible—say after five p. m.—are often beautiful and rarely ugly. They dress well and have charming black eyes. The lace mantilla becomes them and sets their coquettish figures off to good advantage. Havana girls grow old young; at fifteen they are fully matured and at twenty-five are *passée*. Their worst feature, as to looks, is the profuse use of paint and

powder. Cuban girls are not as pretty as the Spanish; they have less education, dress less well, and possess less natural genius.

Black people are numerous; they are regular West India negroes. But I saw no beggars among black or white. It is singular how the pride of all the Cuban population, many of whom must be extremely poor, keeps them from vagabondage. They have an air of doing things whether they really do them or not. For a place of 300,000 people, and after a demoralizing war, it seemed strange to find everybody industrious and fairly well clothed.

Obispo street is the shopping street, and it is curious from its narrowness and the overhanging flags, banners and awnings, that stretch in places entirely across the way and furnish shade below. Here are fan shops, where any amount of money can be spent for a single fan. I presume they are imported from Spain, where fans are made in such quantities, and with such richness of material as are not equalled elsewhere in the world. As the street is not wide enough for carriages to pass, they go down this street and return by another. Cubans rarely walk; never if they can hire a cab. Accordingly Obispo street is usually jammed with a continuous line of carriages, each containing, as a rule, one person, and in stopping before a shop the carriage often must go on to a turning and there take refuge in a side street, otherwise other carriages could not get by. English is rarely spoken by the Spanish merchants. They simply will not learn the language. It handicaps them for business, but they do not care. Americans have few shops in the city; I doubt if there are twenty where anyone speaks English. The American colony in Havana is large, some say five thousand strong, but the men are employed in

financial institutions, or large industrial enterprises, and are not among the merchants.

I was most pleased to see the effect of the Wood *régime* on the cleanliness of these streets, which had been so notoriously bad that yellow fever was a matter of course with every summer. They were as absolutely free of garbage, or sewerage, as if they had been located in—I will not say in New York, for they were infinitely cleaner than the down-town streets of New York, but—Baden Baden, Germany, or an average village in England. However, General Wood is not now military governor, and the Cubans are in control, and it is said there are already signs of deterioration in the street-cleaning department, at which one can hardly wonder.

The Prado is an elegant, wide promenade. I was intensely interested there one Sunday afternoon to see the Havanese enjoy the carnival. It was the Sunday before Ash Wednesday, which is, I believe, the leading carnival day of the year. Every description of carriage was out on promenade. Drivers and riders wore masks and dominoes, and various grotesque dresses. The horses and carriages were decorated with bunting and flowers, and streamers of all colors. The carriages went by four rows deep on each side of the Prado; on the outside row the single carriages, and between them the tandems, tallyhos, automobiles and floats. Every window and balcony was crowded and the sidewalks were jammed with a living mass of humanity. It was a good-natured crowd; everybody was jesting and throwing confetti and serpentinas from carriage back to carriage; and even from high balconies they were tossed down to the crowds below. Confetti was everywhere on the ground like colored snow; the hubs of carriages were tangled with

streamers of light-hued paper, and they became twisted around the whips and beribboned the horses. This performance is said to be repeated for several Sundays in succession through Lent, the people never seeming to tire of it; what it has to do with the observance of Lent I have yet to learn.

Every evening the band plays at the Parque Colon or somewhere along or near the Prado. There are seven theatres and all are said to be well patronized.

I would not like to say how many tobacco manufacturies there are in the city, but they are numerous and some of them are of enormous size. As cigars are mainly exported, while the cigarettes are chiefly for home consumption, there is probably as much profit in one kind as in the other. I went through two of the establishments, where hundreds of men and women, the latter being mostly girls of from fourteen to sixteen years of age, were employed, and the impression made upon me was that enough cigarettes and cigars were made to supply all the earth and more beside. Yet, doubtless, the supply in Havana is not a tithe of what is required to supply the whole world; we little realize the extent of the tobacco habit among the civilized millions of people. In one manufactory alone four hundred operatives, by the aid of improved machinery, make from 2,000,000 to 2,500,000 cigarettes a day. The process is interesting, more so than the making of cigars by hand. The girls earn two dollars per day.

The only pretty church I saw in Havana was the Mercedes, through whose dome falls a soft, yellow light. That dome is full of paintings of angels. There are also handsome paintings and beautiful mahogany confessionals in this church, and I am told it is the most fashionable church in the city. I also went to

the Cathedral, but found little of interest in it, not even its date, 1724. There are many other churches in that city, the most interesting to me being the one where, in a sealed-up place in the wall, the bones of Columbus had rested from 1796 to 1898, when they were taken to Seville in Spain.

The two prettiest places in which to sit down for an hour in the open are: Parque Colon (Columbus Square), full of both cocoa and date palms and rubber trees, an entrancing spot at all times by day or night; and Parque de la Punto, facing the harbor entrance, and looking directly toward Morro Castle and Cabañas fortress. In the latter square there is a constant sea-breeze, and the sea-breezes of Havana are among the most genial and soothing of any I ever experienced. When one tires of sitting in either place, a short walk will take him to the fruit and flower markets, and these, especially the former, are curious spectacles. Guavas, mameys, cocoanuts, bananas, oranges, yams, and many fruits unknown to us of a colder country, are to be found there. But the best fruit of all in Cuba is the orange, which is extremely juicy and sweet, and which is held on a fork and sucked, after the rind has been removed.

One day I went over to Morro Castle and to Cabañas; the latter by far the more extensive fortress, but, I presume, about as valueless now for purposes of modern warfare as Morro. I went into Morro's dungeons, saw the room where prisoners were said to have been starved for two weeks before being executed, noticed the old cannon balls of two hundred years ago and worn-out guns galore. The fact is, the Spanish were so clearly behind the age in the style of their guns on these fortifications that it is surprising Uncle Sam did not, early in the Cuban war, rush past

Morro and capture the city. I fail to see what was to hinder—unless we didn't want the city at that time. Morro is much the older, though it looks so much newer. It was built between 1589 and 1597, but has been so renovated during the past century that it has, externally, little appearance of great age. Cabañas fortress, dating from 1763, is larger and much more interesting than Morro. It cost more. Charles III., of Spain, asked if it were made of silver, for it almost impoverished him of the money he got from Mexico (his largest source of revenue) to pay the bills for its construction, which some authorities have put at the enormous sum of $40,000,000, while the lowest calculation is $14,000,000. This amount, together with enough more to make in all $108,000,000, is said to have been expended during a few years succeeding 1763 on the harbor defences of Havana, and surely it ought to have been made by that time much more impregnable than Gibraltar. Cabañas has some grand shade trees and many artistic corners, and covers at least fifteen acres of ground. In this fortress the Spanish were accustomed to have the Cuban soldiers, captured in war, stand up with their backs to a stone wall to be shot. The exact point by the wall is marked. The grass-grown place where this occurred, containing about one-half acre of ground, is accounted by Cubans sacred soil.

The yellow and white house of President Palma was the old Governor-General's residence. It is in the heart of the city, and, with its patio and imposing front, is sufficiently stylish for any official residence in a country where the people rule.

Carriages with which to go out of the city, like most other things, are extortionately high. From seventeen to twenty dollars for two carriages holding

four persons each for a three to four hours' drive—I know of nothing quite so expensive in any other civilized country. The one drive I took was to Marianao, about nine miles out from Havana, a pineapple grove, and thence two miles farther to a large Spanish sugar mill. The pineapples were the most luscious I ever tasted, being dead-ripe on the vines and as large as the largest sized cocoanut, but with more diameter. The sugar mill was running with powerful engines, crushing the cane that was being brought to it by carts drawn by oxen. The cane, when crushed, is used for fuel. The juice is first boiled in large vats, then in smaller ones, and finally comes out sugar, in two grades, a light brown and a dark brown. This mill did not make white sugar. Its capacity was said by one man to be twelve hundred, and by another five hundred, bags of sugar (three hundred pounds to the bag) per day. The machinery of the mill was not up-to-date, and I was told that, in consequence, the sugar industry was not as profitable as it should be. At Marianao, General Fitzhugh Lee long had his headquarters, and it was later occupied by the United States Minister; the mansion is a large and beautiful one, of the old-fashioned colonial type.

On the way out I stopped awhile at the Cemetery of Havana, a large and shady place, where people are now buried, and, I believe, remain buried. Formerly the graves were only rented, and when the rented season passed, the bodies were dug up and the bones thrown over a high wall into a smaller cemetery, into which no one could see or enter. A real Parsee arrangement, and of course the vultures cleaned the bones! This is now stopped by law. Some magnificent tombs, notably one about fifty feet high to firemen who lost their lives in a noted fire in Havana a

number of years ago, and which was made in Italy of Carrara marble, are to be seen in various portions of the grounds. The monument to General Gomez is a grand one. The "Tomb of the Innocents" made one's heart shiver; it is to the eight Cuban boys of eleven and twelve years of age, students, who were said to have broken some glass over a Spanish general's tomb, and who were arrested and deliberately shot by the Spanish troops, as if they were court-martialled traitors to their country. The gateway to this cemetery, of Norman-Aztec architecture (fancy the combination!) is really impressive; it is built of a reddish stone. I saw curious burial vaults, or rather cemented graves, here, that show the economy which the Spanish exercise even as to their dead. Usually they are a profligate lot, or were in flush times, but it is no longer so. The grave is of unusual length, divided into, first, a grave of ordinary size, and, second, an extension of about two feet square. Both graves are deep, say ten feet, and thoroughly cemented to keep out moisture. An interment is made in the long grave. When another member of the family dies, the bones of the first deceased are taken up and put in the smaller grave. In this climate, and especially if buried without coffins, the bodies soon become only bones, so that the transfer is easy; or, when there are coffins, they are frail and do not last long.

The city supports a large Maternity hospital, where children are left (when infants, a few hours old) by their mothers at a small, two by two, sidedoor and no questions asked; a Lepers' hospital, for there are lepers not a few, and a Widows' home, which is a palatial residence, where widows unable to support themselves may go and be kept at government ex-

pense. Charities abound, although there are no street disclosures of objects of charity.

On the whole, what attracted me most in Havana was, first, the charming atmosphere which I found there in February. It was much less enervating and more vitalizing than the air of Florida. The trade-winds seem to have more in them that satisfied the physical want for a cooling breeze, and they came every afternoon with the regularity of clockwork. Next, the oddity of the street scenes. Next, the tropical foliage, always a delightful change for one who leaves the region of New York City, where there is no foliage at all in midwinter. I had left the latter city with a foot of snow on its streets; in Havana, of course, snow is unknown and there is perpetual summer. Havana, by the way, is just within the limits of the tropics; the Tropic of Cancer extends through the sea from east to west only about forty miles north of that city. So far as I know, there is no finer winter climate in the world than on the island of Cuba.

XIX.—TO "JOY IN THE WATER."

THIS IS SUCH a delightful name for an enterprising mountain city, that I cannot pass it by as the title for an opening description of Mexico. Not that it is ever used by the people, and not that the real present title is not euphonious, for "Orizaba" is as delightful to pronounce as the place is charming to visit. Originally it was "Ahauializapan," which has been corrupted to Orizaba, and the difference is perceptible. Try each word and see how the tongue twists in the one case, and how the syllables meet in the mouth in the other. But "Joy in the Water," which is what the ancient Indian name means, is more mellifluous still.

To reach Orizaba most comfortably from New York, one takes steamer to Vera Cruz, (which first touches at Havana and Progreso), and on the way across the Gulf of Mexico meets smooth seas and breathes delicious air. I made the trip in early March, and found it warm, but if dressed in the thinnest possible clothing, it will prove a voyage full of suggestions of bliss. There is a constant breeze, and the staterooms have not only large windows, some of them opening upon the deck, but slatted doors, through which the soft wind passes to and fro upon the sleeper throughout the night, with the soughing that is suggestive of the gentle rustling of cocoa palms. The Ward steamers are new, clean, roomy, airy, and meet every desirable want, unless it be of warm baths, for which there is no provision. Cold sea-water baths are furnished as a matter of course.

It was on this initial trip to Mexico that I was first enabled to see the famous Southern Cross. It is said to be visible in southern Florida at a certain season of the year, but the latitude of Vera Cruz is some eight degrees further south than Palm Beach, and, in March, the constellation moves up from the horizon to a spot well elevated in the southern heavens by midnight. "At eleven o'clock at night, and later," said the captain of the "Vigilancia," "look out of your door, due south, and you will see what is disappointing." I saw it, and confessed at first to the feeling of disappointment, but it was momentary. I had supposed the shape was more perfectly that of a cross, and that the stars were close together (as those of the Pleiades), but they were wide-apart, dull stars of the second magnitude, less bright than if they had been more directly overhead, owing to the greater density of the atmosphere toward the horizon. I could believe that in the Southern Hemisphere they might be almost as brilliant as some of our finest northern constellations.

Vera Cruz is a point without any special attractions, save that of an old Spanish fort, "a successor to one erected by Cortez," and some white buildings on the island of San Juan de Ulua. The city looks well from the steamer, but is indescribably dirty and disagreeable. Sewers were being constructed in all the streets, and only when these are completed and the pavements relaid can it become even a semi-respectable city. As I saw it, it was torn up by the contractors from one end to the other and no cabs could be used. The old open sewers in the centre of streets not yet excavated were filthy; flies were in multitudes; the hotels were dirty and poor; beggars and lower classes predominated on wharves and street corners and about the innumerable saloons, and I observed no

saving virtues except that there was a fine for killing buzzards. Even the Cathedral was undergoing extensive repairs and could not be viewed; I doubt if it contained anything to view. The ten thousand of population preyed on travelers, or were growing rich on the large commerce of the port; and buzzards were the only scavengers that endeavored to keep off the plague. No one enters Vera Cruz and has an overpowering desire to remain there over night. Evidently mosquitoes, yellow fever and cholera belong there as of inalienable right. Its unhealthiness is not due solely to situation, however, but to bad government. The city is built on sand, and, with proper sanitation, pure water and ordinary cleanliness, the hot sun and great depth of sand should take care of all the rest, and give something, at least, of health to the locality. Sun as a purifier and sand as a filterer are Nature's remedies for the necessary nuisances which gather in a semi-tropical centre like Vera Cruz, but when man does his best to outwit both agencies it is usually succeeded by a quick vengeance descending from heaven on human life.

One does get a sort of introduction to Mexican life at this seaport, but not an agreeable one. He will see cruelty to animals with few amelioratives. I saw this sight one morning, and presume I could find it repeated every hour if I looked for it. A flat car on the street railway was loaded with heavy stones and two donkeys were hauling it up a slight grade. The track twisted about in sharp curves, and the street was so uneven that the donkeys could with difficulty secure firm footing. By dint of lashing and shouting the animals laid down to their work, and pulled twice what they should or could pull under ordinary circumstances. And then they were forced into a half-run, when

ten lazy Mexicans jumped on the load to increase the burden! Of course the donkey has no business to be a donkey, but he is to be especially pitied if he is born on Mexican soil and has no opportunity to emigrate in coltish years to donkey heaven.

Historically the place did interest me, because on San Juan de Ulua Cortez landed his troops April 21, 1519, and next day visited the mainland precisely where the present city stands. Then, as now, he must have seen only a low stretch of sand-made land covered with a scrubby forest, and should the atmosphere have been clear, the mountains near Orizaba, at a distance of sixty miles. At this port he burned his ships, so that he could not retreat to Cuba if defeated. He landed on a Good Friday, and, because of that fact, and because he learned of rich gold possessions in the interior, he called the city, which he at once proposed to build on the seashore, "The Rich City of the Holy True Cross" ("Villa Rica de la Santa Vera Cruz"). So long a name has been properly diminished to simple Vera Cruz.

General Scott landed at Vera Cruz in 1847, bombarded the fort, and from thence made his march to Cerro Gordo, Puebla and the capital. The French, English and Spanish as joint allies occupied the city in 1861. It was the headquarters of the Juarez government in 1858 and later, during the "War of the Reform." All the great men and famous men from Cortez to Maximilian, who have governed or tried to subdue or govern the great country formerly known as Mexico (which originally was several times in area what it is now) have entered the country from this port, and it is this which gives Vera Cruz its prominence in history. If its native inhabitants feel any pride in these facts, they fail to show it in any marked

way, unless it be in the keeping up of a respectable park before the Cathedral, and in selling to tourists Mexican cigars bearing one of the best-known brands in the Republic, that of the house of Blanco.

I must return once more to the scavengers, who are elected and serve for life—the buzzards. They are jet black, tame as chickens and extremely wise. They will sit for an hour on the ledge of a house roof, peering down into the street below as if watching each traveler and urchin, and every drop of sewer water that floats lazily along. Suddenly, seeing some morsel of food, whether thrown out into the street or dropped from a wagon, they will fly down with outstretched wings and gobble it up. Nobody disturbs them and they disturb nobody. They sometimes circle around in a drove high above the housetops, as if exercising, but for the most part they are the policemen who do their best to keep off yellow fever and other filth diseases, and if they do not wholly succeed it is because the population can outwit them in devising nuisances which they cannot abate. In other words, the buzzards cannot keep pace with the city's disease germs, generated by the public indifference and closely related to individual foulness.

There are but three important seaports now on the east coast of Mexico: Vera Cruz, Coatzacoalcos and Tampico; of these Vera Cruz has been for four hundred years and always will remain the chief, because of its nearer proximity to the City of Mexico, the distance to which is two hundred and sixty-three miles. As Tampico is at the mouth of a fine river, the Rio Pánuco, that port has some intrinsic advantage over Vera Cruz; nevertheless, the rivalry between these two cities naturally resolves itself in favor of Vera Cruz.

When at Soledad, about twenty-five miles beyond Vera Cruz on the Mexican Central Railway, the ascent of the mountains begins, and interest in new things is at once awakened. The grade is often steep, there are many curves, and the scenery becomes interesting from the start, chiefly because it consists of banana and coffee trees, of splendid orchids and beautiful hibiscus, and other tall flowering plants. Coffee-trees grow best when shaded, and hence most of the coffee-fields are dotted with banana plants. On the higher plateaus coffee does not flourish, nor in the sands of the coast. But on the semi-heights of the Mexican table-lands they do grow, and at every station are to be seen bags of coffee, stacked up for shipment, or being brought to the railway in sacks on the backs of donkeys, or of human beings. Strange people get into the third-class apartments of the train at the various stations; all civil, all wearing straw or wool sombreros, with zerapes thrown over their shoulders and gay-colored waistbands. They are dark-skinned, barefooted, (or with leather sandals), and are usually not clean in dress or hands. The women take to a blue reboso, which is headgear, shoulder-warmer and apron all in one.

Córdoba, sixty-six miles from Vera Cruz, where the altitude is twenty-seven hundred and thirteen feet above the sea, was the first really live town encountered. Here the station scene was picturesque in the extreme. Women of all ages, and a few men, were by the platform and along the open space before the station, with flowers, fruits, cakes, meats, dulces (sweet things), and drinks to sell. The flowers are chiefly the cape jessamine, made up into pyramidal bouquets, containing from thirty to sixty each of these fragrant white blooms, and were being sold from twen-

ty to fifty cents (American) per bouquet, according to the offers made for them. Bouquets like these sometimes cost half as many dollars in New York city as cents in Córdoba. Here I tasted pulque for the first time, but did not like it. The cakes look appetizing, as did the bits of roasted chicken. Oranges sold for about one real (twelve and one-half cents Mexican) for twenty, and were juicy and sweet; as good oranges as are known to the tropics. The town has six thousand people and dates from 1618, when the Viceroy from Cordova, Spain, founded it as "a refuge station on the road to Mexico City." The dictator Iturbide made the place famous by reason of the Treaty for the independence of Mexico from Spanish power in 1821. It is now chiefly noted for its attractiveness as a place of retreat from the summer heat of Vera Cruz, though not outside of the limits of the yellow fever boundaries. It is in the midst of impressive mountain scenery and gives one zest to penetrate still further toward some spot where the fever pest of "the hot country" cannot come.

It is not so very far beyond this point where a magnificent waterfall is to be viewed from the car windows. This makes one sure he is approaching Orizaba, the "Joy in the Water," and it is, indeed, a true sign. For in the pretty valley, four thousand feet above the sea, in which the town of Orizaba is built, like a white jewel in an emerald setting, there are two quiet streams and a little river, the latter called Orizaba, which unite in a substantial river, the Blanco, and there are numerous falls and cascades that repay the explorer and that give the pretty Indian title to the mountain, to the river and to the town.

Summing up my experiences of a Sunday spent in Orizaba, I should be recreant to my feelings if I did not

declare it was one of the most satisfying spots I visited in Mexico. The views of the surrounding hills were not grand, though a bit of the summit of Orizaba, glittering in a crown of snow from behind one of the ranges, was pleasantly suggestive of what a fuller and nearer view might be. But it was attractive mountain scenery, and the air was perfectly delicious. Vera Cruz had been hot—eighty-five degrees in the morning in the shade—but Orizaba was "just right," the temperature being sixty-two degrees in the early morning and seventy-eight degrees at midday. In the evening a light overcoat was desirable, if sitting out in the park before the Cathedral.

The "Hotel de France" (not mentioned in the latest guidebook) went a long way toward fulfilling the prediction made by the captain of one of the Ward Line steamers, that I should "find it one of the best hotels in all Mexico." It is kept by a Frenchman, who knows what cleanliness, good beds and good meals are, whereas Mexican hotel keepers have no instinct for these things. He was Spanish enough to have a patio, wherein were plants and cages of birds, and a fountain that gave a delightful sense of coolness to the court. Into this patio the various bedrooms opened. He was also French enough to know what clean linen, bright silver, cleanly-washed porcelain ware, and thoroughly well-cooked meals are to strangers accustomed to such things in their native land. There were small round tables and seats in the patio, where early-coffee was served, or after-coffee, and where one could enjoy the poor fragrance of a Mexican cigar. The bedsteads were of enamelled iron and brass mountings, and the beds and pillows soft, not like the stones on which Jacob slept at Bethel, as in many other places in Mexico. Everything about the establishment was tidy and at-

tractive. There are doubtless more such hotels in the Republic, but I happened not to enter them, though I can except the "Grand Hotel" in Puebla, which is newly built.

It was at Orizaba, which boasts of a population of fifteen thousand, that I first came in contact with real Mexican life. It was not of the lowest order, nor of the highest, but of an average, where intelligence predominated and not mere animal existence. The energy of the place was sufficient to maintain clean streets, and there was an air of cleanliness and semi-refinement which had been altogether lacking in Vera Cruz. True, sewers were in the centre of paved streets, but they were confined to a "V" shaped depression, had a grade flow, and were daily flushed. Their odor was imperceptible. The houses were one-story, a Mexican characteristic. A few business buildings and the hotels had two, or even three stories, but such "sky-scrapers," as I presume the natives would call them, were few and far between. There were liquor shops enough, but they were not the centres of any objectionable tumults, nor of large gatherings. The sidewalks were wider than in Havana—perhaps three feet as a rule—and the projections of the roofs were of the same width, so that in the rainy season the water shot over the heads of the traveling public into the streets. I peered into a number of patios of private dwellings and found them clean, often decorated with flowering plants, and cozy. Many bedrooms and sitting rooms in these houses were scrupulously free from dirt, the furniture and rugs being of the latest designs, and pictures were not uncommon. Bedsteads were of iron, or brass, or a combination of both. On the way from Vera Cruz rude huts of bamboo poles, with roofs thatched with palm leaves, and earth floors, similar to

General View of Orizaba.

those in interior Africa, were sometimes seen, though dwellings were mostly of frame and occasionally of adobe; but in Orizaba all houses were of stone, white-washed or colored light blue, and generally with tiled roofs, and stone or tiled floors. The churches are numerous, and have attractive towers.

One of the first things to do in a Mexican city is to go to the market. That of Orizaba was alongside the Cathedral. Here was a typical Mexican market, cleaner than most others, the daily rendezvous of several hundred venders of cakes, fruit, flowers and all kinds of odd merchandise, from a pin to a sombrero, and from peanuts to porcelain ware. Of course there were more women salesmen than men, because the former are more energetic and the more sagacious of the two sexes. Real Indians, descendants of the Chicimecs and other races akin to the Aztecs, served ices, or pulque, or oranges, and, within it, metres of ribbon, and deftly painted and beautifully glazed ware. The Mexican women do not despise dolls, and they admire the most beautiful of flowers. These women, like the men, are undersized; that is, the women about five and the men five feet six inches high, though some are taller.

A real Indian woman has hair black as a raven's wing, skin like mahogany, eyes bright and furtive, bare feet, often a low-necked dress of light material, and always a reboso of light blue, or similar unpronounced color. Bright reds and yellows are affected by the men in their zerapes, but the women seem to be content with more subdued hues. I saw no chairs employed for the sitting attitude, either in the market or in the homes of the real Indian. A coarse mat is put down upon the pavement, or floor, and a squatting position is taken and maintained throughout the en-

tire day. I saw women, children and men sit for hours in one position, apparently, whether vending peanuts, oranges, cakes, or what not, and often appeared to have nothing whatever between them and the stones or earth on which they sat, except a thin skirt or half-wornout trousers. The zerape might be used as a rug when the owner has no mat, but I presume it is too precious a possession to be put to such dishonor. The market is the business spot in Orizaba; it is the centre of every day's active life, and human character, as developed among the natives, can best be studied in this curious spot.

I climbed part way up a hill beyond the Alameda to obtain a good view of the valley. Probably the Cathedral tower would be an equally good point of observation, and less fatiguing in the ascent, but, at any rate, I found the valley large, perfectly flat and quite fertile. Orizaba is planted a little west of its centre, its location being chosen, no doubt, because of the water-power furnished by the river that flows through it. There are various cotton factories in and near the town, one said to rank among the largest in the world, and to employ several thousand operatives.

The Alameda is the town park and would be a credit to any American city of a hundred thousand population. It covers many acres, is dense in shade, has driveways and paths, stone seats to sit upon, a large fountain and many tropical plants. The little plaza in front of the Cathedral is a more convenient meeting place for the people, and here there is music twice a week, and always on Sunday.

The Cathedral was finished in 1720 after fifty years of labor, and, while less handsome within than the more pretentious churches in all parts of Mexico, was especially attractive to me, because of the immense

size of its worshiping congregations on Sunday morning, and the revelation I then had for the first time of the apparent devoutness of the Indian races of Mexico to the doctrines, or rather the externals, of the Catholic religion. I do not know what they believe concerning the doctrines fastened upon this people by their Spanish conquerors, but that they attended devoutly to every phase of the religious services in this Cathedral was so apparent that I marveled. At the close of the eleven o'clock service, I saw probably as many as two thousand persons come out of the Cathedral and scatter to their homes. Immediately after, at the beginning of the next hour's service, others pressed into the building, and at least a thousand were seated, or knelt, to hear the next sermon and witness the next mass. The seats were filled first, but not in all instances, for scores of those arriving early knelt on the cold stone floor; the women with nothing beneath their knees except the thin garment worn, the men frequently on the rims of their sombreros. When the seats were filled, every newcomer so knelt. Boys and men in semi-tattered clothes, dirty and barefooted, had come miles to attend the ministrations. Every description of Indian was there, though for the most part the worshipers were dressed in their best, because it was Sunday. Some men had on laundered white shirts, with gold or ornamented studs, spotless collars and modern neckties, but the majority were too poor to indulge in such luxuries. Some of the women must have been Spaniards, belonging to the rich families, elegantly gowned and with hands covered with jewels. All, rich and poor alike, sat or knelt side by side, crossing themselves, and repeating "Ora pro nobis," as a response to the prayers, keeping their eyes fixed on the priest, or on some of the wooden saints above the

altars. It was a sight to make me wonder and admire; admire the patience and devoutness of this people, who were so much more religious (in their Sunday conduct at least) than their Spanish cousins across the water, or the Italians in the homeland of Romanism, and wonder that in America or England we Protestants have scarcely a tithe of the sacred feeling for a church edifice, or for a religious service, possessed by the Mexican.

There is one new church in Orizaba which is exceedingly beautiful within, San José de Garcia, finished in 1810 and recently newly adorned. The interior richly deserves a visit. Besides a pretty altar, and a general sweet effect within, there are a large number of well-executed paintings by Barranca, a native artist who has conferred honor upon his town and his country. Barranca still lives at an age exceeding ninety, and his son has succeeded him in active work with the brush, being almost his equal. Barranca is said " not to draw well," but " to paint well," and some of his pictures are comparable with many of the Middle Age masterpieces in coloring and the effect they produce upon the mind. He paints as if he were a Sixteenth rather than a Nineteenth Century artist, and always with feeling and with delicacy, often with breadth and power. His best paintings, probably, are in this church.

While passing along one of the streets in the afternoon, the sign of an American specialist in the treatment of diseases by the X-ray proved that even Mexico was welcoming new inventions and discoveries in science. Entering the office I found everything as clean as a hospital ward, and various rooms were devoted to tools and instruments, and also to photographs of persons " cured " by this modern discovery.

A native woman of the Indian type came in, took her seat in the chair, and had electricity applied to her head and hands. She was seeking a cure for pains in the head, she said, and she exhibited no aversion to the sensations given by the electric fluid.

Cortez left a fort at Orizaba on his first inland march. The spot was then noted among the natives for the salubrity of its climate and the abundance of pure water. Maximilian made it one of his favorite resorts. The cross on the low mountain summit to the west marks the spot where French soldiers were slain in 1862, when a party of Zouaves surprised and defeated the Mexican forces upon the hilltop. Without doubt the slow-marching centuries since the Fourteenth have all witnessed corteges of sick and well inhabitants of the "Hot Country," pushing their way up the slopes of the mountains to Orizaba to get rid of the fevers and agues engendered in the sands and swamps of the coast. It is a good place yet for any sick person to reside, even from the United States; I should choose it over Florida, which is too near the sea-level to afford any tonic to the system. Here, at an uplift of over four thousand feet, the ill and the well may enjoy weeks of bouyancy of mind and surprising vigor of body, without being menaced by too many of the disagreeable sights of average Mexico, and with a number of pleasant things in daily possession.

XX.—TENOCHTITLAN, OLD AND NEW.

WHEN CORTEZ burned his ships at Vera Cruz and struck into the interior of Mexico, with less than nine hundred men and only ten cannon, to conquer what he supposed to be one nation of at least several hundred thousand people, he performed an act as daring as any which finds mention on the pages of history. The general opinion of the modern world has been adverse to the good he accomplished in his war of conquest. But the historian Prescott viewed it in another aspect. After detailing the achievements which the Toltec and Aztec races had made in certain intellectual lines of thought and activity, and noting the underlying principles of their national religions, he calls attention to their cruelty in human sacrifices, and then adds this calm reflection: "In this state of things, it was beneficently ordered by Providence that the land should be delivered over to another race, who would rescue it from the brutish superstitions that daily extended wider and wider with the extent of empire. The debasing institutions of the Aztecs furnish the best apology for their conquest." The same kind of critics of the methods and ends of Cortez condemn the conquest of the United States of two centuries ago from the rule of the Indians. But the same answer may be given to all these accusations: the savage and semi-savage tribes of men must give way to men of higher type and loftier mold. It is a pity it must be by war, but better war and real civilization after war than no war at all.

In approaching the site of ancient Tenochtitlan (now the modern City of Mexico) from Orizaba, I had the feeling that I was going to what was for two centuries—but only for two centuries—the central theatre of action of the most peculiar and interesting race, or races, of men that ever inhabited the continent of North America. I was sorry that such an unusual race had to give way before Spanish intrigue and deception, and thankful that so many individual examples of true Aztecs in blood are still left to represent the family of the Montezumas. The origin of the Aztecs, like that of the more Northern aborigines, is lost in obscurity, but, unlike the less civilized and less picturesque races of colder climes, they had maintained national coherency, real power and a high degree of attainment in the arts and some of the sciences. They were even on the highway toward equality with the old Babylonians in buildings devoted to religion. It may be that other and older races had overrun the whole of Mexico and Central America ahead of the Toltecs, Aztecs and collateral tribes, and built such splendid ruins as those of Mitla, Uxmal and Palenque, but of them we actually know nothing. The Toltecs, tecs, however, we do know as a brave, sagacious, enened and fairly humane people; and as to their successors in authority, who rapidly became their supplanters and leaders, the Aztecs—the progenitors of the present pure bloods of Mexico—there is abundant history to prove their equality in various lines of intellectual attainment with the great Oriental nations of antiquity.

These Aztecs, who may have been cave-dwellers in Colorado and Mexico, probably came from the north during the Twelfth Century and settled, after several pauses, in the valley of Mexico in or about the

year 1325. The tradition is not improbable which relates that upon a prickly pear cactus, springing from a rock on the western shore of Lake Texcoco, they saw an eagle strangling a serpent in his talons, while his outstretched wings were opened to the rising sun. The cacti and the eagles are still inhabitants of the country surrounding Lake Texcoco, and a superstitious people would seize upon such an occurrence as an omen. At all events, here this people founded a city in the marshes by this lakeside, of bamboo, with palm thatching, and began their struggle for existence as colonists of a fertile land. They called the city Tenochtitlan—" a cactus on a stone."

As one looks now from the heights of Guadalupe-Hidalgo over the Mexican plain, he will see to the east from Mexico the shining waters of Texcoco, and, beyond its ancient western shores, which have retreated from it by reason of the barriers to its overflow erected since the Conquest, the domes and towers of a vast new city of over three hundred thousand people. This is the successor to the ancient city of Tenochtitlan, whose population was formerly of an equal number, but possibly was greater. The lake referred to is now one only of several lakes which take up one-tenth of the area of this Mexican valley. Few observe the extent of the water from any usual high point of view, much less from the railway train, but still it is there, and during all the time of Spanish occupancy it was a source of danger to the capital and the cause of endless enactments and many physical attempts to prevent its annihilating the young city. Again and again was it decided to remove the seat of government to another quarter, but superstition and indifference after floods subsided prevented, and to-day the City of Mexico

stands where the proud Montezuma ruled with inglorious hand.

If one wants to know the history of the builders of Tenochtitlan, he has abundant resources, great and small. For charming reading, he cannot do better than peruse Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico," first volume. For a more carefully matured description, he should read Fiske's "Discovery of America," first volume. For a compact and judiciously stated history of Mexico from 1325 to the present, he might secure Noll's "Short History of Mexico," a most admirable *résumé* in every particular. A well-prepared guide-book is Janvier's "Mexican Guide," now, however, a dozen years old. A more sprightly and beautifully illustrated one is Campbell's "New Revised Complete Guide," of 1899. I have found pleasure and profit in all of these works. Prescott will do more for the imagination than any writer upon "New Spain," and Campbell gives much more accurate modern knowledge of that land than can be found within an equal number of pages in any other volume.

Which is by the way. I did not intend to recommend guide-books, nor to speak much of the history of the Aztecs. Yet both matters are essentially important if one turns face to the City of Mexico with any expectations of returning panoplied in the armor of real knowledge concerning that curious spot.

Beyond Orizaba there is mountainous scenery for many miles. I do not call much of it grand, but interesting. It is often compared with that of Switzerland, but there is no comparison. It is tame beside Zermatt, or the Rigi. I am told there is far better scenery south of Mexico City, toward Cuernavaca. After all, however, it is certainly the people and history of Mexico more than the scenery which appeal

to those who have traveled over other lands before fastening eyes upon the lesser Cordillera of the North American Continent. Of one thing I am sure, that the last hundred of the one hundred and eighty-one miles from Orizaba to the City of Mexico is about as dreary a waste in the dry season as one can find outside of the Desert of Sahara. How it may be in the rainy season I can scarcely conjecture, but in March bare fields, absolutely destitute of verdure, and pulque plantations, picturesque till you tire of them because of their monotony, make up the entire scene for hours of railway travel, and you enter the City of Mexico at night tired and dusty enough to hope for good baths, which are hard to get, a good hotel, which it is next to impossible to find, and quaint scenes, which you are sure to see on the morrow. Yet once upon a time all this plateau had its lakes and canals, trees were plentiful, maize and wheat waved their plumes in the sunlight, and the scene was one of productiveness and enchantment. That the chief lake overflowed its bounds and caused disaster to the fair Aztecs and their great city was made the occasion on the part of the Spaniard for filling up most of the canals, and causing Tenochtitlan to be changed from a Venice to a Mecca. And how great the change! On yonder mountains, and in the many-domed churches and numerous small towns, more or less of the old elements of beauty are enthroned; for it is still a wonderful valley, glorious with an atmosphere clear as crystal under the amber rays of every morning's sun. But in the spring season its entrancing delights so far depart that there are clouds of dust, whirlwinds of it, arising everywhere out of the naked soil, and the hillsides are as desolate as if they were located in modern Greece or in North Afri-

ca. The trees are few compared with the desert of nothingness.

Mexico City, I have said, has over three hundred thousand population. The whole Republic, which is as large as all the United States east of the Mississippi River, has a population of about eleven millions. No city in North America, south of Philadelphia, has a population equaling the City of Mexico.

The first impression on entering the city is the fact that now it is wholly a land city. There are no canals intersecting its streets, although various nomenclatures of the streets indicate such canals and the ancient bridges crossing them. The old designations of streets largely survive and in their original form. Almost every block gained brings one face to face with a new street title. It puzzles strangers, but all attempts to alter this have met with the disapproval of the conservative inhabitants. A second impression is that the streets are generally paved, the few chief ones with asphalt, which gives to the leading mercantile quarters a clean appearance and one comparable with all modern cities. The third noticeable thing is the one or two-story buildings common to all cities of the torrid zone. The shops and hotels are two and three, in a number of cases four, stories in height, but the vast majority of buildings are only of two stories. This makes it impossible to place the municipality in the same category with Paris, Berlin, Madrid, or any great European or American capital, in respect to general dignity and, as a consequence, the comforts of living. It restricts the domestic arrangements of families to a few rooms, and requires that parents having numerous children bring them up in compartments too few to properly separate them. It is the primitive way of living, and not according to the modern method.

My arrival at the station of the Mexican Railway in the twilight of evening gave me a first opportunity to see the lack of enterprise in Mexican cabbies. There were at least forty first-class passengers seeking cabs to convey them to some hotel. About three cabs were on hand. Cab drivers were lazily resting in the various plazas, no doubt, but they had no eye to the business of stopping where there would necessarily be traffic. I had the strange experience of hunting up a small boy and asking him to scour the vicinity for a conveyance. He went three several times and always returned, like Noah's dove, with promises only. Finally, one cab came, took me a mile and a-half to a hotel, and returned in order to convey to the same hotel my comrades. The electric lights of the city on the avenue as we drove along indicated a more modern metropolis than we found it to be. Apparently the pavements were first-class and clean, and the shops up-to-date. There were visible, as I got some blocks away from the station, streams of vehicles carrying the well-to-do, especially ladies, in the direction of the Alameda and the Plaza.

On the subject of hotels in Mexico City, everyone had said there was none worthy of the name. But on the way from Orizaba an American, who had resided in the Republic fourteen months, gave me the information that he considered one, at least, "first-class," and that if he were going to the city with his wife he should certainly go to it. He named the one with which I had had satisfactory correspondence. I remember he especially praised the meals. He said that as a matter of fact no hotel gave good meals, but that this certain hotel was fully as good as any, and at all events that there were private restaurants to which one could resort in case of dissatisfaction. As the plan of carry-

ing on Mexican hotels is to charge for the rooms and leave you entirely free to eat where you like, without incurring the proprietor's displeasure, I felt that at least one feature of hotel life could be resolved in my favor.

Arriving at the place, which shall be nameless, I found it to consist of rooms, which, with two or three exceptions, were without windows and without ventilation save by a transom into an interior court, itself wholly enclosed and covered with glass. The air that came into my room was the confined air common to all other rooms, which mingled in the prisonlike court and stayed there from week to week. The light, scanty enough, was only increased to a proper degree by artificial means. Dirt abounded. The counterpanes, sheets and bolster cases (as in Spain, the pillows used in Mexico are the bolsters), were altogether "more holy than righteous," being in fact worn out. There was no help for the selection, for inquiry developed the fact that in "the tourists' season," (March is the last month of it) every hotel room is occupied, by preëngagement. So I made the best of it, and it nearly spoiled all my week's stay in the City of the Montezumas. As to the board, it was too wretched to be endured. Dishes were generally well-cooked, but the dirt of the café and the untidiness of the tablecloths and napkins proved too much for my appetite. The specific hotel referred to was, I discovered, on a fair par with the average, and absurdly inadequate for modern needs. The first principle of hotelkeeping, as of housekeeping, is cleanliness; the second, comfort. Most Mexican hotels have neither. But, of course, to every rule there are exceptions. I subsequently found there were really better hotels in Mexico City, but they were full, and there was the prospect of an-

other, to be called "The Palace," to be opened the coming summer. The hotels of the better class are kept by Germans or Frenchmen, not by Mexicans or Spaniards.

Ancient Tenochtitlan was laid out in parallelograms, or very nearly so. The modern City of Mexico follows the same plan. When Cortez destroyed—as it was necessary for him to do to complete the subjugation of his foes—the Aztec city, he first razed to the ground every dwelling and temple, and then laid out an entirely new city, but strictly on the old site and lines. The causeways over the marshes were retained as roadways. All the main streets from north to south and from east to west were allowed to remain, but widened. The former dwellings of sun-dried clay, or of wood, were wholly removed, but the great stones in the teocalis (the heathen temples, of which there were said to be four hundred in the city) were employed in the new structures. To-day the church of San Francisco, which is a half century older in its foundations than the Cathedral, is largely built of stones which came out of the Great Teocalli, the main temple of Montezuma (finished in his reign), that stood on a site now embraced in the present Plaza; and most of the old Spanish churches and convents have, as foundations, stones which bear the images of Aztec gods, turned inwards, so as not to intrude their ugly visages upon the more saintly Spaniards, whose war of conquest was a war to establish the Most Holy Religion of Rome.

The central point for the observances of the Aztec religion was on the top of the Great Teocalli, which stood in the centre of the Aztec city, probably covering the ground directly in front of the present Cathedral. With its subordinate edifices it may have

covered all the ground now occupied by the Cathedral and some adjoining blocks, but the main Plaza of to-day was also a plaza of early days, for the palace of Montezuma's father was on its western, Montezuma's own palace on the eastern, and the House of Birds on its southern, side. The present National Pawnshop stands on part of the palace ground of Axayacatl, father of Montezuma, which covered far more than this modern structure. There Cortez resided with his soldiers and daily received Montezuma with (apparently) profound tokens of respect, and there Montezuma was kept a prisoner for the months preceding his mortal wounds and death, which occurred on June 30, 1520. The present Palace of Diaz occupies part of the site of Montezuma's palace. The latter covered several times more ground to the eastward and southward, including the market-place, and was magnificent in interior decorations, Cortez declaring it superior to anything of its kind in Spain.

Standing in the little garden plat which fronts that magnificent pile, the Cathedral, where numerous tall trees dwarf the magnitude of its harmonious proportions, one must be dull indeed to historic facts not to feel thrilled with stirring emotions. He must see rising up, just where he stands, that vast pile of the Aztec Temple, from whose summit the whole plain of Mexico spread out with its wide extent and almost incomparable beauty. This Temple was encompassed with a wall of stone, to keep out all who were not priests or warriors, and on that wall were huge figures of numerous serpents. Four large gateways pierced the enclosure, opening on the four (still to-day the four) principle streets of the capital. Over each gate was an arsenal of weapons. Within arose a pyramidal structure about three hundred feet square at the base,

its faces to the four points of the compass, five stories in height, rising probably to one hundred and fifty feet, each story smaller than the one erected below it. A flight of steps reached the top of the first story; then that top had to be traversed to the opposite side, where steps led to the next story. The procession of priests, as they wound their way up daily to the top, went round the platform three times before reaching the topmost level. Cortez stormed this Temple again and again; but never was the spectacle so terrible, as when, on the week of the dedication of this Temple by Axayacatl, father of Montezuma, in the year 1486, a vast hecatomb of victims was offered up upon the sacrificial stone on the summit. It was a day of unparalleled magnificence in the history of the Aztecs, and it was not so long before the first Spanish Conquest (1519) that the accounts of it might not have been transmitted with correctness to the conquerors. It is said that seventy thousand victims perished during the days given up to the dedicatory services. Impossible as this seems (and it is more probable that this number refers to the sacrifices through the whole empire, where were hundreds of similar but smaller temples), it is not a romance that these human sacrifices occurred. Bernardo Diaz says he counted one hundred and thirty-six thousand skulls at one teocalli! Spaniards themselves saw the bloody rites when unable to prevent them. Spaniards even saw their fellows, captured in combat after Cortez first evacuated the capital, immolated on this central sacrificial summit in Tenochtitlan. Cortez and his men were at the time on heights outside the city, after one of the most disastrous days of his second campaign against the city. In the early morning he saw his brave comrades, who had been captured, taken to the top of the Great Teo-

Sacrificial Stone of Aztecs, Mexico.

calli, stripped to the waist, laid upon the sacrificial stone by Aztec warriors, and their hot, reeking hearts torn out of their bodies and deposited in the censer before the idol that crowned the summit. The hearts were for the cruel god Huitzilopochtli; the bodies were flung down to the base of the temple and given up to a cannibal repast! The spot was the most sacred one of the nation of Montezuma, and thereafter the most detested to the Spaniards. Who shall wonder, or object, that the latter razed it to its foundations, overturning Idol and stone, earth and cement, to its uttermost fragment, and in its place reared a Cathedral to the glory of God! The same Idol which was on the summit, the same Sacrificial Stone, perhaps, may now be seen in the National Museum, but not one stone of the Teocalli itself remains in the position it was before. Men sometimes stand on the Plaza, or in similar positions in other Mexican cities, and express regret that the former things were not allowed to remain, but it requires little human reasoning to see that, in the order of Providence and in the march of humanity, these temples could not be permitted to stand. Only by their total overthrow were the natives of Mexico made to understand that their gods were without reality or power.

There were in the City of Mexico various such teocallis, all of a lesser size than this immense one in the Plaza, but every one was given up at times to human sacrifice. In fact all cities under the domination of the Aztecs had one or more. The ruined sites of a very few of them exist, and, usually speaking, they are only sites; all else has passed away. There exist other monuments, however, erected as memorials to gods less cruel than Huitzilopochtli, in various parts of the

present Republic, but their numbers are small and the uses to which they were put are rarely certain.

And so, here, we have to-day, in place of and on part of the site of the "pile of sacrifice," a lofty, doubly-towered and splendid Cathedral. It is the pride of the city. Its size and wealth of interior gold ornamentations make it the grandest Cathedral on the Western continent. In outward appearance it is altogether noble and pleasing. The architect, Castaneda, knew how to plan it so it should dominate the landscape and the city. Founded in the very first year of the Conquest, it was over fifty years later (1573) before the corner-stone of the present structure was laid. It succeeded an earlier one, but as that did not satisfy the pride of the greatest and meanest sovereign of that century, Phillip II. of Spain, he had the present structure called into being, and it was finally completed, towers and all, in the space of a hundred and eighteen years. It is a satisfying Cathedral, without and within, although within it looks at first as cold and austere as was its kingly projector. Aside from its various costly chapels, containing the remains of Iturbide and others, and its elaborate and not artistic but rich altars, that which causes most wonder is the Altar of the Kings (the Los Reyes), in the apse, beneath which are buried the heads of Hidalgo and other heroes of Mexican Independence. It occupies all the apse and is one mass of gold in every conceivable design. The same artist designed this altar who made the famous Altar of the Kings in the Seville Cathedral, but this would seem to be immensely more costly. It is probably the richest altar in the whole Republic, although for pure beauty and exquisite effect upon the taste I prefer the recently finished altar and chapel in the Church of Santo Domingo in Puebla. The choir stalls in this Cathedral

are wonderful specimens of art and the choir books look to be as ancient as they are massive. I shall only add concerning this Cathedral that the one drawback to it is its wooden floor. One cannot conceive why, as in the other great Cathedrals of the world, the floor is not made of stone, or marbles, unless the intention is to afford more warmth to those who kneel before the altars; yet for such a purpose rugs or mattings could be supplied, as in Oriental mosques. The wooden floor gives to an otherwise royal piece of architecture a cheap and tawdry appearance.

As nearly all the street-cars come into the Plaza before the Cathedral, and all the best shops are in its vicinity, it is natural that the life of the city should focus at this one radial point. As it was four hundred years ago, so now, the very centre of the wheel of life in the municipality is on and about this spot. The Alameda, a half mile or more to the west, is a much larger and finer spot; a park, indeed, where restful hours may be spent under the grateful shade of tropical trees and flowering exotics. But the activities of the people are not centered there. One would suppose that that park would be crowded by the indolent and by the carriages of the fashionable, and in the evening the latter are abundant in its vicinity. All the same, however, every carriage is headed between five and seven o'clock during the spring evenings toward the Calle de San Francisco and the Cathedral, and the street between (with its varying names) is the spot from which to view the fair Spanish and Mexican senoritas. The only historic interest connected with the Alameda, so far as I know, is that it was an ancient Indian market-place, first set aside for park purposes in 1592, and that in the open space west of it those condemned by the Holy Inquisition were burned

to death, usually after strangulation, upon a stone platform. The Alameda is one quarter of a mile long by half that in width. It is now chiefly a resort for children and ladies, and for students who like to study under the shade of its large trees.

There are about a dozen of the churches in the city supposed to be worthy of inspection. The searcher after sites of principal interest can dispense with all except three. These are, in their order of historic interest:

San Francisco, not far from the east end of the Alameda, in which the bones of Cortez reposed from 1629 to 1794, and in which the Conqueror heard mass before he died. It is located in what was the "Wild Beast Garden" of Montezuma. That garden, or at least the church and the monastery, convent and various chapels connected with the church of San Francisco, occupied ground now bounded by the streets San Francisco, Coliseo, Zuleta and Las Minas, in the very heart of the city. The "Hotel Jardin" occupies the site of the monastery, and I presume its walls are a portion of the original. The Presbyterian Mission is now (1904) located on the same ground, as is the Methodist church and some others, so that continuous religious exercises have been going on there almost since the death of Montezuma, beginning say four or five years later. The Hotels "Iturbide" and "San Carlos" are on the same property. The ground alone of this religious foundation is supposed to be worth, today, over one million dollars. In San Francisco church, the only building remaining on this ground kept for its original uses, worship is still maintained, but, strange to say, it is semi-Protestant, being the "Church of Jesus in Mexico," an order formed by reactionists from the Church of Rome. It is most odd in external

structure, and cold and gloomy within, but well deserves a visit.

The next most interesting church is San Hipólito of the Martyrs, near the west end of the Alameda, begun 1599, dedicated 1739, on the site of a tiny adobe chapel of 1521, to commemorate the spot where so many Spanish soldiers lost their lives on "The Dismal Night" (La Noche Triste) of July 1, 1520. It has no special beauty, but it was always considered by Cortez and his followers and by all Spaniards afterwards as sacred ground. I shall speak of this a little later.

Jesus Nazareno comes next, and is reached in three blocks south of the Plaza. Distinguished as it is, I found my guide not to have heard of it (he had forgotten both its name and history), nor, in a search for it, did he meet with friends who could assist him. By a map I discovered it was where I had passed almost daily. Unfortunately, the doors were locked, but as Cortez founded it, and by his will left money for its endowment, and as there his bones rested from 1794 to 1823—the sarcophagus which contained them still exists—it is a church to be visited by the traveler. Some men of more recent note are interred there.

If one has further time and inclination, the Church of Santo Domingo is likely to repay best for the trouble taken to see it; but all the churches of the city, with few exceptions, will furnish, in their towers and quaint facades, the most charming pictures for an artist. So will many a remaining wall or front of ancient convent, monastery or hospital. One will readily call to mind in this connection the delightful description of the suroundings of the "Hotel Jardin" in Hop-

kinson Smith's "A White Umbrella in Mexico," a little gem in its way.

One day I went into the public rooms of the National Palace, which are shown by permission. The library and private retiring-room of President Diaz (in the latter his bed for reclining in the daytime and his bath), his Cabinet room, where were the chairs and actual "portfolios" of himself and his advisers (how unlike must have been the "advisory office" of Cortez, when he built his so-called "palace" on this site!), and visitor's room, including the magnificently large and elegantly decorated "Hall of the Ambassadors," were in the best of taste, costly without being gaudy, and peculiarly impressive as a dignified and rich interior to a building wholly plain and fortress-like without. Our own President at Washington has state rooms much inferior in beauty to these of President Diaz; although still richer and more artistic than the rooms of the National Palace are some of the apartments, notably the dining-room, of Diaz, in his summer residence on the heights of Chapultepec. President Diaz is, however, a plain man and a brave soldier; but he is also the head and front, brains and heart, financier and statesman of modern Mexico, and when he dies no living mortal can predict what may happen to the young Republic. He is admired by all, revered by most, and is altogether the greatest reformer and statesman the present century has produced in the ancient country of the Aztecs. Without him Mexico would still probably be the centre of revolutions; with him it is at peace with itself and the world, and is making great strides toward that civilization which counts in the progress of the nation.

Three, nay four, large public buildings will not be passed, by those who have time to take a glimpse of

their contents. One of these is the National Museum, founded in 1865. Of the other three, one is the School of Mines, founded in 1777 (in which building, by the way, General Grant was quartered when he visited Mexico in 1880). It is sinking and is constantly being propped up on the outside to prevent tumbling over. Here are mineral and other specimens of Mexico's wealth without number, and it is a fine structure without and within. One will see under the front portal the largest meteoric stone that was ever found in America, and there are other similar stones of nearly equal size and weight. The largest fell in the state of Chihauhau in 1581 and weighs 14,114 kilos (31,135 pounds). Another weighs over 10,000 kilos. The Academy of San Carlos, or National School of Fine Arts, contains the best paintings now to be found in Mexico, which include several of the Italian and Spanish masters. The National Library was a church building, is imposing, and has among its 200,000 books and manuscripts some of the rarest volumes relating to the early history of the country.

I note specifically the National Museum last, and by itself, because it contains the most popular, most frequented and most interesting collection of relics in the Western world. I am quite sure as to the phrase "most frequented," for while the Metropolitan Museum in New York City is well patronized, it would surprise the trustees of the latter to see a tithe of the visitors, chiefly of the unlettered, who daily enter and pass through this Museum. I found it so crowded that sometimes I could not enter or leave a room without much pushing and jostling against men and women, some of whom had evidently journeyed for leagues to reach the capital, and all of whom seemed interested in everything they looked at, pertaining

to their ancestral fathers of the days of Montezuma. The room in which Maximilian's gorgeous state carriage stands was as crowded as any, but the throng was incessant everywhere. It is impossible to name, except by a catalogue, the articles and relics which most intensely stir the mind and affect the imagination as one passes through the dozen or so rooms, on two floors, where are gathered together curious and divers relics of Aztec, and perhaps of pre-Aztec, centuries, and then of the vice-regal years which followed, but not an object will fail to convey instruction and enkindle curiosity. The three things which most interested me were the Sacrificial Stone, the Calendar Stone, and the great, two-faced, ugly Idol, nearly ten feet high and three feet across, of Huitzilopochtli. That Idol and the Sacrificial Stone were undoubtedly the very same which were upon the summit of the Great Teocalli, in the City of Mexico, when Cortez hurled them from the top to the bottom of that structure. The Calendar Stone, twelve and one-half feet in diameter, three feet thick and weighing 60,000 pounds, was set in the walls of the same temple. After the Teocalli was pulled down it was buried in the earth, but was found in 1790, and placed in the west tower of the Cathedral; and in 1885 it was removed to the Museum. Both the Calendar and Sacrificial Stones are said to have been duplicates of earlier ones quarried at Coyoacan and dragged on wooden rollers over the causeway to be placed on the summit of the Great Teocalli, but on the way they broke down a bridge and were lost in the lake. New ones were ordered, and these, by the efforts of five thousand workmen, who renewed and strengthened the bridge, got them into place in 1478 when Axayacatl was king. At their dedication he sacrificed the modest number of seven

hundred and twenty-eight human victims; presumably he had no more prisoners. The Sacrificial Stone is figured with warriors holding prisoners of sacrifice by the hair, and clearly shows the uses to which it has been put, and yet, strange to say, there are no traces on it of stains of blood. Were the Aztecs so particular in using water to remove all blood the moment their day's holocaust was ended? There are other gods, and heads of serpents, etc., all found near the Temple, which are almost as interesting as the three named stones. After these things I cared most for Maximilian's state carriage in gold and crimson, as fresh and clean and perfect in colorings and preservation as if made only yesterday, and for the banner of Cortez, carried by him through his Mexican wars. There are interesting skulls and bones from ancient graves, many curious birds and fishes, tons of miscellaneous Aztec-made pottery, gold ornaments, carved shells, sacrificial knives, idols, etc. One cannot well study the manners and customs of ancient Mexico without visiting this large and growing collection, which has already become the pride of the city.

The burial-place of Juarez in the small, walled-in cemetery northwest of the Alameda, in the Pantheon de San Fernando, adjoining the church of that name, is an odd and striking tomb, and the surroundings quite as strange.

> "Here Juarez sleeps in divine repose,
> His effigy in marble robes arrayed,
> And in the statued lap of Freedom laid
> As pure as the Sierra Madre's snows."

The great constitutional president, he of pure Indian blood, whose genuine nerve and intelligent purpose saved Mexico many times from disaster as a new Republic, died in 1872, at the age of sixty-six years, hav-

ing been lawyer, legislator, judge, senator, governor and three times president. He was at his death, and is to-day in history, the most remarkable man that Mexico ever produced. Without one drop of Spanish blood in his veins—he was a full fledged Zapotec—he had all the intense traits of the Aztec race, to which were added the knowledge and freedom of spirit that come to a well-educated man. He was dictator, for he had to be; reformer, for he probably earnestly sought to gain the best form of liberty for his countrymen, notwithstanding many of his earlier measures appear unnecessarily harsh; and he laid broad and deep the foundations of what the Mexican Republic now is, a structure approaching real strength and with much show of permanency. The excitability of the people he had to face, if not to encourage; he did his part bravely and in his death was profoundly lamented. It is a curious sight to see this high, openwork monument, wherein he lies at full length, prostrate in the arms of an angel of Freedom, surrounded by artificial mortuary wreaths from all the states of Mexico. Here, as Mr. Noll aptly says, he "rests within the shadow of the church he persecuted, surrounded by the ruined walls of a monastery, dismantled and left to decay in obedience to his decree, and midway between the tombs of two gallant men executed by his orders." Juarez did not spare the state church of the Spaniards in his decrees, and the confiscation of much of its vast treasures was the chief blot upon his fame. There are tombs of other great men, like Comonfort, Zaragoza, Guerrero, but that of Juarez will always attract the most attention. The spot is one no visitor should miss, if only to witness the close relationship of enemies when they come to lie down for their last sleep.

But a place that interested me even more, because

of its older historic memories, was the church and churchyard of San Hipólito on the adjoining block of ground, to which I have referred a few pages back, the soil under which was wet through and through on that "Dismal Night" of Cortez, July 1, 1520. Here was the second line of defences of the northern causeway. Cortez was escaping from the city. The Indians were upon him to cut off his retreat; they were on the water, he upon the causeway. A portion got over the breach in the causeway, Cortez leading them, but Magarino was behind with his artillery and the most of the soldiery. The struggle was so deadly, the slaughter was so fearful, that when Cortez, a few miles farther on, sat under a great cypress tree (now in the midst of the suburb-village of Popotla) and counted up his lost companions, he buried his bronzed face in his hands and wept. The tree under which he sat still stands; I conjectured its girth as best I could (as it is railed off to prevent desecration), and thought it was about sixty feet around; a magnificent specimen of an aged, lightning-struck monarch, yet alive after a thousand years or more of striving with the cold winds of winter and the hot blasts of summer. San Hipólito church has this inscription cut in medallion upon its high street wall: "So great was the slaughter of Spaniards by the Aztecs in this place on the night of July 1, 1520, named for this reason "The Dismal Night," that, after having the following year reëntered the city triumphantly, the conquerors resolved to build here a Chapel of the Martyrs, which should be dedicated to San Hipólito, because the capture of the city occurred upon that Saint's day." For nearly three hundred years after there was annually celebrated here the "Procession of the Banner," in

which the crimson flag borne by Cortez, now in the Museum, was a feature of the procession.

Speaking of deaths and burials reminds me that if one would see how the Mexicans of to-day inter their dead, he must not go to any cemetery or church in the city, but out to the Dolores, on the hillside near Tacubaya. The electric car goes there in one hour, and, daily, funeral cars, bringing the dead, hasten to that wooded summit of ground to deposit their human offerings. It is a sorrowful sight, none more so in all that land, especially because the bulk of the mourners, who accompany the body in a closed car following the open, black, funeral car, are usually poor and plainly dressed, and the coffins are of the simplest construction. In fact the coffins for the poorer class are rented; the ground where mother, father or child is buried is rented; and when the brief term or lease expires—a few months later, perhaps, at most a year or two—the bodies are taken out and placed in a common trench, and the grave used for other renters. I saw infants and children carried in unpainted coffins to the grave from the car, each on the shoulders of a man, with only two mourners following, and was told the body was put into a trench, poverty preventing the purchase of the coffin, and the coffin was taken back to the salesroom. This is Spanish: it is so in Havana, and so in the great capital City of Mexico. Even in San Fernando's pantheon of graves, holes in the wall surrounding the enclosure show that "rents had expired" and that the bodies had been disinterred and committed to pauper's earth.

In this great cemetery, to which the black or yellow cars go in bunches every afternoon, (the yellow ones are for "first-class" funerals), are over one hun-

dred thousand graves. Pine, cedar and eucalyptus trees offer abundant shade, but there is no grass.

Thirteen feet below the present level of the City of Mexico excavations have brought to light—in 1903—monoliths and masonry which were standing on the then surface of the ground of ancient Tenochtitlan. Captain Porfirio Diaz, son of the President, a former student in a school in our country, one of whose classmates was with me during my stay in Mexico, was the uncoverer of these relics of the Montezuma days just a few months before my visit; and when he brought to light the corner-piece of the great wall of the "House of Many Gods," the oldest and best-known of the Aztec temples, where officiated a thousand—some say seven thousand—priests, he recognized what archæological surprises might be in store around and under the Cathedral Plaza, if only he could excavate to his heart's content. These foundations were opened at two squares' distance from the Plaza; the Cathedral itself doubtless stands on much of the ruins of the Temple. Idols, incense gum, spearheads and ornaments, perhaps the same flung down at the base of the steps to the Temple by the conquerors in their rage at the worship and worshipers, were uncovered.

The street scenes of the city are always strange and misfitting. As successors to Aztec scenes you do not expect to see fine turnouts, or gentlemen in elegant dress, and ladies of modern fashion, but they are here. Real Aztecs are here also; they live in tenements, or come in from the country after walking, perhaps, all night, the sombreroed men with bright zerapes, and the women barefooted and bareheaded, their low stature, brown, round faces, jet black, straight hair, and children often on their backs in a "bundle," proving their origin. There is no mistaking a real Indian.

The mixed races may be more profuse in speech and more up-to-the-times, but the native races are peculiarly gentle, tractable, solemn, sad. "Why is it," said one American to another, in my presence, "that an Indian girl never laughs?" And the inquired of, who was now a business man of that country, a driver of wells and successful in getting water in desert places, replied: "Because they are born with the feeling of absolute hopelessness stamped on their entire nature." It seemed to be true. Boys would laugh and play as other boys; girls were inexpressibly melancholy, or at best wholly impassive. I loved to watch the movements of some of the adult pure-bloods of both sexes; especially at Orizaba and at Guadalupe. I wondered what they knew, what they thought, of their ancestry and its former greatness and pride. Were they cognizant of it all? Did they feel that the modern Juggernaut of a new civilization had crushed them? They are now Catholics; millions of them go to the church founded by Cortez and the retinue of priests who followed wherever he marched. But their language and customs are often as of old; these perish last in the march of a nation. What are termed Mexican languages are still spoken by nearly four millions of people; nearly all the rest of the thirteen and one-half millions of people in Mexico speak, of course, the Spanish tongue. But to think that one-fourth of the population still converse with one another as the Aztecs, the Tlaxcalans, the Cholulans, talked, in what, generally speaking, was the Nahuatl language!

Some people while in the city love to haunt the National Pawnship and go to the Sunday bull-fight, which is almost a travesty on the greater spectacular scene in Madrid, and some find pleasure in lining up on the Calle San Francisco, or the Avenue de Jua-

rez, to watch the young men cast glances, make love signs and blow kisses, with the fingers parted like a fan, ta the wealthy young señoritas, who are out driving with their mammas about sundown. The latter does interest for a while, for here one sees the first, if not the only, chance the young men get to pick out their sweethearts; and it may be a long while before they can go a step nearer to these sweethearts' homes. Courting is at long range in Spanish countries; I have seen it carried on with the mother in closest proximity, for she must not let the daughters under such circumstances go out of sight. But I should say that all these matters, like the lottery tickets everywhere for sale, are so strictly Spanish that their interest soon vanishes for an American; besides you can see more pawnshops, better bull-fights and more charming flirtations in Seville and Granada, and, excepting the bull-fights, in Havana. The language and faces of the old Indian races, not vanishing in Mexico, but absolutely non-progressive, quiescent, mummified, just as Cortez found them, are there still, and were to me far more enkindling to the imagination and impressive as an object lesson. Very poor, they are still proud; wanting nothing, they live close to mother earth; and they weave and spin, make cakes of maize and drink pulque, and love ornaments and flowers, just as did their more illustrious ancestors of twelve generations ago.

Now that we are still in the City of Mexico, which was the head-centre of the Aztec race and religion, some words more upon this strange and anomalous race may not be out of place before closing this chapter. That it settled in this region only six hundred years ago, and in the course of two hundred years evolved so much that is assimilated to civilization, has always been a matter of wonder to historians and archæolo-

gists. John Fiske takes the ground that the North American Indians, of whom the Toltecs, Aztecs and kindred nations, or tribes, in Mexico were the most progressive examples, and the Peruvians of South America, (practically their brothers), were not latecomers from the Old World. "The aboriginal Indian as we know him," he says, "with his language and legends, his physical and mental peculiarities, his social observances and customs, is most emphatically a native and not an imported article. He belongs to the American continent as strictly as its opossums and armadillos, its maize and its goldenrod. . . . In all probability he came from the Old World at some ancient period, whether pre-glacial or post-glacial, when it was possible to come by land. . . . There is not a particle of evidence to suggest any connection or intercourse between aboriginal America and Asia within any such period as the *last twenty thousand years*, except in so far as there may perhaps now and then have been slight surges of Eskimo tribes back and forth across Bering strait." Such a positive statement by such a student of history and ethnology cannot lightly be set aside. All the more interesting, then, is this Indian race in all its manifold developments.

Mr. Fiske does not undertake to interpret the signs of immense differentiation in these redskins from Champlain to the Caribbean Sea; from the lowest savages to the highest type of barbarians. In truth he could not. The facts are not at hand, and never will be, for a history of the red men (or brown men, as they may be more justly described), and without some actual history of them long prior to the discovery of America there is no basis on which to found even respectable theories. It would be delightful to surmise, however imperfectly, how it was that the Toltecs of the

South were so far in advance of the Algonquins of the North; why such a vast gulf stood between them. The one class of peoples built great edifices of stone, knew the use of gold and silver and had artistic tastes; the other class lived in wigwams, though in the colder region, raised no memorials to ancestors or to gods, and used only the baser metals in the commonest of ways. The one understood merchandising and internal commerce to a marked degree; the other fished, hunted and bartered as have all savages the world over. Whence came the superior tact, knowledge, prevision, generalship, wealth, comfort, government, religion, of those Mexican nations, as they were discovered to exist by Cortez and his brave band? Who knows? All the more is it keenly suggestive to pry into their ruined cities and visit the museums south of the Rio Grande, where skulls, amulets, sacrificial altars, shields, banners, spears, jewelry, tapestries and stones from sculptured buildings reveal to us the size, customs, arts, weapons of war and tools of peace, of the curious inhabitants of the great plateau of the central Cordillera of America.

XXI.—SURROUNDINGS OF TENOCHTITLAN.

ONE DAY I went out to the fortress-crowned heights of Chapultepec. The best way to reach it is by driving down the famous Paseo de la Reforma, a broad boulevard, lined with trees and statues, running straight from the city two miles to the summer residence of President Diaz, which is at the end of the cliffs of Chapultepec, otherwise known as "The Hill of the Grasshopper." Here in the afternoon all the nobility and semi-nobility—perhaps it is more accurate to say all the wealthy people—of the city, drive in their elegant equipages, dressed as if proceeding to some fête.

I regret not to have spent more time sitting quietly in one of the four glorietas (circles) of the Paseo, to watch the endless procession of carriages and men on horseback, which passes by from four o'clock in the afternoon till sundown. It is a scene not paralleled outside of the Bois de Boulogne in Paris, or the Parque de Madrid in Madrid. Take a chair in either glorieta, be lazy, and just indulge the eye and mind, and it will not grow wearisome. If you do tire, look at the colossal statues, one in each of these huge circles, some hundreds of yards apart. There is one to Columbus, great discoverer, without whose voyage Cortez might never have seen this strange land. Then one to Guatemotzin, or Cuauhtemoc, (name of the varied spellings), the last and greatest Aztec prince, whom Cortez put to death, but whom the modern Indians honor above all their former sovereigns. His monu-

ment is, to my eye, one of the most artistic in the whole world. Then Hidalgo, in bronze, twenty feet in height; he earned and bears the title of "The Father of Mexican Independence." Then Juarez, the latest great statesman to precede Diaz. This Paseo, as it leaves the city, is marked by the greatest monument of all, the work of Tolsa—that of Charles IV. of Spain, on horseback, the first bronze statue ever cast in America. It was made of one piece in 1802, weighs 60,000 pounds, and was declared by Humboldt to be the finest ever cast next to the monument of Marcus Aurelius in Rome. Carlotta, the Empress, dowered with the sad fate of lunacy, but still living, was the creator of this Paseo in its present beautiful condition, and it has well been said to be the last and best bequest of the Empire to the Republic. What a contrast the sights on this Paseo, now, to the processions of Indians on foot, taking Montezuma back and forth in his chair of state from his palace in Tenochtitlan to his summer retreat on that precipitous summit! Then horses were unknown; only the swift feet of human runners carried chieftains, or bore despatches, to and from the royal residence at Chapultepec. Now a driveway winds around the base of the hill, and soon one is perhaps a hundred feet above the plain, upon a vantage ground on which a panorama even more marvelous than that from the Guadalupe heights is visible, to north and east, for full fifty miles in each direction.

As I stood there, in front of the Palace of Diaz, in fact within its gardens, which from their great height above all surroundings seemed like the gardens of Babylon, my mind swept back over six and more centuries, and all that it had brought forth for Mexico. I was where Montezuma's unofficial homelife was once spent; the spot to which he retired when weary with

cares of state. It was the ancient Valley of Anahuac that he loved so well that lay at my feet. I could see, as it were, the city of Tenochtitlan, and beyond it the heights of Guadalupe; then the Lake of Texcoco, into whose depths the treasures Cortez failed to secure on his second entry into the capital were said to have been thrown; and, running down toward me, was at least one of the long causeways over which the Aztec chieftains, before and during the days of Montezuma, were borne in their palanquins, by warriors "plumed and feathered." Yonder to the right is Tacubaya, once Atlacoloayan, where are now the finest of the summer homes of the wealthiest people of the capital. It is on a slope above the reach of inundations that formerly threatened the valley, and is full of trees; the prettiest spot for residence in all the plain. Beyond that, Coyoacan, older than Mexico, long the residence of Cortez, the first capital of his government; and very near that spot lies Churubusco, seat of a gallant defence by Mexican troops in August, 1847, against the American army under Generals Smith, Worth and Twiggs. Churubusco had a temple to fierce Huitzilopochtli and had a bad name as the abode of evil spirits. But the chief spectacles are yet to be told: those two great peaks, isolated, white with snow, sublime with the thrill of the ages, believed by the Indians to be the mountains of their gods—Popocatepetl, "the hill that smokes," and Ixtaccihuatl, "the white woman," or "wife" of the first-named volcanic monster; the one 17,782 feet above the sea, more than 2,000 feet higher than Mont Blanc, the other 16,060 feet, each massive, stately, inspiring, beautiful. When Cortez climbed Popocatepetl, he made the first-known ascent of a perpetually-crowned snowpeak in the world, and the sulphur he took out of it for use in

Palace of President Diaz at Chapultepec.

making gunpowder proved the shrewdness of his mind. I doubt if any Indian had ever climbed that mountain before Cortez: to the Aztec it was the entrance to the infernal regions, or the mouth of a cruel god, and they were in constant awe of it.

How could one wonder that here, on this height, nay anywhere in this valley, with those twin mountains ever in sight, a royal race should sit down to rest. What a serene and salubrious home! What was there more to be desired than this rich valley, which they could irrigate in summer until abundant harvests grew, and where the wonderful maguey plant gave meat, drink, clothing and almost everything needed by this curious and hardy race. The maguey must come in for a description later; Mexico would never have been complete, nor quite as peculiar as it is, without it. As I looked again over this valley, I saw, however, how different it looked now from the days of Cortez. Then the waters of Texcoco came directly to the base of Chapultepec; now it is ten miles away. It was glimmering in the sun here at one's feet as the ancestors of Montezuma were brought to this hill to the place of their burial. The causeways north, south, east and west of the capital, on which to-day run the lines of iron railways on which swift trolleys bear thousands of descendants of the Spaniards daily, were needed then, in order to secure dry passage from the island city. The waters have subsided; meadows are everywhere in one broad expanse, with waving harvests and cultivated fields. This "Hill of the Grasshopper" contained, then, springs from which pure water was conveyed in pipes along the south causeway to Tenochtitlan. About these springs and clambering all over the hill were giant cypresses, some of them here still, fifty feet in girth, grim old giants of now a thousand

years, silent witnesses of the scenes of carnage which marked the progress of the Conqueror, when he humbled in the dust the proud chieftain that had so often sat under their shade. I know no such melancholy monument of Montezuma's reign as this of the handful of venerable cypresses at Chapultepec, the few survivors of the great grove that Cortez cut to the ground, whose branches must have been as inviting as were the lordly cedars on Mount Lebanon. In the days of Humboldt he estimated the largest of them to be at least sixteen hundred years old and sixty feet in circumference. One of them is still called "The Tree of Montezuma," and perhaps it looked almost as venerable to him, when he sat beneath its shade and sorrowed over the griefs of his fallen race, as it does to-day.

A thousand wives, if we are to believe the Spanish historians, were the companions of this modern Solomon, the brave, proud Montezuma, the dweller on this holy hill. He had no such magnificent palace as Diaz, but he had what was more royal still, and more beautiful, a prodigal store of the many trees and shrubs with which Nature had stocked this cliff, and in which, I doubt not, the young ruler of at least several hundred thousand people revelled in the heated afternoons of every summer day. To-day there is not a sign, save those cypress trees, those two colossal mountains, that lake glistening in the distance, and this rock-ribbed base of Chapultepec, to tell the visitor precisely what could have been seen by Aztec eyes in that fatal month of August, 1521, one year after Cortez wept, when that commander demolished the city of Tenochtitlan and began, from his one-storied abode in front of the park of Coyoacan, to rebuild the capital and make it the centre of a new religion and a foreign domination.

Within the Diaz Palace there was sumptuousness, yet everything was solid and in good taste. It was not then occupied, so far as I could see, but the good, sturdy common sense of its possessor forbade his closing even his private residence to strangers, who are always welcomed to it when he is not in actual residence.

Close to the Palace, and crowning the southern portion of the hill, is the National Military Academy, a long stone building, where are trained the soldiers of the Republic. The standing army of Mexico consists of about thirty thousand men and three thousand officers, and includes the "Rurales," said to be the finest body of horsemen in the world. Diaz knew how to put to use the bandits of his country, who were so troublesome in former years. He asked them to become the country police: mounted police, and at a fair salary. This gave them a chance to reform from thefts and deeds of violence, and they quickly donned pleasing uniforms and assumed the airs of grandees on ponies. It is said they are about two thousand strong, and as honest and loyal a set of men as ever guarded the peace of any country. They were given a military education so far as they would take it, and, with richly decorated saddles on the finest of horses, they may be seen any day at all the stations along the railways, guarding trains and people from plunder and disorder.

The same electric tramway that runs to Chapultepec proceeds to Tacubaya, at the distance of about a mile and a-half, and then, six miles further on, after passing through Mixcoac and San Angel, reaches Coyoacan. Tacubaya has about eight thousand souls, and is the spot where, after one of the greatest of the ancient inundations of Lake Texcoco, in 1634, the people thought of relocating the City of Mexico. Here is the

National Astronomical Observatory, and here are the large and beautiful private gardens and residences of the wealthier citizens of the capital. There is a curious market in the chief square, and the amount of gambling prevalent has given to it the name of the "Monte Carlo of Mexico." There are bull-fights and cock-fights by way of extra diversion. But, for its historic associations, commend me to Coyoacan, which was the real capital in Cortez's day, while the Conqueror was rebuilding the city of Tenochtitlan, which he had first razed to the ground. At Coyoacan the desolate Cathedral grounds and one-story "Palace" speak volumes of former days when the Spanish invaders gathered there to worship God and establish despotism. That "Palace" stands on the north side of a large plaza, which is full of trees and destitute of people. It has a wide veranda, which is but a step up from the sidewalk, and in it is the room whence issued the "bulletins" of Cortez that directed the army and the preachers what to do in the building of a new Spanish dependence. Immediately after he took quarters there, he gave a banquet, and the wine then poured out was said to be, in amount and in effect, "scandalous." The chaplain of Cortez, being much offended, preached next Sunday a sermon against such riotous doings, and commanded all the officers to do penance! Here Cortez dwelt with his faithful La Marina, in whose life, as connected with the movements of the troops from the sea to the capital, there is wrapped up a whole bundle of romance, pluck and sagacity. Over the main doorway are still to be seen the graven arms of the Conqueror, and if the well in the garden of another house near by, in which according to popular tradition Cortez drowned his former wife, is not really connected with any such fact, still it is a well of

Palace of Cortez, Coyoacan.

that period and calls for the usual sympathetic exclamations from tourists. Perhaps she was, and perhaps she was not, buried under the immense, cross-crowned mound in the churchyard, but I can believe that tale more readily than the other.

And now, near this cross, we are in sight of one of the old, old churches marking the Cortez period, and a goodly sight it is. How serene and peaceful the surroundings! Built first in 1530 and again in an enlarged state in 1583, it is, within and without, one of the best relics of that time that I came across in Mexico. It stands there beside the green like a great ship stranded. Only now and then through the week days does anybody enter or leave by its antiquated porch-door. Within it is immensely massive, yet severely plain, and would hold a congregation of many thousands. I saw a priest preaching a sermon to a dozen or so people, but all else was empty space, and it was dark and gloomy from stone pavement to topmost rafter. "St. John Baptist" is its Anglicized name, and it makes a wonderful picture in the camera, but probably has as small a congregation for its size as any ecclesiastical edifice in all that country. There was a college established in this spot by Cortez, and a convent; and these were two of the three public institutions to which, in his will, he left the revenues of his estates in the City of Mexico, in order that missionaries might be sent forth to preach the Gospel among the natives, and that the convent nuns might distribute charities and do good deeds. To the chapel in this convent he directed the interment of his bones "in whatever quarter of the world he might happen to die." This proves his attachment to Coyoacan: it was his favorite spot, his home; it was his resting-place in life, and intended to be his resting-place in death. Alas

for the fickleness of posthumous fortune! He died at a little village near Seville, in Spain, on December 2, 1547, aged sixty-three years, and was buried in Seville in the chapel of a monastery. Fifteen years later, by order of his son, his remains were carried to Mexico—New Spain, as it was then called—and interred, not at Coyoacan, but at the monastery of St. Francis in Texcoco, twenty miles east from the City of Mexico. Then, in the year 1629, his bones were again removed and buried in the grand Franciscan church in the City of Mexico, with high ecclesiastical and military honors. There they reposed for a hundred and sixty-five years (till 1794), when they were once more transported and placed in a marble sarcophagus in the Church of Jesus Nazareno in the same city. In 1823 a mob gathered, determined to break open the tomb and scatter the dust to the winds, but the descendants of Cortez became aware of it, and hid them in another portion of the same church. From here they soon sent them out of all harm's way to Italy, to rest finally in the Tomb of the Monteleones at Palermo. So at last Cortez had a resting-place, far away from La Marina, from Coyoacan, from Mexico, from his own native land, and under bright Sicilian skies his ashes may, perhaps, rest in permanent quiet.

How great a general Cortez really was seems not to have been fully appreciated by most of his historians. To my mind few generals in ancient and none in modern times had the same difficulties to meet, or met them so successfully. Out of over a hundred and twenty-five battles and conflicts he scarcely lost one; when he did, perchance, lose, it was always followed by the most unexpected regeneration and revivification of his forces, when he marched forth again—to conquer. By the power of his own resources, by the strength of

his own will, by the masterfulness of his own courage, by the grit and grandeur of his own inherent martial character, he subdued the most warlike tribes of America in a manner that has astonished the world, and, save for the cruelty of some of his deeds, a cruelty born of his day and nation, he deserves the highest of honors as a military genius and leader of men. Some compare him to Hannibal; others to Alexander the Great; others to Napoleon. Some of the greatest qualities in each of these generals were in him, and I cannot help thinking that he succeeded beyond them all in putting his own stamp upon the land and the nations that he conquered. Had he been supported by his King in Spain as he deserved, nay, had he been King, or Emperor, as were Alexander and Napoleon, he might have had a still more renowned name as Conqueror, as religious iconoclast and as lawgiver. He might then have left Mexico, when he had there wrought all his tremendous work, and gone to Central America, to Peru, or to the real Indies, and continued the overturning of temples and customs and heathenish sacrifices, such as would have put the more cruel prowess of, say a Pizarro, to the blush! Spain never afterward had so great a man at the head of her armies in all her conquests.

Now let us return to the City of Mexico as we came from it, and hasten to the north of the city, the distance of a short three miles, over the same causeway (as to location) by which the Spaniards retreated in 1520, passing near the "Dismal Night" cypress on our way, and take a brief look at Guadalupe-Hidalgo. We do not know at how early a period the hill back of the now famous church of "Our Lady of Guadalupe" was used as an Aztec place of worship, but certainly on this hill, then known as Tepeyacac, the Aztecs wor-

shiped Tonantzin, the "mother of the gods" of their religion. The Spaniards destroyed the ancient sanctuary and its deities, but only to substitute another in its place. On the same historic ground General Zaragoza repulsed the French in 1867, and five years later General Diaz there captured a French army, and that sealed the fate of Maximilian. So that in religious and secular annals it is for Mexicans a sacred spot. From the square of Guadalupe, where stands the imposing church that cost over a million dollars in an age when labor and money were so cheap, to which edifice I shall revert presently, you ascend by a "miraculous well," housed in a curious chapel with an enamelled tiled roof, (it is always full of natives seeking to drink from it, to be cured of disorders); and, after a stiff climb up a paved and zigzag roadway, reach the top. From here the view of the valley of Mexico is beautiful, only less so than from Chapultepec. On the summit is another chapel, the Capilla del Cerrito, the "Chapel of the Little Hill," and while no fête was in progress, nor anything unusual, I could scarcely crowd into it through the standing and kneeling worshipers. It is a stone chapel, plain in comparison with the other churches of this priestly land, and would hold, perhaps, a hundred people. This spot is where the roses bloomed "that sprang up at the Virgin's word." It is noticeable, possibly, that I am not a believer in, and do not care to repeat, the numberless myths that cluster around some of these "sacred" places in Mexico, and in Spain, where religious legends and strange stories of the Virgin and of saints are so abundant, but I shall briefly tell this story when I return to the main church at Guadalupe. Half way up this hill are the Stone Sails of Guadalupe; a curious monument in the form of the sails of a ship, erected at some unknown date

by Spanish sailors, who, when in dire distress on the ocean, vowed that, if the Virgin of Guadalupe would only bring them safely to port, they would place the foremast of their vessel upon this hill and set the sails before her shrine.

There are so many curious sights along this hillslope and at its foot that one likes to linger and view them. The majority of the hundreds of people who sit down on the ground and offer sweet cakes of Indian corn, (*quc sadilla*), pottery, various fruits and manufactured articles and edibles for sale, are women. Some live in the vicinity and make a business of it, but many must have come a hundred miles just to be near theVirgin of Guadalupe for a few days, and incidentally help pay their way by sale of fruits, cakes and wares. Some of the jugs for sale are singularly Aztec in form and appearance; they resemble ancient idols and are grotesque. The men usually stand about in their zerapes and are listless; the women are always conversing, or silently observing the spectators.

"Our Lady of Guadalupe," as the image of the Virgin is called, which gives such sacredness to the spot—it is the holiest shrine in Mexico—is a painting, framed, above the high altar of the vast and beautiful church at the hill's foot. Above it is a crown of gold and jewels, placed there as late as 1895, of untold value; it was the gift of the rich women of Mexico, and the cost of its putting-together alone was $30,000. Says Campbell in his "Guide:" "In shape it is an imperial diadem, 62 centimeters high and 130 centimeters in circumference. There are twenty-two shields, representing the twenty-two bishoprics of Mexico. Above these are angels circling the crown and upholding six other shields bearing the arms of the six Archbishops of Mexico. From the wings of the angels are festoons

of roses and diamonds, gathered at the top, under a globe showing Mexico and the Gulf. Surmounting the whole is the eagle of Mexico, bearing in its talons a diamond cross. The crown is held above the image on the tilma by a cherub. The shields are surrounded by emeralds and sapphires, and on the breast of each angel is a blazing ruby. Altogether it is the finest jewel used in religious ceremonies in existence." When this crown was placed above "Our Lady" it was, said the chronicler, "the scene of a lifetime." Archbishops and bishops from the United States, Canada and Cuba attended, and all because they believed the image, now almost four hundred years old, was painted by a miracle. This is the story of it, in brief:

In 1531 a pious Indian, Juan Diego, on a Saturday morning, when passing by this hill of Tepeyacac (now Guadalupe) heard singing; looking up, a lady appeared and told him to go to the Bishop and bid him build a temple to her honor on this hill; then she vanished as she had come. The Bishop was incredulous. He returned to the spot, the lady reappeared, and told him to come again next day, which was Sunday. The lady told him to repeat the message to the Bishop. The latter then told Juan to go and bring him an unmistakable token of such a miraculous appearance. He again met the lady, who again said: "Return tomorrow." "Then returned Juan Diego to his house, and found that his uncle, Juan Bernardino, was ill with the fever *cocolixtli,* so that he must wait at home and attend him. Early on the morning of December 12th, the sick man being at the point of death, Juan Diego started to Tlaltelolco to call a confessor; fearing that he might be delayed if he met the lady, and that his uncle might die unconfessed, he went another way, around the other side of the hill. But, behold! She

"Miraculous Picture" of "Our Lady of Guadalupe."

was there, coming down the hill and calling to him; he told her of his uncle's illness and of his need for a confessor, but she assured him that his uncle was already well. Then the lady told him to gather flowers from the barren rocks on top of the hill, and immediately the flowers grew where none had ever been before; she commanded him to take these flowers to the Bishop as the token he had desired, and to show them to no other until the Bishop had looked upon them." From the place where the Virgin (for she it was) stood, "a spring of clear, cold water gushed forth." Juan took the flowers folded in his tilma (his cloak) to the Bishop, and, as he dropped them at the holy father's feet, "upon the tilma appeared the image of the Virgin, Holy Mary, in the most beautiful colors." And so it came to pass that the chapel was built where the roses had miraculously grown from the rocks in December, and a chapel over the well; and in the first-mentioned chapel, erected hastily in less than one month, on Feb. 7, 1532, the tilma with its holy image was placed over the altar.

Two hundred years later the Virgin of Guadalupe was made the patron saint of Mexico. Later still, in 1754, a Papal bull officially proclaimed the Virgin "the Protectress and Patroness of New Spain," giving her the highest place of honor in the church calendar of Mexico. The first church of 1532 gave way in 1622 to a larger church, where the tilma remained nearly a century, except for a period of four years, when it was housed within the Cathedral of the City of Mexico.

Among the first acts of the Congress of Mexico, in 1824, was that of creating December twelfth as a national holiday. The Emperor Iturbide had previously created the Order of the Virgin of Guadalupe as the highest decoration of his court. In 1695 another, the present great, church was erected at the foot of the

hill, and it was dedicated in 1709, though it is not yet fully finished within as it is intended to be. The magnificent altar, which is a mass of Carrara marble, is in the centre of the church, and there is a splendor in the columns and arches, and a beauty in the modulations of colors, which make of the whole edifice a veritable cathedral. Millions of dollars have been poured out to make this notable among Roman Catholic buildings in the world, and the effort is a success; it is far finer and richer in its interior than the larger Cathedral in the City of Mexico, which is over three times its size. This church of Guadalupe is less than two hundred by one hundred and twenty-two feet; the Cathedral of the City of Mexico is four hundred and twenty-five by two hundred feet.

I saw the noted picture, but at such a distance—it hangs up very high above the altar—that judgment of it as a work of art is impossible. Photographs, however, show it to be a work of considerable grace in outline and detail; in fact, the *ensemble* is almost that of the typical figure of the Virgin as painted by the Spanish school in the days of the actual "miracle."

I advise no one to visit the City of Mexico and fail to go to Guadalupe. The little town of three thousand people has nothing else of special interest than what has been described, but the view from the Cerrito and then the chapels, the church, the picture, and especially the people, intense in their devotions and superabounding in faith in the Virgin and in the well, will never be forgotten. It is more wholly characteristic of how thoroughly the new religion transformed the fanaticism of the followers of Huitzilopochtli into the idolatry of the image-worshiping followers of the Virgin Mary than any I have seen in any part of Mexico.

The visit to the "Floating Gardens" on the La

Viga canal I am obliged to say was more disappointing than any other one interesting feature in the vicinity of the City of Mexico. I had heard of how on these Floating Gardens flowers grew so abundantly; and they do. But it is not probable that the gardens ever floated, and certainly they were never reached in the days of Montezuma by a route so odorous of filth and so abounding in miserable, dirty people as that now necessary to take to reach them. One drives to the worst quarter of the city, where filth and disease go hand in hand, and amid smells almost unsufferable takes a flat-bottomed boat, with an awning to protect from the sun, which is paddled and sometimes poled by one or two men. These boats are likened to gondolas, but have nothing in common with the modernized *barchetta* of the Adriatic. Still, it is a gala sight to see and pass scores of boats with gay-colored canopies, and there is some delight in the sensation, of course, especially as one remembers how over this Canal for centuries Mexicans have passed from their capital up to Lakes Xochimilco and Chalco, which lie southeast of the city, and note that the old and quaint villages which are above the route would almost be desolate of inhabitants could they not use this water-route by which to take their vegetables and articles of barter to the great city markets. Everything that is marketable is to be seen, upon every description of craft, though chiefly upon large flat-bottomed boats that are poled along at a snail's pace. Hay and wood and charcoal and truck of all kinds, and ducks and geese and donkeys and other floating menageries, pass along; a very curious spectacle. The dust from the roadway, which parallels the Viga on both sides, was terrific, and filled our eyes so that we could scarcely see; due, of course, to a strong wind blowing, which

is the rule in the springtime of the year. We stopped at Santa Anita, which is a primitive village of houses that are mostly thatched, and where the people revel on Sundays in all sorts of Coney Island amusements. At one place, perhaps before we reached Santa Anita, we visited the hacienda of Juan Corona. He was said to have been valiant as a bull-fighter, and was a philanthropist. Anyhow, he had a hobby for gathering curios, and, next to the National Museum, I saw there more strange memorials of the past centuries in Aztec and Spanish Mexico than, perhaps, is gathered together elsewhere in the Republic. His rugs of wild beasts, collections of birds, old tapestries, idols, Indian costumes and what not, are intensely interesting. There is no charge to see this house, which is large and as cleanly kept as a Holland farmhouse, but the ladies who keep it will not refuse the usual gift when you depart.

We walked over the *las chinampas*, which is the Spanish equivalent of floating gardens, and found a good soil, trenches of water, some tropical plants, many roses and other flowers, but no evidences of special thrift or unusual beauty. The City of Mexico has famous flower markets, and I believe they are chiefly supplied from these gardens. They looked like the ordinary, deep-soil, truck gardens to be found in the vicinity of most large cities. Prescott believed in these gardens and spoke of them as "that archipelago of wandering islands," that "had their origin in the detached masses of earth, which, loosening from the shores, were still held together by the fibrous roots with which they were penetrated." He thinks the Aztecs made "rafts of reeds, rushes and other fibrous materials, which, tightly knit together, formed a sufficient basis for the sediment that they draw up from

the bottom of the lake. Gradually islands were formed two or three hundred feet in length, and three or four feet in depth, with a rich, stimulated soil." Maybe so! Perhaps they rose and fell with the waters and so moved like enchanted islands. But, if so, these features have all disappeared. The islands, so-called, are solid; in fact, Lake Tezcoco itself that surrounded them is miles away, and they are at last cemented for all time to the bosom of Mother Earth.

XXII.—TO PUEBLA AND THE SEA.

THE DAY CAME, all too soon to obtain a proper knowledge of the Mexicans themselves in their capital city, but none too quickly to hie away from poor hotel accommodations and from clouds of dust, when I started for the coast again, this time by the Interoceanic Railway. This route is altogether superior in scenic interest to the Mexican Railway, which runs more directly to and from Vera Cruz. It is more zigzag and longer, and the whole distance is not covered in the course of an ordinary day's journey; in fact, to see the landscape by daylight, it is necessary to break the journey on the Interoceanic at Puebla, while on the other railway nearly all of it can be seen between early morning and sundown. It is well that it is so; it removes the temptation to travelers to traverse a region fraught with so much of natural beauty, for no one ever pauses at Puebla and regrets the detention.

On the whole I am quite certain that, starting from the City of Mexico at 8.10 in the morning, and reaching Puebla at 1.30 in the afternoon—a distance of only eighty miles as the crow flies, but one hundred and thirty miles by rail—the traveler will be greatly surprised at the evidences of thrift, richness of soil and luxuriance of vegetable plants that will greet his eyes, in contrast to the paucity of these things on the line of the other railway between Puebla Junction and the City of Mexico. He will have Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihautl in front of or beside him for nearly the whole

Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl, from Puebla.

journey, and the eye never seems to weary of these monarchs, now so quiet, and yet in times past active volcanoes.

Leaving Mexico one soon comes again upon the maguey, or pulque plant, and perhaps it is a good place here in which to say a few words concerning it. We call it the century plant, but how long it lives no one seems to know; it does not require a hundred years for flowering, and when it does finally flower it is ready to die. From eight to twelve years only are necessary for the plant to reach sufficient perfection to give out the sap, which is the most popular drink of the people. Thereafter its leaves can be taken for thatching, or for making paper or thread; pins and needles can be made out of its thorns, and its root makes a palatable food. It was for the Aztec, in fact, "meat, drink, clothing and writing material," and is to-day the most useful plant in the Republic. To secure the sap, the stem is cut off and hollowed out, and the fluid gathers there and is sucked up by a tube (in the mouth of a native) to a certain point, where it flows out into a jar or gourd. It is a sort of honey-water to the taste, and one or two gallons a day may be gathered till the plant dies. Each plant may give out from a hundred to one hundred and fifty gallons. It is allowed to ferment in a cask over night, and then is taken to the nearest city and sold next day. Some people think pulque spoils in twenty-four hours. To my taste it is always spoiled and, whether one day or a week old, it has no more charms than a dilution of starch water and rotten eggs! But the natives like it, and of course get intoxicated on it, as its intoxicating properties are well-known. But it is the poor man's drink, and I presume hundreds of thousands of quarts of it are consumed every day in the season. In the

City of Mexico alone it is said one hundred thousand pints of pulque are sold every day, and in one province (of Hidalgo) the ranches, or haciendas, of maguey are valued at $8,000,000.

The City of Mexico soon fades out of view as a dream, but one comes upon the shores of Lake Texcoco and is surprised that it is so far from the great city which was once laved by its waters. It is at least six miles in a straight line from the city to the lake, which means that it has shrunken that much since the days of Cortez. Now it is a placid sheet of water, fifteen miles long by nine wide.

Los Reyes is the first stopping place and Chapingo the second; here the railway passes through the magnificent hacienda of the late ex-President Gonzales, where are charming old trees and gorgeously painted houses. It is a spot where one would like to stop and rest awhile. Texcoco, the present village of that name, lies upon the eastern side of the lake of that name, twenty miles from the City of Mexico, and is the first stop on the railway. It is on the same site as the former city, that was so famous in Aztec days when it was the rival of Tenochtitlan, being the capital of the kingdom of the Texcocons, with whom the Aztecs were frequently at war. Texcoco has been called the Athens, as Tenochtitlan was the Rome, of Mexico. There was more learning and real civilization at Texcoco than in the city of the Montezumas and it had as its ruler a greater prince than Montezuma. Montezuma was not a learned man, but of average intelligence, and weak in character. On the contrary, Nezahualcoyotl (who ruled before Montezuma came on the stage of action) was a great man and a grand prince. He was a literary genius, he lived magnificently and he ruled justly. Doubtless had he reigned

later he would have been the friend and ally of Cortez, for he was sufficiently enlightened to appreciate the great qualities of the Conqueror. After that disastrous retreat from the city, it was the exertions of his people—the Texcocans—that again put Cortez on his feet; at Texcoco that general reëmbarked his fleet and returned to the recapture of the capital. The ruins of Texcoco, consisting of palaces, temples and aqueducts, are now a paradise for the antiquarian.

One likes to read what Nezahualcoyotl composed in poetical form; it breathes of true Arab poetry rather than Mexican. It is like a volume of Marcus Aurelius put in verse. "Banish care," he said; "if there are bounds to pleasure, the saddest life must also have an end. Then weave the chaplet of flowers, and sing thy songs in praise of the all-powerful God; for the glory of this world soon fadeth away. Rejoice in the green freshness of the spring; for the day will come when thou shalt sigh for these joys in vain; when the sceptre shall pass from thy hands, thy servants shall wander desolate in thy courts, thy sons and the sons of thy nobles shall drink the dregs of distress, and all the pomp of thy victories and thy triumphs shall live only in their recollection. Yet the remembrance of the just shall not pass away from the nations, and the good thou hast done shall ever be held in honor. The goods of this life, its glories and its riches, are but lent to us, its substance is but an illusory shadow, and the things of to-day shall change on the coming of the morrow. Then gather the fairest flowers from thy gardens, to bind round thy brow, and seize the joys of the present ere they perish."

What wiser words did "Rome's best pagan" write than these? It is here put in prose, but it is a poem.

And this is an extract from his poem on "The Mutability of Life:"

"Now would I sing, since time and place
Are mine,—and oh! with thee
May this my song obtain the grace
My purpose claims for me.
I wake these notes on song intent,
But call it rather a lament;
Do thou, beloved, now delight
In these my flowers, pure and bright,
Rejoicing with thy friend;
Now let us banish pain and fear,
For if our joys are measured here
Life's sadness hath its end.

* * *

"Brave Moctezuma's Indian band
Was Mexico the great,
And Netzahualcoyotl's hand
Blessed Culhuacan's state,
While Totoquil his portion drew
In Acatlapan, strong and true;
But no oblivion can I fear
Of good by thee accomplished here,
Whilst high upon thy throne;
That station, which, to match thy worth,
Was given by the Lord of Earth,
Maker of good alone.

* * *

"What has become of Cihuapan,
Quantzintecomtzin brave,
And Conahuatzin, mighty man;
Where are they? In the grave!
Their names remain, but they are fled,
Forever numbered with the dead.
Would that those now in friendship bound,
We whom Love's thread encircles round,
Death's cruel edge might see!
Since good on earth is insecure,
And all things must a change endure
In dark futurity."

Not much hope here; not a great deal of light; but a groping after the future as the best of the old Greeks

groped for it, and a genuine, heroic submissiveness to Fate. Above all some recognition of the "Lord of Earth" who is "Maker of good alone!"

On the whole, probably the finest character, certainly the most enlightened ruler, who ever sat upon the throne in either North or South America, was this Nezahualcoyotl, and if his royal pile of buildings seems to have been of fabulous extent and richness, and his literary genius of too high an order to be believed in —though there are abundant proofs of the latter—it is certain his last days were spent in plenty, in peace, and in honor. He died at the age of seventy-two, about 1474, nearly fifty years before Cortez reached New Spain: a prince "wise, valiant, liberal," and who was a firm believer in "one God only, the Creator of heaven and earth." His son, Nezahualpilli, succeeded him, and he died in 1515, at the age of fifty-two, also before the Spaniards reached that land.

That there were in those days men and women of heart as well as of courage, of faith as well as of patriotism, of the tenderest of virtues as well as of hard and cruel deeds, let this brief extract from a recovered letter from an Aztec mother to her daughter bear witness; written, probably, in the time when, if not in the place where, Nezahualcoyotl and his gifted son were reigning: "My beloved daughter, very dear little dove, you have already heard and attended to words which your father has told you. They are precious words and such as are rarely spoken or listened to. . . . God who is in every place sees you. . . . My dear daughter, whom I tenderly love, see that you live in the world in peace, tranquillity, and contentment all the days that you shall live. . . . See that you honor me and your father, and reflect glory on us by your good life. May God prosper you, my firstborn,

and may you come to God, who is in every place." This is nearing to the heart of a saint. Where else in pagan lands shall we find a better example of filial and Christian womanhood?

Now we go almost north to avoid the foothills, but we are climbing up, and soon Mexico City is to be seen, forty miles away to the southwest, and to the north the Pyramids of the Sun and Moon, the larger one hundred and eighty feet high, whose ages no one can even guess. Then Otumba, where Cortez in 1520 had one of his mighty battles and killed—it is said—twenty thousand Indian warriors. Presently we are nine thousand feet above the sea, and then we pass by sides of mountains, through cañons, till we come to a lovely valley, San Martin, with sparkling water and woodlands. It looks like a prosperous region, wholly unlike the arid plains crossed by the Mexican Central when approaching Mexico City from Orizaba. After a while, in nearing Puebla, with Popocatepetl always ahead or to the right, there springs up before the vision the mighty pyramid-hill, wholly artificial as is believed, of Cholula; then Puebla, "the City of the Angels."

Puebla is an intensely busy city and one thoroughly Mexican in its surroundings. It is up-to-date in many things, yet just outside of it are villages, like Cholula, that must be, to-day, much as they were fifty years after the Spaniards came into possession of Mexico; for while the mud houses are gone, the people are lazy, given over to smallpox and unsanitariness, and antiquated in everything. Puebla is rich in trade and in churches. I saw there one church which is, all things considered, as rich in gold and mosaics as any edifice I ever entered, not even excepting St. Mark's in Venice. I refer to the Church of Santo Domingo, whose

recently completed chapel in white and gold is worth a journey of hundreds of miles to see; it ought to be called "La superba." Puebla's streets are fairly wide and clean, it has pretty parks, plazas and fountains, and its onyx stores excel those of any part of Mexico. The Cathedral impressed me wonderfully: it is not so large, but is richer within than that of the City of Mexico. Puebla did not exist in Aztec days; it was founded by Spaniards in 1532 and has seen many of the vicissitudes of war. General Iturbide captured it in 1821, General Scott in 1843, Zaragoza had a victory there in 1862, the French took it in 1863, and General Diaz won a great battle over the French at this point in 1867.

The view from the hill of Guadalupe, near, is one of surprising beauty, but pretty much the same scene may be had from anywhere in the outskirts, for Puebla is in the midst of an extended plain, from which four great mountains are always visible. Its atmosphere is as clear as crystal in all but the rainy season, and besides the two great volcanic peaks of which I have often spoken, both seen from Puebla better than from any other site, there loom up Orizaba in the east and mighty Malintzi in the north, though neither of them is as high as Popocatepetl; and there are lesser hills everywhere.

To reach Cholula one takes a ride in horse-cars across the Atoyac valley, a distance of eight miles. Our little party chartered a special car, and the mules before it trotted as slowly as if they had all the day in which to perform the journey. The only sights worth looking at *en route* were the never-varying ones of the two snow-covered peaks and their associates, and the Indians, chiefly women, coming to town on foot, with marketable commodities in baskets on their

heads, or strapped to their shoulders. Often they had babies on their backs, the little heads peering out from the same kind of a basket, or from some baggy substance that preserved them from falling out. These women invariably were bareheaded and barefooted, and had a gait between a walk and a run; a quick trot, in fact. They never went slowly, rarely looked to right or left, and even less rarely smiled. An earnest, sad, burden-bearing people!

Long before reaching Cholula, and before any town is visible, one sees the high pyramidal mound, or hill, as it would be taken to be by any stranger, rising up out of the plain. It is not the only elevation, for, in fact, there are two other mounds, known as the Cerro de Acozac and the Cerro de la Cruz, but these are much less conspicuous. Of the latter, the first-named is forty-nine feet high and fifty-five by one hundred and fifty at the base, while the second-named is forty-four feet high and has a base of twelve hundred and thirty feet in circumference (an average of over three hundred feet square) and a top surface of four hundred and sixty feet in circumference. These cerros are built of adobe (sun-dried) bricks. On the Cerro de la Cruz, Cortez is said to have caused to be performed the first mass in Mexico; more likely the first mass in this portion of Mexico, for mass was, no doubt, said at Vera Cruz after he landed. Both these cerros, however, are slight in comparison with the main mound, which rises one hundred and seventy-seven feet above the plain, and has base-lines of more than a thousand feet on three of its four irregular sides, or much longer each way than the Great Pyramid of Cheops. The fourth side is eight hundred and thirty-three feet long.

No one now looking at this mound from a dis-

tance would imagine it to be wholly the work of human hands. There is a grave doubt, indeed, whether some natural elevation was not its true base. However this may be, excavations made—indeed, the eye at close range can distinguish the fact as one ascends the winding, steep and paved roadway to the top—show that it was constructed for the most part by human hands; of adobe bricks, broken limestone, pebbles and lava blocks. Either thousands of men were engaged on it for many months of time, or a smaller number for a long period of years. That it was built for religious purposes no one doubts. When the Spaniards reached Cholula it stood in height as now, its summit crowned with a temple dedicated to Quetzalcoatl, who is believed to have been a real being and who stopped at Cholula, when passing from the Aztec country to the coast, for twenty years. He is said to have taught the Cholulans the mysteries of a high civilization and a spiritualized religion. When this was no historian has ventured to predict. He was deified later; became known as "the god of the air," and was believed by the Mexicans to have been a divinity who visited the earth, instructed its people in metals, agriculture, the art of government and religion, and then to have gone away as mysteriously as he came. He is described in legends as "tall in stature, with a white skin, long, dark hair and a flowing beard." He is the very one, in fact, whose return was predicted; and so when Cortez came the Aztecs more or less believed Quetzalcoatl had come back to earth, and the horses and cannon of the Conqueror were as signs from heaven that the god himself was revisiting the country. Some believe that this idea struck such terror into the hearts of Montezuma's people that they never sufficiently recovered from it to retain their full cour-

age and their independence. In any event, this temple to Quetzalcoatl was in full operation on this Cholulan mound when Cortez was here in 1519, and Cholula had been built up as a vast city around it, but that had also scores of smaller temples.

The city probably had anywhere from seventy-five thousand to one hundred and fifty thousand souls, and it was the most flourishing centre of the arts of Mexico. Chapter VI in Book III of Prescott's "Mexico" may portray it in too glowing colors, but, after due reservations, it is clear that Cholula was great and prosperous, with adobe houses, of course, and an abundance of inferior temples, but with an intelligent, indeed superior, population, who excelled in the arts and especially in pottery, and whose temple to Quetzalcoatl was as the temple of Jerusalem to the ancient Israelites, the spot for all members of all "the tribes of Anahuac" to gather together as occasion permitted. It was a holier city than Tenochtitlan. Unfortunately, whether Quetzalcoatl taught human sacrifices or not (and some believe he did not), his temple was stained by his followers with human blood, and every year thousands of victims, captives from other tribes perhaps, were there offered up to appease the vengeance of the god. What scenes transpired on this hill during the centuries preceding the Conquest no man can guess at, nor language begin to portray. "Undying fires," strange offerings to "The Fair God" and to other gods, curious apparels, an abundance of gold, silver and jewels: there is nothing in human annals from the time of the earliest Egyptian priests to the latest of Buddhist worshipers that could have been more singular or more thoroughly pagan. Yet in the performances on this man-made mound during the Olmec (or Toltec) and Aztec periods of history, in

The Pyramid of Cholula.

years ranging, perhaps, from the Seventh to the early part of the Sixteenth Century, there were real gropings after the light of heaven.

The perfidy of the Cholulans, the punishment of it by Cortez, his destruction of the temple and the rebuilding on its site of one dedicated to the Christian religion, are all matters well-known in history, and make as interesting a chapter as any in all that concerns the Spanish Conquest of Mexico. To-day on this great mound a church, erected later than the days of Cortez, to supplant the smaller one he constructed, is visible from everywhere over the plain. At its foot stands the present City of Cholula, having but five thousand inhabitants. To the mound I went first, and with intense interest. I desired to stand on that venerable pile, and from it to have the same view of Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl that the Conqueror had in his day, and that Quetzalcoatl had, long, long years before.

The winding way up is steep, often embracing steps of stone, but, when the top is reached, a grand view is outspread. It is a finer general view than any from Puebla. Ixtaccihautl, especially, shows why it is called "the white woman;" the profile of a woman, sleeping, with her long hair (of pure white snow) trailing behind her, may be quite based on an imaginative vision, but everyone can see it and feel thrilled by it. The more one gazes the more natural it becomes. How profound that sleep appears—the sleep of untold centuries. The church at the top had not a mortal in it save some friends and myself, and one woman to show its chief features. It is called the Church of Nuestra Senora de los Remedios. It has two towers and a dome; rather grand in exterior, but disappointing in the interior. I doubt if it has any considerable

number of worshipers, except on fête days. An image of the Virgin, from whom the church is named, is carefully preserved at the altar, and it is said to have been one left by Cortez himself. An Indian priest celebrates mass on the spot where his ancestors celebrated, by fire and other rites, to the mystic Quetzalcoatl, but I did not see him. Except the woman, there were on the mound only two or three boys, who were importunate for small coins, one of whom evidently had the smallpox and was pointed out by his companions as an object for us to beware of! I learned that Cholula was a hive of diseases, especially of smallpox, and, in fact, this made us hasten away from it before we visited any other of its lone churches. In the large square of the village there was little apparent business going on, but it may have been because it was in the middle of the day, though the sun was not hot, as we were over seven thousand feet above sea-level.

At Puebla a guide was taken into the employ of our little party who proved the most adept juvenile guide that ever came to my notice. He was about thirteen years of age; a native, that is, descended from a mixture of Spanish and Mexican ancestry. He was almost a Tom Thumb in size and as bright as a new silver dollar. He spoke English readily; in fact, offered his services in such a manly sort of fashion that I decided he must have a trial. He was good at driving bargains with merchants, in engaging carriages, in showing off the churches, and in warning us against impostors. What he did not know he soon learned, for our benefit. He was determined to take up the profession of a doctor, and was going to start the next week for Zacatecas, or some other city north of the City of Mexico, with a physician of Puebla, to be his

helper and learner. I predict this boy will, if he lives, make his mark in the Republic.

The hotel at Puebla, the "Grand," was comparatively new, wholly clean, and more up-to-date than any hotel we had seen in Mexico, except at Orizaba.

The railway ride from this point to the sea occupied nearly all of one day; it was continued by the Interoceanic. After skirting the Malintzi mountain, and having grand views of the four large peaks of the neighborhood, the railway made a number of horseshoe bends as it dropped down to Perote and on to Jalapa. For miles near the spur of the Cofre de Perote the route is across an old lava bed, that has been tossed hither and yon by volcanic action like the waves of the sea. Blackened scoriæ and cinders testified to the heat of the ancient crater, no vestige of which yet remains on the top of this once greatest of the volcanoes of New Spain. A drear and desolate region; but then there are views, near and far, of forests, rocks, chalk-faced mountains and fields wild and under cultivation, which attract intense interest every minute of the time. Few railway rides in the world are more interesting than that from Puebla to Jalapa.

Jalapa I am sorry not to have visited, as it was an old town before the Conquest, and the only remaining place of size and consequence, important in Cortez's day, which is still standing between the City of Mexico and the sea. It is said to be a place of mists, being midway between the warm, tropical sea and the cool plateau of interior Mexico, but "when the sun shines," says the brightest of modern guide-books on this sunny land, "than Jalapa there is not a brighter spot on earth, nor one more quaintly curious, nor yet any other more charmingly fair."

After Jalapa there came more loops again, and

descents to and through the valley. Afterward tropical vegetation reappears, and at last, down by San Francisco, are thatched houses, hot sun and deep shade, illy-clad natives, straggling, ugly villages, and all the other signs of "the hot lands," with vines, palms, coffee plantations, luxuriant brakes and tall grasses. Sand drifts appear, then the breezes from the sea, and lo! the sea itself: the same on which the fleet of Cortez came to see and to conquer, and by which one returns via the Yucatan coast and Havana to his own native land.

APPENDIX

APPENDIX.

I.

VARIANT SPELLINGS OF PROPER NAMES AND PLACES.

Spellings of the same proper name, whether of person, place, or title, will sometimes be found to vary in this work, as in most books covering travel in different countries. Custom decrees some differences; language more. Take the case of Córdoba in Spain, and the city of the same name in Mexico. In both instances, while Spanish writers use the same word, the English do not. With English-speaking people it is Cordova, when it refers to the Spanish city, but everybody uses Córdoba in respect to the Mexican city. In this, and other similar cases, local custom has been followed in this volume as a rule, but sometimes not. Thus "Pedro," "Pietro," and "Peter" have all been used; so "Margherita," "Marguerite" and "Margaret."

Perhaps the use of the prefix "Saint" varies in its use by authors more than any other prefix. It is "San," "Santo," "Santa," "Sainte," (the feminine form, which is rare), and may be abbreviated "S," "St.," or "Ste.," according to usage. Thus, "St. Catherine" would look strange as "San Catherine," and "Santa Chiara" as "St. Chiara." Should all these variations be given in the preceding pages, it only goes to prove how much a uniform method of spelling or abbreviating the same word in English and other languages is desirable. Perhaps by another half-century uniformity, even in the compounding of words (now without any good rule), will be the practice, and not the exception.

II.

FURTHER PARTICULARS OF THE PASSION PLAY OF 1900.

As some of our readers will, most probably, go to see the Passion Play of 1910, a few particulars not given in the Chapter upon "The Passion Play of 1900" may prove of more than passing interest.

In 1900 the Passion Play was performed at Oberammergau on every Sunday between May 24 and September 30, inclusive, and on occasional other pre-arranged days. It was only repeated upon Monday when the audience on the preceding day was considerably larger than could be seated. Nobody was admitted beyond the actual capacity of the seats, which numbered about four thousand. As the greatest influx of visitors is, always, from the middle of July to the beginning of September, it is advisable to go to Oberammergau during the first six weeks of the performance, if it be possible. Otherwise tickets should be secured a month in advance.

The allotment of tickets is somewhat peculiar. Every householder in town receives as many tickets as he has beds in his house. This is to ensure tickets for all who lodge at private houses. Only tickets not disposed of in this manner can be purchased at the Wohnungs-Bureau, or at the theatre. Letters addressed to the Bureau named will always receive a reply, if a postage stamp be enclosed. The universal imposition, elsewhere practiced, of speculators buying up tickets and reselling them at increased prices, is not permitted. In 1900 the Community of Oberammergau burdened themselves in advance with the risk of about 400,000 marks, necessary expenses for the erection of a new theatre, for costumes, etc., and if there was any sur-

plus in the treasury at the close of the season, it went for the improvement of the town, and not to individuals.

All seats in the theatre were good, but those in the centre were the most expensive, being ten marks; the other places varied in price from two to eight marks, according to location. The seats for two marks were close against the stage and were not to be recommended. The Auditorium was covered at the top, but open at the sides.

In 1900 there were about 3,200 beds and 300 sofas at the disposal of visitors in the town; while another 1,500 people could be accommodated upon straw mattresses on the floor. Every bed was let out, the townspeople themselves sleeping at night in their attics, or in hay-lofts. When the accommodations of Oberammergau were exhausted, visitors were sent to Unterammergau, which is two and one-half miles from Oberammergau, where one thousand people could find accommodation in very plain houses.

There are about two hundred dwellings in Oberammergau. The place is sustained, in small part, by the farms of the valley, but chiefly by carvings in wood and other small industries by which souvenirs are made to be sold in Munich and elsewhere. There were twelve permanent hotels and inns in 1900, beside about as many temporarily licensed places.

The railway fare from Munich to Oberammergau and return was 24 marks, on express trains, and 22.30 marks on slow trains. This for first-class. But nearly everyone traveled second-class, which was comfortable, and the cost for that was 15.30 marks for the round journey, on express trains, and 7.70 marks on slow trains. The journey each way is made in from $3\frac{1}{2}$ to $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

Oberammergau was a Celtic settlement in the time of the Romans, being a station on their military road from Verona to Augsburg. The town has special rights and liberties, granted them in early times, and confirmed by King Ludwig in 1330. From the latter date until 1633 it was one of the most prosperous small places in Germany. Then came the Plague, which has been spoken of on page 277. The French bombarded the place in 1800. Wood-carving is said to have been an industry in Oberammergau since the year 1111, and as early as the Seventeenth Century the work of Oberammergau carvers was sold at special agencies in Bremen, Hamburg, Amsterdam, Groningen, Trondhjem, Copenhagen, St. Petersburg, Moscow, Cadiz and Lima. In a town population of less than one thousand, about two hundred are wood-carvers.

The oldest existing text of the Passion Play is for the year 1662, the original manuscript of which is in the possession of Mr. George Lang, the chief innkeeper of the village.

"Two years before the actual performance of the Plays," says Mr. Lang in his "Guide," "a Passion Play committee is selected. This committee is formed of the then members of the Community Council, the parish priest and six additional citizens, who are especially chosen, either because they have rendered great service in previous plays, or on account of their exceptional practical knowledge. As the Plays are an undertaking by the community, the acting Burgomaster is always president of the committee. The committee has charge of all preparations for the Play, such as negotiations with the government, arranging the financial matters, the erection of the necessary buildings, and, most important, the selection of the various

representatives of the characters. The latter is a very difficult and responsible task, for frequently the Community is obliged, on account of advanced age of the performers, to take from them *roles* which they have filled acceptably and skilfully for years. The decisions are accepted graciously, although the pride of a lifetime is taken from them. At the same time important characters and parts must be entrusted to fresh talent, whose capabilities remain to be proven. It is, therefore, necessary to exercise the greatest care in the selection, and profound secrecy is laid upon the members of the committee as to their consultations. Each member delivers to the committee a written and sealed proposal for the appointments to be filled. After an elaborate discussion of the various propositions made, a secret ballot is taken. The result of this ballot is then brought before the Council for discussion, and a second ballot is taken. This constitutes the preliminary election. After an interval of a few days, a date for the final election is fixed. On that day the members of the committee attend a special divine service and then assemble in the Council House for the decisive election. Once again the result of the preliminary election is briefly discussed, after which the final vote is given. With feverish interest the entire population await the announcement of the results of the election, which brings to some unexpected honor, to others bitter disappointment. The election requires in all about two weeks of hard, unremitting work, and all breathe more freely after it is over."

The number of participants in the Play varies from nine hundred to one thousand; of these one hundred and ten have speaking parts; over four hundred adults are employed in street scenes and tableaux, and also about two hundred and fifty youths and children.

There are thirty-four singers, thirty-eight musicians, seventy cashiers, ticket sellers and ushers, and fifty form a fire guard. In 1850 Tobias Flunger was the Christus; in 1860, one Schauer; in 1871, 1880 and 1890, Joseph Mayr; and in 1900 Anton Lang. Anton Lang is a potter, a native, who has also worked at his trade in Munich and Stuttgart. His life has been blameless and he has a liking both for Art and the study of books. Anna Flunger, who was the Mary of 1900, is the granddaughter of the Tobias Flunger above mentioned. Her aunt, Franciska Flunger, was the Mary of 1871, whose interpretation of the *role* is remembered as ideal. Thomas Rendl, wood-carver, who acted as Pilate in 1890, was Peter in 1900, and was masterly in that part. Peter Rendl, also wood-carver, was the John both of 1890 and 1900. Johan Zwink, painter, was the Judas of both occasions.

In 1871, 1872, and again in 1873, large sums of money were offered by enterprising agents in Germany, America and England to have the Passion Play produced elsewhere, but the villagers, " considered the Play in the light of a precious heirloom and its performance a labor of love," and so refused even to listen to the tempters.

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